RECOMMENDATIONS

Of President Arthur to Congress.

The Commercial Treaty With Mexico

Suspension of the Coinage of Silver Dollars Recommended.

Seaboard Defences and the United States Navy.

How the Merchant Marine Can be Raised,

And New Markets Provided for the States.

Other Important Questions of the Day.

WASHINGTON, December 1.-President Arthur's annual message was transmitted to Congress At the outset, the President refers the recent political contest which resulted in President Cleveland's election and remarks that it is a subject of general congratulation that after the controversy, despite the closeness of the vote, the public peace suf-fered no disturbance, but the people awaited the result patiently and quietly. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the temper of the American citizen, his loyalty to law, nor more signally demonstate the strength and wisdom of our political institutions.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. Our relations with all foreign powers continue to be amicable. The Congo question is commented upon as one of great international importance, and the rich prospective trade of the Congo valley leads to the conviction that It should be open to all nations on equal terms.

COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH MEXICO. The necessary legislation, to make effective the Mexican commercial treaty, is recommended as one of the first measures to claim attention from

THE NICARAGUA TREATY. The Nicaragua treaty, recently concluded, authorizes the construction of a canal and railway by the San Juan and Lake Nicaragua route, the President lieves will command universal approval at mercial and political advantages of the treaty can-Spanish commercial treaty, which will soon be submitted to the Senate, is urged.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. The question of international copyright is

brought to the attention of Congress. He recommends an enlargement of the scope hostility committed within our territory, and aimed at the peace of friendly nations. He country for the commission of such criminal acts should not be made punishable, whether intended to be committed in our own country or a foreign country with which we are at peace.

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICE. The reorganization of the diplomatic and consular service is recommended.

ON THE SUBJECT OF FINANCE. On the subject of finance, the President concurs with the secretary of the treasury in recommending the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars, and of the issuance of silver certificates. The fact that of the \$185,000,000 coined during the past six years, but little more than \$40,000,000 are in

actual circulation, seems to furnish a cogent argument for the repeal of the statute. ABOLITION OF EXCISE TAXES.

He renews his recommendations of 1882, favorrelating to distilled spirits; if these taxes be abolished, the revenue still remaining to the

ished, the revenue still remaining to the government will not only suffice to meet its reasonable expenditures, but will afford a surplus large enough to permit such tariff reduction as may seem advisable, when the results of recent revenue laws and commercial treaties shall have shown in what quarters those reductions can be most judiciously effected.

The President says that, although fully sensible of the objections to be made to the appointment of a commission to ascertain the most effective means for increasing our foreign trade, he still believes that to be the most speedy and efficacious method. He indorses the recommendation of the secretary of the treasury favoring liberal subsidies to steamship lines as an incentive to the investment of American capital in American steamships, and declares that unless that course be pursued our freight-carrying trade must remain as it is today—almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners.

BASIS FOR NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION.

BASIS FOR NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION. On the subject of a basis for national bank circulation, he says: "The 3 per cent. bonds of the government, to the amount of more than \$100,000,000, have, since my last annual \$100,000,000, have, since my last annual message, been redeemed by the treasury. The bonds of that issue, still outstanding, amount to a little over \$200,000,000, about one-fourth of which will be retired through the operations of the sinking fund during the coming year. As these bonds still continue the chief basis for the circulation of the national banks, the question how to avert the contraction of the currency caused by their retirement is one of constantly increasing importance. It seems to be generally conceded that the law governing this matter exacts from the banks excessive security, and that upon their present bond deposits a larger circulation than is now allowed may be granted with safety. I hope that the bill which passed the Senate at the last session, pennitting the issue of hope that the bill which passed the Senate at the last session, permitting the issue of notes equal to the face of the deposited bonds, will commend itself to the approval of the House

SEABOARD DEFENCES FOR CITIES. Concerning the seaboard defences for our cities recommended by the secretary of war, he says: "The time has now come when such de-fences can be prepared with confidence that they will not prove abortive, and when the possible result of delay in making they will not prove abortive, and when the possible result of delay in making such preparation is seriously considered, delay seems inexcusable. For the most important celay seems thexeusable. For the most important cities those whose destruction or capture would be a national humiliation, adequate defences, inclusive of guns, may be made by the gradual expenditure of \$60,000,000, a sum much less than a victorious enemy could levy as contributions. An appropriation of about one-tenth of that amount is asked to begin that work, and I concur with the secretary of war in urging that it be granted." He renews his recommendation contained in a special message to the last Congress favoring the establishment of two government factories, one for the army and one for the way.

steel cannon, and urges Congress to act so as to enable the government to construct its own ord-nance upon its own territory, and provide arma-ments demanded by considerations of national safety and honor.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NAVY. Concerning the reconstruction of our navy, the President says: "In this, the last of the stated messages that I shall have the honor to messages that I shall have the honor to transmit to the Congress of the United States. I cannot too strongly urge upon its attention the duty of restoring our navy as rapidly as possible to the high state of efficiency which formerly characterized it. As the long peace, that has lulled us into a sense of fancied security, may at any time be disturbed, it is plain that the policy of strengthening this arm of the service is dictated by consideration of wise economy, of just regard for our future tranquillity, and of true appreciation of the dignity and honor of the republic." POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.

The report of the postmaster-general, he says, discloses the gratifying fact that the loss of postal discloses the gratifying fact that the loss of postal revenues during the last year from the reduction in letter postage to two cents has been less than expected—only \$2,275,000. This ne considers a trustworthy indication that the revenue will soon be restored to its former value by the national increase of sealed correspondence. He approves the recommendation of the postmaster-general that the unit of weight with first-class mail matter, should be one ounce instead of one-half ounce as it now is any recommends a reduction of postage on drop letters to one cent. He also recommends an extension of the free delivery system.

THE PRE-EMPTION LAW.

THE PRE-EMPTION LAW. The President concurs with the secretary of the interior in advising the repeal of the pre-emption law, the enactment of statutes resolving the present legal complications touching lapsed grants to railroad companies, and the funding of the debt of the seve rail Pacific railroads under such guaranty as shall effectually secure its ultimate payment. THE POLYGAMY QUESTION.

He believes that if polygamy can be suppressed in Utah by law, it can only be by the most radical egislation consistent with the restraint of the Constitution, and recommends that Congress assume absolute political control of the Territory of Utah provided for the appointment of commissioners with such governmental powers as in its judgment may justly and wisely be put into their hands.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES. The President devotes much space to a consideration of the policy of the government regarding the extension of our foreign trade. The main conditions of the problem are thus stated: "We are a people apt in mechanical pursuits and fertile in inventions; we cover a vast extent of territory, rich in agricultural products and in nearly all the raw naterials needed for successful manufacture; we have a system of productive establishments more than sufficient to supply our own demands; the wages of labor are nowhere else so great; the scale of living of our artisan classes is such as tends to secure their personal comfort and the development of those higher moral and intellectual qualities that go to the making of good citizens; our system of tax and tariff legislation is yielding a revenue which is in excess of the present needs of the government. These are the elements from which it is sought to devise a scheme, by which, without unfavorably changing the condition, and new markets provided for the sale, beyond our borders, of the manifold truits of our industrial enterprises. The problem is complex, and can be solved by no single measure of innovation or reform. The countries of the American continent and the adjacent islands are, for the United States, the natural marks of supply and demand. It is from them that we should obtain what we do not produce in sufficiency, and it is to them that the surplus productions of our fields and mills and our workshops should flow, and under conditions that will qualize or favor them in comparison with foreigh competition. eration of the policy of the government regarding that will equalize or favor them in comparison with foreign competition.

FOUR PATHS OF POLICY. "Four paths of policy," the President says, "seem to point to this end."

"seem to point to this end."

First—A series of reciprocal commercial treaties with the countries of America, which shall foster between us and them an unhampered movement of trade. The conditions of these treaties should be the free admission of such merchandise as this country does not produce, in return for the admission free, or under a favored scheme of duties, of our own products—the benefits of such exchange to apply only to goods carried under the flag of the parties to the contract; the removal on both sides from the vessels so privileged of all toniage dues and national imposts, so that those vessels may ply unhindered between our ports and those of the other contracting parties, though without infringing upon the reserved coasting trade; the removal or reducts of those countries coming within the benefits of the treaties, and the avoidance of the technical restrictions and the avoidance of the technical restrictions and penalties by which our intercourse with those countries is at present hampered. Secondly—The establishment of the consular service of the United States on a salaried footing,

service of the United States on a salaried footing, thus permitting the reinquishment of consular fees, not only as respects vessels under the national flag, but also as respects vessels of the treaty nations carrying goods, entitled to the benefits of the treaties.

Thirdly—The enactment of measures to favor the construction and maintenance of a steam-carrying marine under the flag of the United

States. Fourthly—The establishment of a uniform cur-Fourthly—The establishment of a uniform currency basis for the countries of America, so that the coined products of our mines may circulate on equal terms throughout the whole system of Commonwealths. This would require a monetary union of America, whereby the out-put of the bullion producing countries and the circulation of those which yield neither gold nor sliver could be adjusted in conformity with the population, weath and commercial needs of each. As many of the countries furnish no bullion to the common stock, the surplus production of our mines and mints might thus be utilized, and a step taken toward the general remonetization of sliver. To the accomplishment of these ends, so far as they can be attained by separate treaties, the negotiations already concluded and now in progress have been directed, and the favor which this enlarged policy has thus far received warrants the belief that its operations will ere long embrace all, or nearly all, the which this enlarged bolicy has thus far received warrants the belief that its operations will ere long embrace all, or nearly all, the countries of this hemisphere. It is by no means desirable, however, that the policy under consideration should be applied to these countries alone. The healthful enlargement of our trade with Europe, Africa and Asia, should be sought by reducing tariff burdens on such of their wares as neither we, nor the other American States, are fitted to produce, and thus enabling ourselves to obtain in return a better market for our supplies of food, of raw materials, and of the manufactures in which we excel. It seems to me that many of the embarrassing elements in the great national conflict between protection and free trade may thus be turned to good account; that the revenue may be reduced so as to no longer overtax the people; that protective duties may be retained without becoming burdensome; that our shipping interests may be judiciously encouraged; the currency fixed on a firm basis, and, above all, such a unity of interests established among the States of the American system, as will be of great and ever-increasing advantage to them all. All treaties in advantage to them all. All treaties in the line of this policy, which have been negotiated, or which are in process of negotiation, contain a provision deemed to be requisite under the clause of the Constitution limiting to the House of Representatives the authority to originate bills for raising revenue."

A PENSION FOR GENERAL GRANT. A pension for General Grant is recommended in following words: "I recommend that, in recognition of the eminent services of General Ulysses S. Grant, late general of the armies of the United States, and twice president of this nation, the Congress confer up on him a suitable pension."

CONCERNING CIVIL SERVICE. Respecting civil service, he says that the system has fully answered the expectations of its friends in securfug competent public servants and in protecting appointing officers from the pressure of personal importunity.

CONCERNING A BANKRUPT LAW. The President, in view of the general demand for a national bankrupt law, hopes the difference of sentiment, heretofore preventing its enactment, may not outl ast the present session of Congress. OTHER MATTERS ALLUDED TO.

He urges the immediate adoption of measures o ward off cholera, and to mitigate its severity in

case it comes to our shores.

The preservation of forests on the public domain, the granting of government aid for popular education, the amendment of the Constitution so as to make effectual the disapproval by the President of particular items in the appropriation bills and the determination of vexed questions, respecting presidential inability, are measures also alluded to and presented for the serious consideration of Congress.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S VALEDICTORY. President Arthur then concludes his message as follows: "As the time draws nigh when I am to retire from the public service, I cannot refrain from expressing to the members of the national legislature, with whom I have been brought into personal and official intercourse, my sincere appreciation of their unfailing courtesy and of their harmonious co-operation with the executive in so many measures calculated to promote the best interests of the nation. And, to my fellow-citizens generally, I acknowledge a deep sense of obligation for the support which they have accorded me in my administration of the executive department of this nation." HER FATHER'S GHOST.

Mrs. Bronson Takes Poison at His Command.

Her Husband Calls In the Neighbors to Witness Her Tragic Death.

Remarkable Superstition of a Community of Opium Eaters.

Bleak, brown, undulating fields sloping riverward, dotted here and there with old substantial farm houses and clumps of barren woodland—such are the immediate environments of the quiet town of Westfield. Following with the eye the northwestward bend of the gently flowing stream, the aspect of the landscape is seen suddenly to change. Here in the distance, where the river disappears from view, rise precipitously two lofty and massive peaks of rock, Mount Russell, structured like a line of embattlement, and Mount Tekoa, in the guise of an immense grante dome fallen into decay. In the background, to the right and left, stretch the dim line of the Berkshire hills, while far to the north are to be distinguished the twin mountain brothers, Tom and Holyoke. It was to this contrast in surroundings that, early on a crisp, frosty morning of last week, the attention of a stranger was called while being driven rapidly over the hard country road in the direction indicated.

The spin over the plain was soon accomplished, the line of scattered homesteads passed, and the mountainous region now reached. Here the road plunged into the thicketed slopes at the base of Mount Tekoa, and became devious and difficult. descending into ravines where glacier-ground coulders hung tottling from the sides, and mounting again by what seemed an almost perpendicular ascent. Now a long-deserted saw mill and



by a sudden turn of the road, an extent of land-scape burst upon the view which filled the beautiful the land of the land scape burst upon the view which filled the beautiful the land of the land of

Reared Their Family of Seven Children. Of these, the eldest two sons have now left their mountain home and live with their fellows in the town, supporting themselves by work in the mill. But the rest still remain-a girl of 16, two boys of 12 and 10 and a new-born babe. One lies buried over the mountain, in the narrow graveyard of the little hamlet of Russell. That hardships have been theirs to endure in their penury one visit to this desert place will in part paint the picture. The sequel has now been added, and in it are but too sadly apparent the fruits of a long and hard

toil, solitude and isolation. But though thus cut off from communion with their fellows, something had come to pass in the tions, far transcended human influence. Gradtions, far transcended human influence. Grad-ually the solitude about them began to be filled with living shapes, and spirit friends took the place of earthly companions. Such convictions, it seems, first took possession of the father of the household, who became so firm in the faith that the was looked upon as an elder and teacher by the surerstitions folk of these mountain namiets, and from far and near they flocked to hear his

he might be held responsible for the death of his wife, but to this he made reply

BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

"Her Soul Was Her Own; she could do with it as she pleased." If these were not the exact words they were directly to that effect. It was not until the next day that I performed the autopsy, and then he was not present."

performed the autopsy, and then he was not present."

Clambering the rocky sides, bristling with stubble, the visitor's efforts were at last rewarded by the signt of a queer structure nestied in a nook on the mountain side. That it was a human habitation seemed to be evinced by the presence of a straggling group of hens scratching fruitlessly among the stones; but few other signs indicated its design. Stooping sufficiently to enter the door, the visitor found himself in a rough interior, where a condensation of the usual departments of a household had taken place to answer the limited space allowed the occupants. A number of dirty-faced youngsters were playing about the floor, and a raw-boned woman was busied at a low stove in the corner.

"No, I ain't the woman that saw Mrs. Bronson

"No, I ain't the woman that saw Mrs. Bronson die," answered the housewife, sharply, to an inquiry; "what do you want?"
"Did you know her?" was asked.
"Well, I tuess I did—knew too much of her. She was an odd thing, an' used ter tell me she'd come back an' see me when she died. I said I'd boot her if she did. But you want ter see mother; she'll tell yer all about it, unless she's ben eatin' opium. Law, mother chews like all nossessed; most everybody does around here. You'll find her right over in that house,"

Proceeding in the direction indicated, another dwelling was reached, which, though somewhat more extensive than he one just visited, was still little better than a hovel. "Mother" proved to be a hollow-eyed old women, frying doughnuts. Her



ISAAC BRONSON.

son was also with her, known as an exponent of the spiritualistic doctrines of the neighborhood. "Yes," said the former, "Isaac Bronson called us to see his wife die. He didn't have much to say, but then that's his way sometimes. When he gets his moods he won't speak to you hardly. Sort of wrapped up in hiuself. I guess," "How did Mrs. Bronson appear previous to her death?" was asked. "Weil, she always acted queer ever since she got

Well, she always acted queer ever since she got to be one of us, five years ago, when her little boy "Do you think she was justified in obeying the

spirit of her father?"

Here the son spoke up: "No; for if he come to tell her to do wrong she'd ought to have fought him off. Showed she must have been thinking bad to have a bad spirit coine. Besides, she ought to have known that, if she killed herself, she

Would the Cast Pown into Parkness, id couldn't come back to visit the folks as she anted to. I told her so, but she said she didn't lieve it, and knew she could."
"Were you in the habit of holding meetings at a Branson house?" onson house?"
ell, yes, we were. Isaac Bronson was always

firm in the faith."

Leaving now this house and its inmates the ascent was renewed. It was not until an abrupt projection upon the mountain side had been passed that the final goal of the reporter's toil-some journey came full into view. In appearance, the house where lived Isaac Bronson and his family presented a strange contrast to its sur-roundings. It stood upon a little plateau, which had been levelled to suit its occupancy. A young



HOME OF THE BRONSONS.

words. It was not until five years ago, however, that the wife, who until then had been looked upon as outside the fold, began to pay a new and fixed attention to the exposition of the weird doctrines of the neighborhood. It was then that her little boy, in whom her motherly love had centred, had died, leaving her more lonely than ever before.

on she became as zealous a disciple as any in

tred, had died, leaving her more lonely than ever hefore.

Soon she became as zealous a disciple as any in the fold. To the congregation of behevers assembled at the house she told how her darling had returned to her, how his little hands had soothed her, and made her life till of joy again. He would come every day, she said, and play with the toys she had kept for him. So eager had the new convert become in expaining the many visitations she experienced that even old believers were filled with surprise and envy. Thus the meetings progressed with renewed energy until the frenzied soul of the poor woman burst through the slender mesh of her reason, and found forever freedom from the encompassments that had caused its destruction.

One night, this is the story vouched for by Dr. Harris, medical examiner of the district—Isaac Bronson was aroused from his bed by his wife, who stood before him, with her eyes glistening strangely. "Isaac," she slowly said, "the spirit of my father has commanded me, and I have taken barls green. Are you sorry for me?" With what feelings such a communication was received by the husband, firm in his spiritual convictions, cannot be asserted with certainty, but the spirit of his actions leaves room for grave question. From that nour, it was then 11 o'clock, until the early morning, the wretched woman suffered all the agonies incident to a death by arsenic. During all that time, no member of the family was aroused, nor was aid sought from without. Finally the end approached, and it was then that the husband, proceeding to the house of his nearest neighbors, companions in his faith, aroused them, and requested that they should attend the death of his wife. They hastily compiled, sending meanwhile for medical ald from the town, but found Mrs. Bronson now fer beyond any power to save. The little ones of the household were called to their mother's bedside, and, as the miss of the morning arose from the valley below, the long-tortured spirit of the wretched woman arose with it into the clear a

girl answered a knock at the door, backed by two eurious lads.
"Father has gone down the mountain, but he'll

"Father has gone down the mountain, but he'll soon be back," said the girl shyly. "Will you come in and wait?"

Slowly approaching by the upward path could be seen the tail, gaunt figure of a man, with bowed head, as if in deep thought. A beard long and angular fell from his hollow face, while his shoulders were swept by a profusion of unkempt hair. He stopped and raised his hand at the approach of the stranger, who had come to meet him. "It is well," said the strange man, slowly, "you have come to find out if what they say of me is true. I knew it would be so," and then, eagerly, "it is false; I never consented to the death of my wife. I knew that nothing could save her; that was all."

"Then you do not believe your wife had a right to take her own life?" was the inquiry.

"She listened to the spirit of her father; he was not a good man. She was under the influence of the planets, too. Who can teil what they make for us?"

"Has the spirit of your wife returned to you?"

"Has the spirit of your wife returned to you?"
"You" and have the eyes of the elger took on new and strange expression, "she has been with me. I have felt her hands. When her influence

s upon me I feel like bursting. It is awfui!"
The visitor was now about to depart.
"Tell them," said the strange man, raising his long forefinger, while his angular figure was impressively outlined against the weird aspect of the mountain side, "tell them that Every Man Has a Right to His Convictions

Every Man Has a Right to His Convictions, but that Isaac Bronson never wished harm to his wife."

Thus he remained standing in the solitude until the reporter, seeking again the haunts of men, lost him to view.

"This man is a fanatic," said Dr. Waterman, when told of Bronson's denial, "and all the more dangerous for being honest. To the words he used to me, in speaking of the right of his wife to kill herself, I have a witness to attest. I am convinced that in his spiritualistic zeal he meant them, but now that he seems threatened by public opinion, he seeks to denial. Such results of and perhaps other measures had been taken for her relief. But I still hold that the ideas of this man are dangerous to the community, and ended to the children who depend upon him all for care and education."

Miser's Family.

A Share of the Jennings' Gold Claimed by a Chelsea Lady.

Consequences of the Elopement of a Queen's Maid of Honor.

William Jennings was an Englishman and a miser. He was born in 1701, his father being a military officer intimately connected with William III., who officiated as godfather at his baptism. In his youth Jennings was a page to George I. but upon reaching man's estate he abandoned the court and lived upon a magnificent estate in Suffolk, but in a condition of apparent poverty. After a miserable existence, during which he increased by money-lending a handsome competency to a for-tune of over £1,000,000, he died intestate, in 1797. The old miser never married, and left bo immediate heirs who could prove their claims upon his estate. His property was taken in charge by the Court of Chancery, and it has since in creased in value till now it is popularly supposed to be reckoned by hundreds of millions of dollars. About forty years ago an advertisement was pub lished, calling for the heirs to this property to present their claims, and since that time a great number of claimants have appeared, and have vainly endeavored to establish their pretensions. It is claimed that Tryphenia Jennings, who held the position of maid of honor to Queen Charlotte of England, was the only sister of William Jennings. Her heirs are nearly all in this counlotte of England, was the only sister of William Jennings. Her heirs are nearly all in this country. This Tryphenia Jennings, like a great many other young ladies, not only of her own time but of the present, fell deeply in love with a man whose position in life was below her own. This man was William Potile, who was a surgeon in the Royal Dragoons, the body guard of the king and Miss Tryphenia's as maid of honor to the queen gave the lovers ample opportunity for frequent interviews and at last the couple decided to clope. They went lirst to the Isle of Wight, but the surgeon soon received his discharge and was given by his majesty a tract of land in Newfoundand, and thither the couple went, discarded by friends and relatives. They found their property to he upon a rock-bound coast, in a piace called Portingli Cove. Here the couple remained, and a large number of children were born to them.

The eldest daughter, Mary, married a fellow officer of Surgeon Pottle named Gough. This sonin-law and his wife's father built a large hotel at the Cove, and the old house is still standing. This story relates more particularly to the emidren of the eldest son of the cloping couple, whose name was James. This lad, brought up at the very edge of the Atlantic ocean, accustomed to the water learned to depend on binself and at the age of 12 he was pervaded with a desire

To See a Portion of the World of which he had learned so much but seen so little Accordingly he ran away from home and shipped on a vessel bound for London. He had heard his mother and father speak of the uncle who had disinherited them and say that a portion of his

estate, namely Acton Hall, had descended to Lord

Howe.

This nobleman he called upon and made known to him his name and family, and Lord Howe procured for him an apprenticeship in the British navy. He was in Lord Nelson's flagship Victory at the battle of Trafalgar, and afterwards rose to be safling master of that ship. On the return of the victorious fleet to Portsmouth it is related that the oneen, on visiting the Victory, placed her be salling master of that ship. On the return of the victorious fleet to Portsmouth it is related that the queen, on visiting the Victory, placed her hand on young Pottle's head and commended him for the bravery shown by him at the engagement. Becoming rather tired of service so far from home, and his relatives importuning him to return to them, he at last consented to return, and he obtained command of a revenue cutter that patrolled the coast of the land of his birth. After a short stay about the shores of Newfoundland he became acquainted with and married a Miss Allen, grand-daughter of one of the Aliens of Boston, who owned land that included what is now Court sireet, State street, Cornhill and adjacent territory. The Aliens were part owners he two of the ships which were made famous by bringing over the cargoes of tea which were thrown overboard by the citizens in Boston harbor. Adhering to the cause of King George they were forced to leave Boston, and took up a residence at Sydney, C. S. A few years after his marriage he left the service of his king and entered the merchant trade as captain of a then large Western occan trader.

Seven children of James Pottle are now living

Seven children of James Pottle are now living, four of whom are still in Newfoundland. The other three are residents of the United States. One, a son, lives in Chester, Penn., a second, a daughter, Mrs. Aylesbury, resides in Everett, and a third, also a daughter, Mrs. Jane S. Parsons, resides in Chelsea. This latter lady was called upon by a GLOBE reporter.

"About three years ago," said Mrs. Parsons, "my brother, who lives in Chester, Penn., sent me a slip cut from some Philadelphila paper that told about this amount of money in England awaiting the rightful heirs. He also wrote that he thought this was the Jennings whom he had heard Aunt Betsy, that is my second eldest sister, and my father often talking of. Aunt Betsy would say to my father, 'James, you ought to go to London and look after this property; perhaps you can get some of it.' My lather replied: 'I don't ever expect to get any of it, but our children may. You know,' he would say, 'mother's brother tried to kill her for running away with father, and I don't think he will ever let any of us have the property; but I must get ready pretty soon and go over and see about it.'

"This, or similar talk, my brother, who is about This, or similar talk, my brother, who is about

"This, or similar talk, my brother, who is about 66 years old, remembers hearing a great many times. Then, my mother often told me, when I displeased her, that I was a pretty girl to be the descendant of a maid of honor to the queen, and that I ought to be ashamed that I had become so degenerate. If we children had only known something about it before all of my aunts and uncles died we would be all right now; but, you

When They Advertised for the Heirs it was over forty years ago, and at that time tner was but very little communication between New foundland and the old world. The only news that we received down there was by way of an occasional ship that traded back and forth. My brother says that he has played in the garret of the old hotel where we were born with a number of the old swords, epaulettes, sashes, belts, etc., worn by Grandfather Pottle; but now these old

of the old swords, epathettes, sashes, bets, etc., worn by Grandfather Pottle; but now these old relics, among which were probably his papers, cannot be found."

"What has become of them?" was asked.

"That is what we cannot find out. My eldest aunt, Mary Gough, kept the hotel for a great number of years, and it was she that kept the papers and other articles that belonged to her father and mother. When she became quite old she was bind and had to give up the hotel business. She went to live with her niece, who had married and removed to Canada. I have written to this niece, but she states that she does not know where the articles can be. Last spring an old belt that belonged to my grandmother was found. It had a large gold buckle on it on which her name, "Tryphenia Jennings," was engraved. This belt must have been worn by her in Eugland before her marriage. All the other things have unaccountably disappeared.

"My brothers and slsters in Newfoundland sent a young lawyer across to London to see about the matter and be called upon ford."

a young lawyer across to London to see about the matter, and he called upon Lord Howe to get any facts or data to work from. After telling his story Lord Howe told him that his case was the strongest yet presented, 'but where,' said he, 'are you to get your records about this sister?' The lawyer est yet presented, 'but where,' said he, 'are you oget your records about this sister?' The lawyer came home without accomplishing anything.

"It is thought that Mr. Jennings, after the elopement of his sister, destroyed the family records of her birth, and for this reason they cannot be found. A will, which was put on record, left everything to the heirs at law. A second will was made, and Mr. Jennings took it to be recorded, but being a careful old gentleman he wished to look it over once more. Unfortunately he had left his glasses at home, and not being able to read without them he concluded he would wait until some other day to place the paper on record. A few days after this he was taken sick and he never afterward left his bed. The contents of this will have never been made public, but his valet, who, it is said, was one of the attesting witnesses, said that a clause which it contained revoked the former will, and it is believed that in this latter document his sister's name is mentioned. My husband and I went down to our old homestead some time since to find out if any of the old papers belonging to my grand-parents could be found, out all our efforts were unavaling."

Mrs. Parsons is the wife of Thomas Parsons of the firm of Parsons & Doherty, rooters. She is a nice looking lady, apparently between 40 and 45 years of age, and is the youngest grandchild living. She is the mother of quite a family of sons and danghters. The social circles in quiet Chelsea are discussing the affairs of the Jennings family with much interest.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., November 29.—Some of the principal sheep breeders of Vermont met here toprincipal sheep breeders of Vermont met here to-day for the purpose of taking steps to have the sheep and wool industries of the State creditably represented at the World's fair, New Orleans. John A. Cross of Kans as, superintendent of this de-

The Romance of an English

partment at the World's fair, was present to invite and urge the sheep men of Vermont to make such an exhibit. E. N. Biss ell, Shoreham, D. W. Prime, Brandon, and J. L. Buttolph, Middlebury, were appointed a committee to canvass the State and interest the sheep men. Measures were also taken to provide for the expense of making the exhibition.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Republicanism Alarms Bismarck. BERLIN, November 26 .- In the course of debate in the Reichstag today, Prince Bismarck declared that in his inmost heart he believed the German Liberals, the Socialists and the People's party, were all Republicans, and had held such principles for the last ten years. He was unable longer to term the Reichstag a national representative body of the German empire. These remarks caused a protound sensation.

France Declines United States Mediation Paris, November 26 .- Premier Ferry stated before the committee on Tonquin credits today that the United States minister at Pekin had proposed to mediate between France and China, but that the cabinet had felt bound to decline the

Lowell to Anticipate Necessity.

VIENNA, November 26.—United States Minister Lowell has written to a friend in this city that he resolved to resign his position and return to America soon, not for political or party reasons, but in order to gratify a desire to resume his literary labors.

Defending Germany's Military Establish-

ment.
BERLIN, November 28.—In the Reichstag today, the minister of war, in defending the army esti-mates against the attacks of the Socialist memers, pointed to the commdading position enjoyed by Germany today in the councils of European nations, and declared that this supremacy was based upon military strength, and that in order to retain it the efficiency of the army must be maintained. The debate upon the first reading of the bill was then closed.

The American Delegate Surprises the West

African Conference. BERLIN, November 28.—Mr. Sandford, the American delegate, presented to the committee of the West African conference today a complete scheme for a railway from Vivito Stanley Pool, to be sanctioned as a monopoly by all the powers, no rival line being permitted in the interest of any one nation. The proposal was a surprise to the other delegates, but was taken under considera-

The Dean of Hereford Arrested for Inde-

cency.
LONDON, November 28.—The Dean of Hereford and a laborer bave been arrested on a charge of violating public decency in Hyde Park. The dean was released upon bail furnished by his brother, Hon. Sydney Herbert, M. P.

Dynamite in Dublin.

DUBLIN, November 28 .- An attempt was made with dynamite last night to blow up the mansion of Mr. Hussey, a land agent at Castle Island, while the family were asleep. A loud explosion occurred, which partially shattered the building, but the family escaped without injury.

Slight Earthquake in the South of France. PARIS, November 28 .- A shock of earthquake was felt at Lyons, Marseilles, and other places in the south of France today. Much alarm was caused, but there were no serious results.

LONDON, November 28.—Despatches received this afternoon from Dunkirk state that the steamer Durango was sunk in a collision off that

Thirty Passengers Drowned.

port today, and that thirty persons on board of her were drowned. Gordon's Raply to El Mahdı. CAIRO, November 29.—The messenger from Khartoum, who arrived at Dongola today, bringing despatches from General Gordon, eight weeks old, was also the bearer of a letter from Gordon, in which he says that 500 of El Mahdi's regular troops had recently deserted, and those remaining were believed to be mutmous, because of the scarcity of provisions and the prevalence of sickness in the Mahdi's camp. The Mahdi, Gordon says, had again summoted Gordon to surrender, to which demand Gordon replied: "If you are the real Mahdi, dry up the Nile and come and take me." ing despatches from General Gordon, eight weeks

A Conservative Victory in County Down. DUBLIN, November 29 .- At a parliamentary lection in County Down, today, to fill the vacancy aused by the succession of Viscount Castlereagh to the title of his father, the late Marquis of Lon-

An Irish Member of Parliament Resigns. LONDON, November 29 .- Mr. Edward Mulhallen Marum, member of Parliament for Kilkenny county, has written to his constituents resigning his seat because he does not enjoy the confidence of Mr. Parnell.

Reported Explosion of a French Man-of-War.

London, November 29.-It is reported that an explosion has occurred on board a French man-ofwar, off Formosa, killing thirteen men.

Littlewood the Victorious Pedestrian. LONDON, November 29.—The Westminster pedestrian tournament closed tonight. Littlewood scored 405 miles and won.

Frantic Appeals to the English Troops on

the Nile. CAIRO, November 30.-A prize of £500 has been offered to the battalion making the quickest and most skilful passage of the rapids between Sarras most skilful passage of the rapids between Sarras and Debbeh. General Lord Wolseley has issued a general order urging and almost appealing to the troops to exert themselves to the utmost to reach Khartoum. He says it will be impossible for Gordon to hold out much longer, and he must be sayed from the fate which befel General Stewart's party in a dangerous and foolish attempt to escape down the Niie unaided by troops.

WANTS TO CHANCE HER NAME. A Philadelphia Miss Who Thinks the Name

of Burchard Will Not Do. PHILADELPHIA, November 29 .- At the Binney public school, yesterday, when the hour arrived to present the honors and medals for excellence in scholarship, a tall, handsome girl arose and advanced to receive the girl arose and advanced to receive the first honors of her class in the shape of a five-dollar gold piece. When the medal had been conferred she said to Mr. Campbell of the Board of Education: "Please, sir, I want to change my name." "Your first or last name?" "The name of Burchard is a burden to me," said the girl, almost in tears. "Our neighbors annoy me by calling me 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, whatever that may mean. I must be something pretty bad, for people who used to love me and treat me kindly now sneer at and revie me in the street on account of my name. I was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, of English parents. My name is Burchard; and I never did anything to disgrace is Burchard; and I never did anything to disgrace it. I don't know why people treat me so cruelly, but, please sir, tell me how I can get it changed." A few words of consolation having been proffered, the evidently distressed girl went back to

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Mother and Daughter Lose Their Way and Perish from Cold. SHAWANO, Wis., November 29.-Last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. John Wattaconnet, whose husband resides near Oconto, accompanied by her twelveyear-old daughter, started from Kelheno, in this county, to walk to Cecil, a station twelve miles distant on the St. Paul & Eastern Grand Trunk railroad, to take the cars for their home, They got lost in the woods Saturday night, and wandered into some large swamps. The sharp change in temperature of last Sunday made their wanderings all the more severe. Their non-arrival caused a search to be made. Thursday the girl was found frozen to death in a low region, where she had evidently fallen from exhaustion. The search was continued, and yesterday the mother was found frozen about sixty rods from the daughter. The indications are that after the mother fell the girl tried to push on for relief, but was overcome by cold and lay down to die within a few miles of the station. county, to walk to Cecil, a station twelve miles

Twin Year in Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT, November 28 .- The returns made to the registrar of births, marriages and deaths twins. Almost every physician has reported a FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

The Second Session Convened this Morning.

Two Hundred and Seventy-two Members Respond to Their Names.

Usual Formal Proceedings of the First Day.

WASHINGTON, December 1 .- Two-hundred and seventy-two members responded to their names, being fifty-nine more than a quorum. Mr. Holman of Indiana presented the credentials of Benjamin T. Shrively as successor to Mr.

Calkins of Indiana, and he was sworn in. Randall of Pennsylvania, Cox of New York and Brown of Indiana were appointed a committee

to walt on the President and inform him that the House was ready for business. At 12.35 the committee having left to ful-fil its mission the House took a recess for fifteen minutes. At 1.40 p. m. the committee returned and were immediately followed by Mr. Pruden, the President's pri-

vate secretary, with the; message. After the reading of the message and accompanying reports had been cohcluded the House adjourned.

What Pleases the Republicans. Washington, November 30.—Republicans in Washington are taking great consolation out of the fact that there are two chiefs of divisions in the Treasury Department who cannot be removed by the incoming administration. The comptroller of the currency and the director of the mint hold

of the currency and the director of the mint hold their respective offices for five years, and if the president desires to remove them the law requires that he must communicate his reasons for so doing to the Senate before they can be removed. The Republican Senate, they say, will not permit their removal, even should President Cleveland so desire, and consequently they are reasonably safe in their places. Of course their subordinates will also be retained and within a day or two there have been several offers of large bonuses made to clerks in these two offices to exchange places with cierks in other divisions of the Treasury Department. It is said that aiready several clerks in other bureaus, is said that aiready several clerks in other bureaus, who have a little more influence than their fellows, have been transferred to one or other of the divisions, and less influential, but more worthy clerks, put where there is a greater probability of their being removed after March 4.

Worthless Clerks Scheming to Remain in

Office. WASHINGTON, D. C., November 29 .- Since it became certain that there would be a change of administration after March 4 next, the individual members of that large class of worthless clerks in the various departments here, who were given the places they hold simply because of their influence, nave been at their wits' end to contrive some way to remain in office. Some smart one among the number hit upon a plan, which was to withdraw from the files of the departments the papers and recommendations which secured them appointments. It was thought that by this means the incoming heads of departments would allow them to remain undisturbed, under the impression that they came into office under civil service rules. Many of them did make application for the withdrawal of their papers; but it is said that at least in one department their requests were refused, the chief of the appointment division holding that the papers and recommendations are part of the records of the department and cannot be removed. administration after March 4 next, the individual

How Secretary Lincoln Saved \$1,000,000.

Washington, November 30.—Secretary Lin coln thinks one of the most important things in his report is a statement referring to the quarter master's report. "During the present administra-tion," says he, "a general reduction of horses and mules in service has been made with the following result: Horses and mules (includ-ing cavalry and artillery horses) in 1881, 18,414; number on hand at this time, 13,748. Reduction since 1881, 4666. Transportation employes in 1881, 2011; wages, 81,111,355; transportation employes at this time, 965; wages, 8634,-382 16; reduction to number 1046, and in annual cost \$476,972.84. Reduction in annual cost of forage, \$543,000; reduction in annual purchases of animals, 1881 to 1884, \$88,118.06; annual swing resulting this year from reduction of draught and pack animals, notwithstanding increase of light artillery, \$1,108, 2085.90.7

"There," said the secretary, "is a substantial reduction of over \$1,000,000 in the expenses of the army without impairing the service in the slightest degree."

Representative Wallace on the October Election in Ohio.

Washington, November 30.—Representative Wallace of Ohlo arrived in the city yesterday. In Wallace of Ohio arrived in the city yesterday. In speaking of the Ohio State campaign in October, he said: "When Blaine was nominated, we were willing to let the State go by default almost. It looked as though we had but a fighting chance of the slimmest proportion. As October began for approach, however, it appeared that a great deal of dissention was gathering in the Republican ranks, and that the Democrats could carry the State. It was only by dint of the greatest exertion that the Republicans succeeded.

"Do you believe the speeches of Mr. Biaine did any good to his party in your State?"

"Well," he answered, "they helped to create excitement and brought out a larger vote than would otherwise have been polled. That was all. They did not, I think, change any minds or convert any."

Mr. Wallace thinks very little will be done at this session beyond passing the appropriations bills.

Getting Ready for the Inauguration.

Washington, November 29.-Ex-Senator Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, arrived here last night. The object erats of this city and Democratic members of Congress in relation to the inauguration ceremonies. The national committee has decided to take the rooms occupied during the campaign by the Democratic congressional committee as head-quarters, and they will be kept open until after the 4th of March. The County Democracy of New York has engaged as its lead-quarters during the manguration ceremonies the apartments on the corner of Vermont avenue and H street, occupied during the campaign as the headquarters of the Republican Congressional Committee. The County Democracy, it is understood, will be represented here in the inauguration parade by about 500 men.

The Debt Increased for the First Time

Since 1379 Washington, November 29 .- The public debt tatement for the mouth of November will show that for the first time since July, 1879, the debt has been increased justead of diminished during the month. Last November the deot was only de-creased by \$1,700,000, and this month about the same decrease was expected, but a decrease of about \$2,000,000 in November revenue will cause an increase of about \$750,000 in the debt.

CRUELTY TO A HEIFER. Waterbury, Conn., Excited Over the Action

of a Wealthy Citizen. WATERBURY, Conn., November 26 .- The case of Scovill M. Buckingham, who was recently arrested charged with cruelty to animals, is creating considerable interest here.

Mr. Buckingham is a wealthy citizen. The hearing has been continued until Friday.

The story, as charged, is as follows: It seems that he had a fatted heifer which he wished to take to the slaughter-house. The creature very properly rebeiled. Mr. Scovili then ordered a henchman to the the animal to the rear of his oxygart has the peor creaters. ordered a henchman to tie the animal to the rear of his ox-cart h such a way that the poor creature's head should be under the cart, and then had the horns made fast to stakes on either side. At the command the driver drove on. The heiter fell and was dragged over the rough, frozen ground for nearly half a mile. Her flesh was frightfully lacerated, and at last both horns were torn out by the roots in the wagon wheels. The street was stained with blood, and an excited crowd was following. When the driver, out of pity, tried to stop, Mr. Buckingham commanded him to drive on. Thus it went until the agent of the humans society stopped it, and Mr. Buckingham was arrested and ordered to appear before the court.

NEW YORK, November 27.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon this morn Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon this morn ing, touched upon the political situation of the day. He expressed his gratification at having been in some degree instrumental in securing the election of Cleveland. His efforts in this direction, he said, had been inspired by the same devotion to a sense of public duty which had led him in forther years to oppose slavery at the risk of great detriment to his own interests.

AROUND THE FARM

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

CURE OF BLOODY MILK.

BERTRICE, Dak., November 10, 1884. Will you please inform me through the columns of The Globe what I can do for a cow that gives bloody milk from one teat only?

A. B.

It is possible your cow may have received a bruise which causes the trouble. If it proceeds from relaxation of the secreting vessels, I should advise the following remedial measures: Give the cow one pound of epsom salts, one ounce of ground ginger and one-half pound of molasses in varm water or thin gruel. Wash the udder with varm water after milking, and rub it well with an intment composed of one ounce of camphor, abbed down with a little spirits of wine and one nunce of mercurial ointment, well mixed with half . pound of elder ointment. Wash the ointment off with warm water and soap before each milkng, and rub it well in again after each milking. The bloody milk should be kept separate from hat which is not so, till all the milk comes away ree from blood.

HAVERHILL, Mass.

I used on my land the formulas published in THE WEEKLY GLOBE for potatoes, corn and other crops, which I did with many misrivings is to the result I should obtain for the amount expended, which in no case exceeding \$8 per acre.
Obtaining the articles separate, instead of compounded, I was able to mix them on my barn floor in proportions as recommended, or in any proportion in light wish. It is no more complicated or alfficult than it would be to mix together cut hay, and meal. Feeding plants is very much ske feeding animals, but one wants to know in hither case what to feed, and the right proportion in order to get the best result at the least cost. nother case what to leed, and the right proportion in order to get the best result at the least cost. From the trials this year, and watching the growing crops so closely, I think my land needs phosphate more than nitrogen or potash. How can I thow? In applying phosphates, which is the best orm; in ground bones, at \$35 per ton, or fine ground Charleston phosphate at \$15 per ton, or in the contract of the contra pround Charleston phosphate at \$15 per tod, or in eid plosphate, containing 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid, at \$15 per ton, or in superphosphate of lime, at \$20 per ton, containing soluble phosphoric acid 7.76 per cent., reverted phosphoric icid 14 per cent., insoluble phosphoric acid 2.36 per cent., nitrogen, 2.55 per cent? F. M. W.

If the application of phosphates alone are defired, it is very easily determined that you want hem in the form in which you can get the most phosphoric acid at the least cost, and the finer they tre ground the more speedily they act. Fine ground Charleston phosphate of lime contains 27 per sent of phosphoric acid, or 540 pounds to a ton, it \$15, which is 2.78 per pound for phosphoric acid. There are other mineral phosphates to be had, from which phosphoric acid can be obtained at about the same costs. In acid phosphate containng 12 per cent, phosphoric acid at \$15 per ton, 240 pounds phosphoric acid costs 61/4 cents a bound, or more than double what it costs in the acid phosphate, however, the addition of sulthe phosphoric acid soluble in distilled water, while the phosphoric acid in the fine-ground Charleston phosphate is not soluble in distilled water, although it is soluble in the water of the soil. If acid phosphate is applied to the soil, the soluble (in distilled water) phosphoric acid reverts to its original condition within twenty-four hours, and to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, or more than houble price, for having the phosphoric acid solutle in distilled water twenty-four hours is very poor judgment. Repeated experiments both in this country and in Eugland show that more depends upon how fine it is ground than upon its solubility. Double the quantity can be applied of the Charleson phosphate than the acid phosphate, at the same cost, and if any of it is not utilized the arst year it is not lost, but remains in the ground or use for succeeding crops.

Ground bones and superphosphate of lime are both similar, inasmuch as both of them contain Ditrogen in addition to phosphoric acid. A good article of ground bones should contain 24 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 3 per cent. of nitrogen. Nitrogen can be had in the form of nitrate of soda at its present market price of 214 cents a pound. Nitrogen costs 14.4 cents a pound. If you desire nitrogen in addition to phosphoric acid you can obtain it by a mixture of the Charleston phosphate and nitrate of soda, and you get in addition to the nitrogen and phosphoric acid the alkali, soda, which for some crops will take the place of potash, either directly or by releasing the potash that is in the soil. Eighteen hundred pounds, 27 per cent. acid, costing \$13 50; 500 pounds nitrate of soda will give 78 pounds of nitrogen and 180 pounds of soda; at 21/4 cents a pound is \$11 25, making the total cost \$24 75, against \$35 in ground bones. Again, the nitrogen in nitrate of soda acts much quicker than the nitrogen in the ground dones, and is more valuable on that actual, to say nothing of the value of the soda in the compound. To get the same quantity of phosphoric acid and attrogen that is contained the formula of superphosphate, would require 760 pounds Charleston phosphate; 27 per cent. phosphoric acid is 205 pounds phosphoric acid. posting, at \$15 per ton, \$5 70; and 325 pounds aitrate of soda, containing 51 pounds nitrogen pounds, containing as much nitrogen and phos-phoric acid as in a ton of 2000 pounds of the superphosphate of lime at \$20 per ton. To say nothing of the difference in price, there is the difference in quantity to be transported, and the item of freight saved is no small consideration. It may be said against comparing this for. mula against the formula of the super-phosphate, that in the case of the superphosphate, the phosphoric acid is soluble. and in the other is not. Therein is the error-one is as soluble as the other, and where the nitrate of soda is used to liberate the phosphoric acid it unites with the soda and forms phosphate of soda, a soluble salt which does not revert on its applicanitric acid acts on the lime of the phosphate of able; thus, in the mixture of nitrate of soda and phosphate of lime, dampened with water, that the chemical reactions can take place, you have a fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and an alkali, soda, in the most fitting form as food for plants, and getting the articles separate enables them to be mixed such proportions as are wanted for the crop to be grown or to supply any deficiency existing in the soil. Without a knowledge of what different plants require, and also what is deficient in the soil, it would not be possible to tell whether your fand needed nitrogen, phosphoric or potash; it would depend somewhat upon the crop you de-

The application of soil tests, as has been previously explained in THE WEEKLY GLOBE, would tell you what your crops needed and what your to get the information by the use of soil tests, and the results are certain and not matters of opinion, which vary much as circumstances are so varied

sired to grow. Your land may contain potash enough for a crop of corn, when there would not

be enough for a paying crop of potatoes, or it may contain phosphoric acid enough for a

erop of potatoes when there would not be enough phospheric acid and potash for a crop of

wheat, and yet not enough nitrogen to make a

Culture of Small Fruit.

Our native high blackberry is not strictly hardy anywhere in northern New England. It is only the mild winters, or the snowy winters when the drifts are deep, that are followed by fruitful seasons of this berry. Cold much greater than 109 or 12° below zero so weakens, if it does not absolutely kill the flower bud, that very little perfect

fruit is produced. The cultivated blackberry, being really plants propagated in gardens from selected wild ones, partakes of this sensibility to frost. There is some difference, however, in different plants in their power to resist severe freezing. Some of the cultivated varieties are considerably hardier than others, and of these the Snyder and the Sable Queen are the only sorts from which I have sinceded in getting much fruit, and that only by natural or artificial protection. The simplest way is to plant bestoc a fence where the snow lies deep in whiters. If the ground is fairly rich it is not necessary to keep a blackberry plantation free from weeds. In fact, when planted in grass or aflowed to run to weeds, the blackberry endures the winter better, and yields more fruit than when given clean cultivation.

While in northern localities open field culture of the blackberry grown by selecting a favorable location and planting a hardy variety, that is, as hardy as you can find. A new sort has lately been introduced, called Stone's hardy. I have not tested it; but, propagated in gardens from selected wild ones.

while it may endure the winters, unprotected, along the sea-coast, I do not believe that any blackberry will stand the climate of northern Vermont and yield a crop of fruit, without the plants being covered either with snow or muled during the winter. As it is a tough job to lay down and cover such thorny plants, the natural protection of the snowdrift is to be preferred.

Blackberry plants grow with the utmost ease and certainty, even from small cuttings of the roots, but nurserymen generally send out small plants of the previous year's growth, the "suckers" from the row. These, when planted out, should be cut down nearly to the ground, and all shoots that spring up from the root should have the tops nipped with the thumb and finger when about two feet high to produce a lateral growth of branches and make a low plant that the snow will easily cover. Near our sea-coast, where the winters are comparatively mild and deep snow continuing through the winter is rare, it is quite as necessary to choose the hardiest sorts, and even then the crop is often lost, or greatly injured. In truth blackberry culture for market is not a paying business anywhere in New England, except perhaps in a few favored spots along the southern log business anywhere in New England, except perhaps in a few favored spots along the southern snore. The most of the blackberries found in our cities are brought from New Jersey and south-

snore. The most of the blackberries found in our cities are brought from New Jersey and southward.

Our wild red raspberry, though the plants resist the cold better than the blackberry, is badly injured by the severest winter or even by cold not extremely severe, if there is no protection from snow. A good many carloads of red raspberries are shipped to Boston from northern Vermont, but after an open, snowless winter of even average cold the crop is always short. The European raspberry is still more tender than the native, and cannot be grown profitably for market much north of New York City. A number of "hardy sorts" have been produced, some as crosses between the European and native species, and others, no doubt, pure natives, that may be grown with a moderate amount of protection almost anywhere. Among those that have succeeded well are the Clark, the Philadelphia, the Turner and the Cuthbert. So far as I can see, they do as well (or better) in northern New England as in the southern part, as there is usually better protection by the snow. Even the hardiest sorts should be laid down and covered with earth or litter, or else they should be planted where the snow will drift over them, the same as advised for blackberries. As with the latter, growing red raspberries for market is not usually found to be profitable in New England; but it is easy to grow enough for home use with very little trouble. A small garden hedged around with arbor vitae, which holds the snow, is a very good place for growing both blackberries and raspberries.

The "black-caps" (black raspberries) are unsured.

trouble. A small garden hedged around with arbor vitae, which holds the snow, is a very good place for growing both blackberries and raspberries.

The "black-caps" (black raspberries) are unquestionably hardier than the reds; but even these are much better by protection from the severity of winter's cold. They are so much more hardy that they may be and are grown quite extensively for market, even in northern Verinont; yet the plants often suffer from hard or open winters. In the city markets the black-caps bring much lower prices than the reds, especially the field sorts, yet they are so productive and so easily grown that there is profit in the business, even if the fruit has to be evaporated before being sent to market. I find the black-cap raspberry a very good crop to grow in a young orchard. If between the trees currants are closely planted the space between the rows can be profitably occupied with a black-cap plantation in rows, six or seven feet apart, the plants being set four or five feet asunder in the rows. The black-caps are easily cultivated, as they do not send up any suckers from the roots. The new shoots of admail growth spring only from the crowns of the plants. The tops need pinching in, the same as directed for blackberries, in order to make them branch and keep them continually, low. It is well, also, to nip the side branches a little later, except such as you want to make new plants, which are produced by allowing the ends of the laterals to take root. As the wind blows these about and thus prevents rooting, it is well to secure enough of them by small crossed sticks, stuck in the earth, over the branches near the ends, as they lie on the ground. A little seit thrown upon the ends in September will favor the rooting. Early in the spring these rooted tips send up young plants, and these are easily transplanted with a trowel or spade. If shaded for a day or two after planting with a handful of grass or a rhubarb leaf they will grow nicely, and make plants that will bear a small crop the next make plants that will bear a small crop the next season and a full one the second. Black-caps are marketed in quart baskets, exactly as advised for strawberries, and usually sell by the crate at from six to twelve cents a quart. They carry well, if carefully picked, and there is usually little lost in handling them. All surplus stock can be dried or evaporated at a good profit, if well done. All raspherry plantations should be well cultivated, free from weeds and well enriched.—[T. H. Hoskins, M. D., in the Mirror.

Koumiss

This has become a very common article of diet with dyspeptics, and according to the Chicago Review it may be made at home at a cost of about fifteen cents per quart. Fill a quart champagne bottle up to the neck with pure milk; add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar after dissolving the same in a little water over a hot fire; add also a quarter of a two-cent cake of compressed yeast. Then tie the cork on the bottle securely and shake Then tie the cork on the bottle securely and shake the mixture well; place it in a room of the temperature of 50° to 55° for six hours, and finally in the lee-box over night. Be sure that the mik is pure; that the bottle is sound; that the yeast is fresh; open the mixture in the morning with great care, on account of its effervescent properties; do not drink it if there is any curdle or thickening part resembling cheese, as this indicates that the fermentation has been prolonged beyond the proper time. Make it as you need to use it. The virtue of koumiss is that it refreshes and stimuvirtue of koumiss is that it refreshes and stimu lates, with no reaction. It is often almost impo-sible to obtain good, fresh koumiss, especial away from large towns. The above makes it pos-sible for any physician to prescribe it.

When getting ready to fatten the hogs for win-ter killing, it may not have occurred to many that there is profit or loss in feeding, according to the breed to which the herd belongs. A farmer may feed liberally and have no difficulty in getting his hogs in good condition, no matter what breed they may be, but there is economy in feeding for certain results, and any system practiced which de tain results, and any system practiced which demands an excess leads to waste and should be avoided. Some farmers are very partial to large hogs, preferring to keep them until they are from a year and a half to two years of age, with the prospect of securing from each hog at least 300 pounds of pork, while other farmers think it more profitable to have their sows farrow in the spring, killing the pigs when they are about ten months of age, when they are expected to weigh about 150 pounds each. Both methods have their advantages. The large hog, if farrowed in the summer, may not only get a good start on late grass and clover, but may receive a large share of attention during the winter, when crops are not demanding labor, coming out in good condition in spring, and large enough to get much of its subsistence in the pasture. The spring pigs on the contrary do not demand winter keep, and grow rapidly as the warm weather begins. Whether it is more profitable to raise two pigs that weigh only as much as one that is larger, depends, therefore, upon the management, and the question is still debatable. The different breeds, however, demand different treatment. Such pigs as the small Yorkshires and Suffolks, which mature very early, fatten readily, and in feeding them before penning them for being finally fatted, the food should be of a character to promote growth, rather than fat. One of the difficulties with these two breeds is that they begin to fatten at a very early age, and the carcass, when dressed, does not abound in as large mands an excess leads to waste and should be to promote growth, rather than fat. One of the difficulties with these two breeds is that they begin to fatten at a very early age, and the carcass, when dressed, does not abound in as large proportion of lean meat as that of some of the larger breeds. The food, therefore, should consist of that which not only promotes growth of bone, but which is also of a detary character. Large bone is not one of the good qualities of a hog, as it denotes offal; but to promote growth in the earlier stages is to build up the frame, upon which the flesh may be placed afterward; and, as rapid growth of the frame necessarily implies the quicker formation of muscle, the largest proportion of carcass may be secured when the proper time for feeding corn arrives. If the pigs are very fat when young they do not grow as rapidly as they should, and as some farmers prefer to kill them at a period when the fat and lean is well proportioned the "hardening process," which is the final method, usually results in an excess of fat. The large breeds, on the contrary, do not cease growing until after entering on their second year, when they, too, take on fat very quickly. Some breeds, such as the improved Chesters, Essex, Cheshires, Poland-Chinas and large Yorkshires, are preferred for their long bodies, excelling in the productive of the best hams. In feeding the large breeds, while they should only be kept in proper growing condition at first, yet it is best to have them well fatted at time of penning them, in order to avoid feeding an extra large quantity of corn, as they must necessarily be good consumers, in order to fili up the frames profitably. The small breeds fatten quicker when penned than the large breeds, because growth has ceased. As long as hogs are growing they are compelled to provide themselves with all the elements of growth as well as fat. The only grain that should be used for other bulky food is allowed. The small breeds are not profitable if kept on such food, when they should at once be finished on corn and slaughtered,

Scions for top or root grafting should be cut during the present month, or at least before freezing weather occurs. Sudden changes from heat to an extreme degree of cold often destroys the son's growth at the ends of the main limbs of the

when shocking corn. If to be kept for grafting next spring, take small boxes, six to ten inches in depth, fill them nearly full with scions and nail short pieces of lath across them near the tops and butts; then bury the boxes, open side down, and cover them with nearly one foot of soil. If scions are likely to be needed for root grafting during mid-winter, cover the ground with stable manure of sufficient depth to keep the soil from freezing, so that the boxes can be readily taken up.—[Farm and Fireside.

Renovating Pastures.

Many of our pastures, plainly enough, need renovating. These many years they have been pastured and have received no dressing except the droppings of the animals which have run upon keep up the fertility of the soil, although some farmers seem to think it is sufficient. Sometimes we hear farmers say that they keep cows and sell we hear farmers say that they keep cows and sell the milk, so as to maintain the fertility of the farm. If they keep theep in their pastures they would be able to keep up the fertility and even increase it, but keeping cows and selling the milk does not do it. The milk of an ordinary cow, in one summer, will contain about forty pounds of bone material. Ten cows would remove from a pasture, during one seascu, about 400 pounds of bone substance, besides the potash and nitrogen which would be carried off. In fifty years, ten cows would thus remove 20,000 pounds pounds of bone substance, besides the potash and nitrogen which would be carried off. In fifty years, ten cows would thus remove 20,000 pounds or ten tons of bone material from the pasture. The application of ten tons of bone flour to that pasture would undoubtedly do much to restore its fertility, and the application of enough ashes to restore the potash removed would still further improve it. It a man kept cows in a pasture, made butter, fed the milk to calves and pigs, saved all manure made by the cows, calves and pigs during the summer, and applied it to the pasture, the fertility of the soil would be well maintained, because nearly all that was taken from it would be returned. The butter, being a hydrocarbon, would cause no exhaustion to the soil. Many of the old pastures have been overstocked for years, and the grasses have been literally starved out and grown thin of necessity, while mosses, weeds and bushes have come in to take their places. Some of this land is not worth trying to renovate. If the bushes and small trees which springup in some of them are such as are likely to be of any value, they should be allowed to grow and cover the land with lorest growth. There are many old pastures which would be worth more if covered with forest trees than they are for any other purpose. Some of the "runout" pastures can be renovated by harrowing. There are many old pastures which would be worth more if covered with forest trees than they are for any other purpose. Some of the "runout" pastures can be renovated by harrowing, re seeding and top dressing. Barn manure is excellent for this purpose; wood ashes prove very beneficial to grass lands. Ashes contain, in abundance, the saits that grasses require for their growth. Mr. Charies L. Flint, in his work on "Grasses and Forage Plants," says: "Grasses are often more benefited by ashes than other crops, since they require a greater amount of the saits which ashes contain." According to Professor Liebig, with every one hundred and ten pounds of leached ashes upon the soil, we furnish as much phosphate as 507 pounds of the richest manures could yield. In regard to the use of leached ashes, Mr. Fint says: Careful experiments by practical, conservative men show that land producing one ton to the acre has been improved by this means so as to yield three tons to the acre. Where thirty bushels were used on three-fourths of an acre, in one instance, the crop was increased more than threefold." If ashes, leached or unleached, can be obtained, there is nothing better for applying to pastures to increase the grass crop. If the pasture soil is light, sandy or gravelly, meadow mud sometimes proves very beneficial. In one case meadow mud, which had been exposed to the action of frost one winter, was spread upon a light, gravelly soil, and upon another part of the field barn manure was spread. The grass upon the part where the mud was spread was heavier, and looked more luxuriant. The mud not only served as a fertilizer, but also improved the texture of the soil and assisted in retaining moisture.

Some of the pastures are so run out that it seems necessary to plough, fertilize and reseed. In such cases a very common mistake in seeding down is

refaining moisture.

Some of the pastures are so run out that it seems necessary to plough, fertilize and reseed. In such cases a very common mistake in seeding down is made by using only two or three kinds of seed, such as herds grass, clover and redtop or orchard grass. A greater variety of seed should be used. The natural sod in a good pasture will contain as many as fifteen or twenty different kinds of grass and forage plants, all within, perhaps, the same square yard. The kinds of grasses which spontaneously spring up in the best oid pastures should be used so far as obtainable for seeding pasture land. Among these grasses are the June or blue grass, the fowl-meadow grass, redtop, the wire grass, and there may be added for seeding also herdsgrass, orchard grass, red and white clover and several of the rye grasses. In regard to some of these grasses, a recent writer says: "The June grass is regarded as very valuable, throwing out a dense mass of leaves, highly relished by cattle, and from which a superior quantity of butter is made. It is found growing throughout the butter districts of the country. The wire grass is deemed one of the most nutritive of grasses, is very hardy, eagerly sought after by cattle, and is one of the best grasses for fattening. Cows fed upon it yield milk of the richest quality, from which the nicest butter is made. It flourishes well upon gravelily knolls and in shaded places, and its stem is green after the seed has ripened. It is found growing in all parts of the country. The advantages of after the seed has ripened. It is found growing in all parts of the country. The advantages of sowing a large variety of grasses in seeding pasture land are that a larger quantity of feed will be produced and a succession of grasses throughout the season will be secured.—[Mirror and Farmer.

Boiled Grains.

French poultry-keepers generally cook the grain intended for the fowls they wish to fatten. They boil it till the farina swells and softens, so as to burst the enveloping membrane. It is the general tening poultry, and whether this is founded upon ascertain the difference of expense between the two, and whether more or less is eaten of the one than of the other. To discover this M. Reaumur caused four pint measures of each of the six common sorts of grain to be boiled till they were well burst, and he found the increase of bulk in each sort was the following:

Pint

Four pint measures of oats, after being boiled to bursting, filled.

Four pint measures of barley, after being boiled to bursting, filled. Four pint measures of buckwheat, after being boiled to bursting, filled.

Four pint measures of malze, after being boiled bursting, till-d. ng, filled.... measures of maize, after being boiled to filled above...

tends to whiten the flesh. To ascertain whether the boiling altered the liking of fowls for any of the particular sorts, experiments varied in every possible way, similar to those already detailed, were made by M. Reaumur. The fowls were furnished with two, three, four, five and six different sorts; sometimes all the kinds were devoured alike, and at others nothing but dry grain, and a third nothing but boiled. All that could be colected from these experiments was, that the greater number of fowls prefer boiled grains to raw, though there are many of them that show a preference to the dry grain on certain days, and no permanency could be discovered in the preference shown for any sort of burst grain. Some lowls, for example, which one day preferred boiled wheat, would on other days make choice of buckwheat, or malze, or barley, and sometimes, though more seldom, even in rye; but rye, either boiled or raw, is the least favorite soft of grain. It follows, as an important conclusion from such experiments, that we may make choice of the sort of grain which happens to the cheapest, without much, if any, disadvantage; always excepting rye, when other sorts are to be had on reasonable terms. Other experiments were required to show whether there is any economy, or asonable terms. Other experiments were reared to show whether there is any economy, one contrary, in feeding poultry with boiled grain

quired to show whether there is any economy, or the contrary, in feeding poultry with folled grain, and this was readily ascertained from knowing, first how much dry grain sufficed for one or more fowls, and then tolling the same quantity and trying how much of that would in like manner be sufficient. The experiments made with the different sorts of grain were as follows:

Rye, although so very considerably increased in bulk by boiling, instead of being more filling, becomes less so, and more of it is eaten when boiled than when raw. Oats, although increased in bulk nearly one-half by boiling, are not on this account rendered more sufficing for the fowls, which in two days consume four pint measures of dry oats, in the same period eat seven pints of them when boiled, so that there appears to be no economy in the additional treuble. Mowbray says that oats have a scouring tendency, although they are recommended as promotive of laying, and in the south of England are much used for fattering. Buckwheat swells still more than oats by boiling, but fowls will consume fourteen pints boiled in the same space of time that four dry ones would be sufficient. Mowbray pronounces it an unsubstantial food. Maize (or corn) is said to be more profitable boiled than raw. When kept long upon upon it they tegin to dislike it, and it is perhaps on this account that less of boiled maize is consumed. The saving is supposed to be one-third or one-fifth.

Fowls, which would have eaten two pints of the barley a day, ate but two pint measures of the

Fowls, which would have eaten two pints of dry barley a day, ate but two pint measures of the boiled grain. Therefore, as ten pint measures of boiled barley are produced from four pints of dry, three pints of the boiled are equivalent to no more than six-fifths of a pint of the dry, consequently the experiences in dry barley is to that of boiled as ten-fifths to six-fifths, that is, as ten to six, or as five to three, showing a saving of two-fifths by giving boiled instead of dry barley. We have found by experience that barley is more profitable and effective when boiled than when raw, if given warm, but not hot, we have known it to hasten, materially, the, period of laying, and to promote in a high degree the health and comfort of the hens.

Wheat, as shown in the preceding table, increases in bulk by boiling, nearly the same as barley, and these interesting experiments prove that the nse of boiled maize, barley or wheat is a matter of economy. The expense of fuel must be taken into account, but in the routine of almost any domestic establishment this must be comparatively triffing. It may not be unnecessary to repeat that there is no profit, but only the loss of fuel, time and trouble in boiling oats, buckwheat and rye,—[Poultry Yard. Fowis, which would have eaten two pints of dry

The great point in keeping onions through the winter is to get them dry and keep them dry and cool. A damp, warm celiar is one of the worst places. If you do not want to use them until

spring a good place is to put them in a dry barn or loft and cover them over with straw or hay a foot or more thick, and let them freeze and stay frozen until they thaw of their own accord. They should not be handled while frozen unless you wish to use them immediately.

Things Worth Knowing. It is said there are over 250,000,000 pounds of

bleomargarine sold annually in the United States.
Upwards of 90,000,000 pounds of beet sugar from European countries entered our ports last The history of beet-root sugar manufacture in

this country is not a very flattering one. The reasons of this failure are various. The factory established at Wilmington, Del., is conceded to have been situated too far south for profitable beet culture; that of Franklin, Mass., failed on account of the unwillingness of the farmers to grow a sufficient quantity of the beets, and the same reason is given for the one established at Portland. Two attempts to establish them in the Prov-

ince of Quebec have ignominiously failed.

A correspondent claims that ants destroy more canker-worms in an hour than birds do in a week. This would depend upon the numbers of each that are at work. If it can be proved that ants destroy more injurious insects than beneficial ones they should be encouraged. But one bird will eat fifty worms while an ant is dragging one down a tree

gather around apple trees, as they are apt to do it is a question whether it is to the advantage of the orchardist to get rid of them. Ants are very

it is a question whether it is to the advantage of the orchardist to get rid of them. Ants are very destructive to the apple or plant lice which on apple trees are a frequent cause of unfruitfulness by destroying the foliage at a time when it is most needed for starting the young fruit.

A writer claims that the work of the apple maggot is confined to fail fruit; and that by keeping pigs in the orchard to eat the fruit as it fails very much can be done toward their extermination. We indulged in the same nope when the pest first appeared, and believe that where their work is confined to early fruit it can do no harm to try this method. But here in New England they have gone too far. They were in all the winter apples in the market last winter, and we have already found them in Baldwins this season. They evidently came to stay, and threaten to be the worst pest that the apple crop has met.

At a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of France, M. Ballet recommended trimming the most vigorous branches in the middle of the trees, in order to obtain a crop of apples regularly, instead of at intervals of two or three years.

If you have no grape vines, why not at this time procure a few cuttings and stick them in the ground? Let the cuttings be a foot long, taking in a joint at each end. Plant them firmly in the ground up to the top joint, and cover with hay, manure or straw. Most of tnem will grow next spring, and if you take care of the vines they will fruit in three years.

Sir J. B. Lawes remarks that a rapid growth of wheat above ground is not a thing to be desired in

spring, and if you take care of the vines they will fruit in three years.

Sir J. B. Lawes remarks that a rapid growth of wheat above ground is not a thing to be desired in the autumn. We want root-growth to support the above-ground growth in the spring.

Light, warmth, air and moisture are the things to be avoided in the keeping of winter fruit. Moisture is not so dangerous in the absence of heat, but the two together are very bad. A bit in the ground on a dry place, or a tight, cool, dark cellar will preserve fruit in its natural freshness and flavor that would be spoiled in a few weeks in a common cellar, subject to all the changes of the outside air.

outside air.

As the country grows older the demand for nuts steadily increases, while the supply grows less. In some places groves of chestnut and hickory left by chance have proved the most profitable portion

by chance have proved the most profitable portion of the narm, from the annual nut crop. It is entirely practical to plant trees for the nuts where land is not very expensive and is suited to them. The wood of chestnut and second growth hickory is very valuable. Under proper care chestnut trees will begin to bear almost as soon as apple trees.

A small pleee of rye sown late adjoining the hen yard will be run over during open weather in winter, and will furnish some green food for fowls at a season when it is one of the things needed for egg production. The rye will not cost much, and will be worth more than the expense of seed to plough under as manure in spring. plough under as manure in spring.

The Pacific coast has nearly doubled its crop of hops this year over that of last, without materially

ncreasing its consumption.

There are certain uses for fallen leaves gathered There are certain uses for fallen leaves gathered as bedding for stock in winter in localities where little grain is grown and straw is scarce. Their value as manure, however, is not sufficient to warrant much labor in gathering them for that purpose alone. They make a good absorbent, but not better, if as good, as straw, especially if the latter is cut and only the leavings after feeding used as bedding.

The value of wood ashes in the orchard can hardly be overestimated.

In the application of manures and fertilizers to the soil, the conditions are so variable that many

the soil, the conditions are so variable that many apparently contradictory conclusions are reached. One thing is certain; namely, that each farmer must study out the problem for himself.

Growers of tobacco are learning that it is necessary to produce the finest quality of leaf to ensure profit. To do this, rank manures should be avoided and those of a mineral character instituted, especially those abounding in potash. There is an unusual proportion of ash left in burning good tobacco, and to grow the best it needs a liberal supply of potash in the soil.

The gathering and curing of sumac is a big industry in Virginia.

We imported \$3,000,000 worth of eggs last year.

year.

In mulching fruit trees for protection against winter frosts due regard must be had against the devastation of field mice, which are sure to be attracted by the mulching wherein to make their winter nest houses. winter nest houses.
We ought to have a uniform system of weights

and measures throughout the United States, thereby doing away with the present opportunities for The value of bran for feeding purposes has been essened by the improved processes of making The one sure way to have good cows is to raise

them yourself.

The milking qualities of a cow depend more upon those of her sire's mother than upon those of her those of her sire's mother than upon those of her own mother.

Mr. Stewart points out that stock-keeping is at present the most profitable branch of agriculture. Wheat is sold at seventy-five cents, and ail other farm crops are low. But live stock are high. It is estimated nine-tenths of the cows of this country drop their caives between the 1st of February and the 1st of May in cach year.

New York sull continues to import foreign eggs. The good feeder of stock never gorges them, nor does be give more than will be eaten with a

The good feeder of stock never gorges them, nor does he give more than will be eaten with a relish. It is not what is eaten, but what is digested that furnishes the profit.

After experiments in 1883 and 1884, Messrs. A. Andonard and V. Dezaunay have concluded that pulps and other artificially-prepared foods act injuriously on the milk of cows, but increase the quantity of butter without affecting its quality. One cow which will give 5000 pounds of milk in a season will bring more net profit than three cows producing only 3000 nounds each.

One and a half pounds of lard mixed with 100 pounds of skim milk is the mixture used in a New manufactory of Neufehatel cheese.

Do not let the stock stand out in the cold to save feeding in the barn.

The objectionable flavor in milk from feeding turnips or other roots may be avoided by giving the mess directly after cating. Feeding corn meal with the roots also greatly modifies their effects, besides increasing the setting of the cream.

Well-finished cattle, two-year-olds, will yield sixly to sixty-two pounds of beef for 100 pounds live weight. The primer the quality and the younger the animal the more beef is given. For a three-year-old finished bullock, fifty-eight to sixty-one pounds of beef per 100 pounds live weight should be made.

Under the pasturing and hay system of feeding four or five acres are needed to keep a cow a year. With ensilaged corn todder and soiling in summer every acre may be made to keep its cow, provided the soil is made rich enough.

After a season of egg production through the summer a hen is naturally exhausted, and wants a rest. Good feeding at this time is more important than at any other, and there is little or no danger that it will cause the fow to lay on fat. Even corn will not fatten a moulting hen. So soon as she begins to get new feathers feed liberally with corn and wheat mixed, and egg production will speedily recommence.

Although ducks can be profitably raised without

ecommence.
Although ducks can be profitably raised without much water to swim in, yet they will do much better if they can have daily access to a stream or ter if they can have daily access to a stream or pond, which latter will also result in a saving of food, care and labor. As soon as the ducks begin to lay the eggs should be gathered every morning and put away until a broody hen is secured to sit on them. When hatched give the ducklings crumbled bread soaked in milk. Continue this, with change of johnny-cake, oatmeal, barley meal and occasional messes of boiled potatoes and cut vegetables. Do not allow them to frequent streams or pends until they are almost half-grown.

Begin to feed hens meat when insect food is exhausted.

hausted.

A little charcoal fed two or three times a week A little charcoal fed two or three times a week to fattening hogs is an excellent corrective of acidity of the stomach. They are especially liable to this trouble when fed upon corn and confined in a pen. At such times they will eat enarcoal greedily, and will fatten much more rapidly with charcoal than with corn alone. Possibly the use of charcoal might, if long continued, impair the digestion, but with fattening hogs this is not so important. We have made a practice of placing wood ashes where hogs could eat them freely at all times with excellent results.

Before beginning to feed heavily, the sows intended to be kept for breeders should be separated from the rest and given plenty of nourishing but not fattening food. Select those with long, straight back, and be sure they have at least ten or twelve teats. Sows will sometimes have more pigs than teats, reminding one of the government after a presidential election, when there are more hungry patriots than offices.

A small flock of sheep are always profitable, and it requires less capital to stock a farm with sheep than with any other kind of animals.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a seli-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

BILL SHELBY --- A STORY.

BY J. S. OF DALE.

LCOPYRIGHT, 1884, BY S. S. M'CLURE. (All Rights Reserved,)

I never met Bill Shelby but once, and then he gave me a silver half of a dollar. The manner of it was thus: My father's house (I don't mean the present one, which my uncle built; that is wooden and one-storied, and is but a poor affair, little better than a log cabin)—my father's old house was built of brick shortly after the revolution, and was considered, at the time and since, to reflect much credit on the county. There were not many brick houses in the county even then (for the county has not grown much since); and this one of ours stood in the middle of Laurel Cove, and had five windows in front, with a door in the middle, a high-pitched roof, and a big chimney outside either end. The front door opened into a great hall, with the biggest fire place of all at the back; and it was said of the staircase and railing that it had been brought from Norfolk. Not that my grandfather was rich; but he had made many friends during the war, and had served well up to Yorktown, and when his duties were over and the Britishers had got their deserts, he came home to settle and get married, and then he brought his wife with him out there. And among his friends were some of those rich Norfolk merchants, with ships coming almost every month from the old country, and they made him a present of the carved staircase and some hangings for the walls. These hangings were the wonder of the county for a long time. Stair, or Starr, was my grandfather's name

Starr he used to pronounce it, and Starr my father spelled it. My grandfather was born in Maryland; and I believe we are of a good family. I have heard it said that we used to be Romanists, but of all good Presbyterians by the time I was raised. When my grandfather first came out from Maryland, he put about all he had into this brick house feeling he must do proper honor to the carved staircase, and started the family well under the republic. But after this, he lived mostly by hunt-There isn't much farming in our end of the State; so all my uncles set out for themselves, and only my father, who was the youngest of the family, stayed at home, and he took to surgery. Dr. Starr he was called; and it was said of him that he never lost a patient bitten by a rattler, or taken with the fall sickness, provided he got to him in time. This was about all the sickness we used to have up in our part of the country; we didn't call the ague sickness. My father used to say the fall sickness came from the cows. I don't know how that is; possibly they eat something. It was my father built the mill. He was the most considerable man in that part of the country and a justice of the peace; so the neighbors used to bring their grist o him to be ground, and their daughters to him to be married, and would send for him such other times as they were sick or got into trouble.

I don't remember all these things very well. You see, I left there after that meeting with Bill You see, I left there after that meeting with Bill Shelby, and came North; but I remember the old house, and how it stood, in a pretty valley. I am sure the valley was pretty. It was a bright green-meadow, soft and level, like a park set in the mountains; and in the spring these mountains lusted rosy as the dawn with the blossoms of the rhododendron and the mountain lattrel. The meadow was dotted with our barns, and cow-sheds, and milk-cooling houses and little benches of bee rhododendron and the mountain laurel. The meadow was dotted with our barns, and cow-sheds, and milk-cooling houses and little benches of bee hives; the upper end was dry, with good English grass for cows; and down below, near the ford, it used to sparkle on sunny days, where the water spread out among the grasses. The house stood close up to the bridle path, so that travellers might be seen and asked to enter; travellers did not often pass my father's house without tasting his apple-jack; and along by the side of the house ran the brook in a little artificial channel flagged with stone, and then it made an elbow and splashed over the mill-wheel overshot. Boys love to play about a mill, and I used to beg my father to let me pull down the side to turn the water on the wheel when a neighbor came to grind his corn. When the mill was not in use the great wheel stood still and glistened, wet and mossy, dripping in the flume, and the water ran to waste beneath it and spread out through the meadow. Since then I have never seen so green a meadow as was this. But I suppose the wheel is now dry like punk and rotting in the stones for want of use.

This little stream is Laurel run; further down it

want of use.

This little stream is Laurel run; further down it is called Rock creek, and Rock creek runs into Limestone creek, and that into Noilehucky, and Noilehucky and the Holston make the Tennessee. There are many little villages like this of ours; they call them coves in eastern Tennessee, and Shining cove, just below us, is on the main road north, and has something to do with my story. This, too, is a pleasant little valley, quite shut in by the mountains; so that the wet meadows make a mist in the air, and the sun hangs in the centre, silvery and near, as if he were a lamp set in the sky for that particular place, and had nothing to do in the rest of the world. Perhaps this is why they call it Shining cove. The road through it is but a bridle-path, lost among the dense green rhododendrons, with not purpose enough in its direction to stay on one side of the stream; it fords the creek a dozen times in a mile, but such as it is it is the only highway to be found for twenty miles or more between the two States. For we are Tennesseeans, Washington county men; Unicol county they call it now, for a reason you will see later on; but the State line runs over the Unaka mountains, the great ridge just behind us, and Jinkins', the next house, is in Carolina. want of use.
This little stream is Laurel run; further down it

in Carolina. You men in the North don't know what the war You men in the North don't know what the war meant to us; indeed, I doubt, you hardly heard of us at all while the fighting was going on. You see, ours was only a guerilla warfare; and east Tennessee was not considered worth a great campaign. No pitched battles were fought up in the mountains about us. But we thought very much of our friends in Boston and Cincinnati and other Northern cities, if they knew little of us. I cannot say that we were any great Abolitionists down our way. Not that we had many slaves; but most of the families had one or two old negroes in the household who had, perhaps, they or their fathers, been brought over from Virginia, I underthe household who had, perhaps, they or their fathers, been brought over from Virginia. I understand, now, that the war was fought by the Abolitionists, and that the praise is due to a few great orators and philanthropists who stayed at home to inspire the nation with their eloquence, and bought the freedom of the negroes with the lives of haif a million fellow-citizens. But we did not know it then; we had not heard much of this, and we had too few slaves and were too rude and far away to realize the harm that slavery was doing. The

it then; we had not heard much of this, and we had too few staves and were too rude and far away to realize the harm that slavery was doing. The first that any of us knew my father came home from the county-town one day and said that news had come up from Knoxville the week before that the South Carolimans had been firing on the flag at Charleston, and were breaking up the Union. Now it was high on to eighty years before this that my grandfather had come back from Yorktown with the first American flag that had been seen west of our mountains, and we still had this flag with the thirteen stars in it, though my grandfather was gone, having died a few years before, by the Lord's mercy, as I now see.

My father brought down this flag from its place of honor on the wail of the best room, and we looked at it that evening, and the neighbors came in. There was a star in the flag for South Carolina; but none was there for Tennessee. But we all felt that old Tennessee was there, just the same; more shame for South Carolina; it it was she that left to give her room. I don't remember that anything was said about the negoes that night, or even about State rights, of which I have heard so much since. The simple fact was that that was our flag. I believe if my grandfather had been there he would have started off with his old buff-and-blue coat, just as if it were the first year after Yorktown instead of the eightieth. I know that was what my father did, and most of the neighbors went with him. Off he went to the North the very next morning and left me alone with my mother. He kissed my mother and me and told us that he would come back soon with the Union soldiers; so we kept the "Union flag and waited.

But the year passed, and another year came and went, and the Union soldiers did not come. And all our men were away, away in the Union army. Perhaps you did not know this in the North: I dare say, though, that they know it at Washington, and it was wrong for them to leave us so, you shall not make me go back of that. All our m for us of Union—it was called Unicol, after the war, from Union and Unaka—I believe there was hardly a man, young or old, fighting on the side of the rebels, or even hidden at home. The crops had to grow themselves, mostly. I won't say our men were better soidiers than those of the North, who came down from their mills and workshops. But we were used to hunting and riding—I never saw the Northern man that could six a horse—and better knew the enemies we were nighting with. It might have gone hard with New York and the moneyed places, which had their theatres and their tea and coffee through the war, without those 300,000 clever rifles from the South. No, I do not believe you knew this in the East; but I have heard tell the government knew it, only it was not thought strategie to send away soldiers to relieve us Union people in the South. It was not a vull-nerable point of the rebels, and the government was trying more to injure its enemies than to save its friends. There were 300,000 Southern men in the Northern armies, but the Washington authorities could not spare any even of them for East Tennessee. They were needed outher peninsula, about New Orleans, at Manassas. Lincoin had heard of us, I know, and wanted to get to us; but Jincoln had not been trained at West Point, and

there were simpler words that he understood better than strategy.

So the southern Highlands suffered for their loyalty, while the government left them to their fate. But we were far up in the mountains, and no one thought the rebels would ever get to us; and that first summer after my father left we heard nothing of the war, but only the hum of the bees in the meadow, just as usual, and the plashing of the water on the wheel. News came up from down Knoxville way again that the rebels were getting the better of the fight, and the Union armles were drawn further and further away, and my mother used to read her letters and cry. but I played about the mill as usual, and wondered what it all meant. I had never heard any cannon, and would have given anything to see some soldiers. I used to look at the old print of "The Surrender of Cornwallis" in the parlor, and I think I fancied that Cornwallis and his soldiers had come back again, for I asked my mother once if it was them that father was fighting with. I was only 12 years old, and so it happened that I do not remember very much until the morning that I met Bill Shelby. But I know my mother used to make me say my prayers for father every night, and she would try to John in them and hide her tears.

It was in the spring of the third year I met Bill Shelby. We were all happy then, because my father had got a furlough for a week, and he had been staying at home with us, and bidding us to hope and have faith in the end. I did not know it then, but I see now that he must have come home secretly, for he wore no uniform, and stayed in the house most of the time, only seeing many men who came to see him. I suppose he was recruiting; and my Uncle Albert had been with us, too. He lived in North Carolina, and one morning at dawn he rode up to the door with some twenty men, stout fellows all, going North. North Carolina men they were; Tarheelers you call them; only there is no turpentine up in our mountains, nor any of the king of men you call Tarheelers. And I remember the mo

place.

Well, all these men, with Uncle Albert, came into our house in the early morning; for they had come over the mountain from Carolina in the night, and were on their way North to join the Union armites. They knew that they could stop for a hiding place in pretty much every house in our part of the country, but it was not safe to travel down the valley by daylight; and they were waiting in our house till the evening before they started off again. I don't suppose (except at weddings or funerals) till the evening before they started off again, I don't suppose (except at weddings or funerals) there had been so many men in our halls since the old carved starcase had been brought from Norfolk, after the war; and I remember my father told them the story of this, as they sat about the great log fire, drinking apple-jack; and the old flag, with its thirteen stars, was brought down and ay across the table, and they fell to, admiring it, for they had not seen the like in three years.

Our great hall used to have the freplace on the Onr great hall used to have the fireplace on the

ing it, for they had not seen the like in three years.

Onr great hall used to have the fireplace on the further side, filling up all that end of the room; and the famous staircase ran up as you entered; and around the chimney-piece were all the guns and rifles the family had ever owned, good or bad, hung on antiers and bear's claws; and the flat stones of the floor were covered with skins. And my father had been reading the Bible and morning prayers longer than usual, for it was a Sunday; and there the men were sitting about the fire. Now a big log fire is all very well in the early dawn, even of a May morning; in our country wood is rubbish, and on that day I remember the highest forests of the mountains were all silvered with the frozen fog. And a beautiful thing this frozen fog in the early sunrise, especially with the rich pink glow of the flowering laurel down below. But as the sun came higher and shone down to us in the valley it grew very warm; and after smoking many dozens of corn cob pipes, and telling all the stories they knew, and how the war was going on, most of the men scattered about in various places and went to sleep—some in the hall, some in the bedrooms, and some even in the barn—for they had been up all night, coming over the mountains from Carolina. It was then my father told me I might go out and play around the mill. And I left him sitting with my mother, she no longer now in tears.

It was a long time since the mill had done any grinding, and already the wheel was getting a little mossy and soft with the rot. I turned on the brook once or twice over the wheel, pushing the slide well out just to see how the fall would go, and to keep the filles in the water-way from drooping, and time was so sweet just then with the walley, which was so sweet just then with the walley which was so sweet just then with the walley which was so sweet just then with the walley which was so sweet just then with the walley which was so sweet just then with the looking across the beside me, with heavy spurs, a

ing down the road, where the other mounted

giancing down the road, where the other mounted men were coming.

"Yes," said I; "Dr. Starr is my father. Do you know my father? Shall I fetch him?" I suppose I ought not to have said this; but, you see, I did not know.

The man seemed almost sorry at my answer, and said, No, quickly. Then he looked down to the ford again, where the others were coming slowly, on the walk. "No, don't fetch him, my boy," said he. "Is—Is there any other men with him?"

him?"

"My uncle Aibert is in the house," I answered.

"And—but father said I must not tell. What is your name? Do you know my father?" You see, I thought everybody knew my father; and I never took him for a rebei. I thought of the rebeis as being far oif—with Cornwallis at Yorktown.

"No," said he, "I do not know your father; always remember that, my boy. And my name—my name is Sheby—Bill Sheby." And somehow, even then, I felt that Bill Sheby was not his real name. "Now, sonny," he went on, "I want you to come with me and show me the chickens. I like little boys; and I've got one at home just like you." So saying he swung me up on his great shoulders, and strode off in the direction of the furthest cow house. I remember teiling him that this was not the one where the chickens were kept; but he gave no heed to me, and when we got to the cow house he opened the door, carefully closed it again and tossed me up on the hay-mow, no higher than his head. Then he got up himself, and, putting me astride of his great muddy boot, he rode me up and down like a baby, and began talking to me.

"Now, little boy," he said. "I can't stay with My uncle Albert is in the house," I answered.

talking to me.

"Now, little boy," he said, "I can't stay with you very long, but you stay here until it is dark, and don't you move on any account. Is there many of you at home?"

I told him we were all of us there—there with

many of you at home?"

I told him we were all of us there—there with father and mother.

"Is your mother there, too?" said the big man, and I said, "Yes," and he sighed. I was about to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to him of my mother, for I always liked to talk to her, when a crash of musketry made me jump and ery out; but he put his broad hand across my mouth and held me in a grip like a vise. "That's nothing," he whispered to me hastily; "they're firing at a mark—at turkeys. Don't you str from here till sundown. Promise me that." And here he pniled out a strange-looking wallet from his gray flannel shirt; in it was a euchre-deck of playing cards, and a few dirty bauk notes, and some papers, all mixed well and sorinkled through and through with grains of smoking tobacco; and way down from the bottom he pulled out a real silver half dollar—the only one there was. "Now, sonny, you stay here quiet till dark, and this is all your'n," and he pressed the coin into my hand. "Don't you mind anything you hear: if you come out afore sundown, I'll take that half dollar back." I had never seen so much money before; and while I was looking at it Bill Shelby slipped out and closed the door of the barn behind him, and I thought of running to show my half dollar to mother; but another noise (or perhaps the memory of what I had promised to Bill Shelby) made me hold back.

While all this was happening the rebels rode up me hold back.
While all this was happening the rebels rode up

While all this was happening the rebels rode up to the door of our house. It seems that they had heard of my uncle and his men, and had ridden around them to cut them off; and so came back upon us by the northern road. And when they got to the front door their leader, Major—well, we will call him Whichehalse; it sounds better—Major Whichehalse, he knocked on the door with the pommel of his sword. The others did not even take the trouble to dismount, but stood around waiting. Our men within were warned by the knocking for no honest man up our way ever knocks at a door without coming in, and my father told them all to run for their lives out the back way, and my mother went to the door to try to parley and save time for them all to get away. But my father he said he would not run like a hunted thing from any rebel, and he stood his ground. his ground. "Is Dr. Starr at home?" said Whichehaise; and

Then the rebels scattered around the house and saw the other men flying in twos and threes, like rabbits, towards the mountains. But the rebels on their horses could make short work of these, and

And the rebeis scattered around the house and saw the other men flying in twos and threes, like rabbits, towards the inountains. But the rebeis on their horses could make short work of these, and they galloped across the smooth meadow picking our men off one by one as if it were a deer hunt, use their horses could make short work of these, and they galloped across the smooth meadow picking our men off one by one as if it were a deer hunt, use the property of the property of the two controls of the man—he was afterwards shot, fighting with the Union men about Atlanta—escaped by lying in the water-way below the wheel, in the water among the long grasses; and the rushes and the yellow lilies bent over him, curtain-like, and hid the man from view. Some six or eight others kept together, under my Uncle Abbert, and made a running flight of it, firing back at the rebels on horseback; each one of these killed his man, and the two or three that were not badly shot got safe into the rhododendron thickets and escaped.

Then Whichehalse called his men back, laughing, from the chase; and they set fire to the old house, and the mill, and the barn and all the offices but the distant cow houses, in one of which, as you know, Bill Shelby had placed me; and the old flag was burned up where it lay, on the table by the fireside. And after all was done. Whichehalse and his troop rode over the mountains into North Carolina, exulting.

I did not dare to come out of the hay-mow until evening, fearing to lose my half dollar, and besides this, fearing something clse, I knew not what, but troubled with the noise. And when it grew dark there was a strange light through the chinks in the barn; and as I lay there, trembling, my uncle Albert and he that was in the brook came to the door and called my name softly. They had come back for me. I showed them the half dollar, and they told me to keep it, and that it might help me on my way North.

When we came to the house only one brick wall was standing and the smoked foundation stones of the ba

old flag were there and had not been burned, my uncle's children could keep it now.

I have never met Bill Selby, as he called himself, from that day to this. I wonder how they treated him in the band when he went back to them after that day's work. I fear he may have got into trouble for deserting. I suppose he was as bad as the rest—perhaps. He was not prominent after the war, like Major Whichehaise. I wish I knew his real name. I should like to meet him. I owe him one silver half dollar. It was all he had.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

4.10 6.15 2.30 3.30

1.80

3.15 4.55 2.50 1.40 3.05

2.30

3.36

3.10

3.10

4.15

2.30

4.25 2.25 1.75

2.5**5** 3.5**5** 5.10

2.60 1.75 1.75 2.05 2.25

3.30 5.05 4.20 4.25

3.30 2.75 5.10

3.30 2.00 5.10 5.15

2.05 5.00 2.60

2.55 5.10

2.55 3.60 7.00 2.55 3.05 3.45

4.10 3.30 2.55 5.55

3.00

3.40

Regular Price with Weekly, ...\$2.00 \$2.00 ... 1.50 \$2.10 ... 3.00 \$3.55 Atlantic Monthly......

American Art Journal..... oston Medical and Surgical Journal. 5.00 Domestic Monthly, with premiums...
Detroit Free Press (Weekly).
Engineering and Mining Journal...
Eclectic Magazine. Forney's Progress. Forest and Stream...... Germantown Telegraph... Green's Fruit Recorder... Gardner's Monthly...... Good Words...... Godey's Lady's Book..... Home and Farm..... Iowa Homestead

Journal of Microscopy

Journal of Chemistry

Le Francais (for students in French). Leisure Hours (with premium)..... 1.50 Lippincott's Magazine.
London Lancet.
London Edinburgh Review..... North American Review..... Practical Farmer....

> Westminster Review
> 2.50
>
>
> Wide Awake
> 2.50
>
>
> Waverley Magazine
> 5.00
>
> Watchman
> 3.00
>
>
> Western Stock Journal
> 1.00
> No publication will be sent for less time than one year, and no order for a publication will be accepted unless it includes a yearly subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE.
>
> We cannot send more than one magazine to one

Sanitarian..... Saturday Night (Weekly story).....

San Francisco Chronicle (Weekly)... 2.00 Spirit of the Times. ... 5.00 The Republic (Irish-American, Boston) 2.50

The Critic 2.00
Turf, Field and Farm 5.00

address. Orders covering more than one magazine to one address will be returned. Always state with what issue you wish your sub-

We do not furnish specimen copies of other publica-THE WEEKLY CLOBE

WHY? BECAUSE-

'Thanksgiving! Why should I give thanks?

That gives me means whereby I live?

Thanks, then, to that and that alone;

Where I may reap I must have sown."

hearts, his heart had hardened.

Such were the thoughts of honest Farmer Wright,

Thanksgiving eve, which softens most men's

His soul rebelled and cursed all nature for its curse

Sleep came and touched the weary farmer's brain,

And for a time it stole his thoughts of pain. Then came a devil black and angel bright

And stood, he on the left, she on the right, Of him who slept. The imp spoke first and said,

'A curse be on the day that you were wed;

What aid are they to you? They eat your bread,

Add to your cares, and -weep when you are dead all comfort to you are these tears-the gift

You labor for your children and your wife, And sweat and groan and grumble at your life.

Of those whose burdens you no longer lift,

Of one to feed them and to bear their cross."

"A blessing be upon your babes and wife;

Are they not dearer to you than your life?"

The angel said, "and often have not they

And made you feel a stronger, better man-

Curse them a devil may; none other can."

A loving hand will make you feet less old.'

The devil-"Age is stealing from you health

And strength, and leaves no hope for fame or

The angel-"Age means rest; what if not gold?

The devil-"Death may take that loving hand-

In Time's life-glass you cannot see the saud."

The angel-"May! Do not trouble borrow-

The devil-"One more year of toll and pain Has brought to you Thanksgiving eve again.

"Think calmly on what is and what might be;

For giving thanks what reason can you see?'

"Tum. papa; tir'd, papa; do to bed,"

The kiss and hug the little fairy got

"Thanksgiving!-for what?"

"For the plainest of food,

For a life of hard work,

Let the rich give thanks,

There is nothing in life

"l'a forgotton you;

And I've my health.

and the baby, too."

And the baby crowed-

And she kissed her John

And he said to himself,

"I was wrong, very wrong;

I should surely be thankful

And o'er Jane's face

The farmer's little daughter sweetly said.

Proves that the father will not curse his lot

Of thankful blessings his will not be least.

JOHN WHITE'S ERROR.

and the shabbiest clothes?— But it's idle to talk

re is nothing in the or a laboring man."

said John White to his good wife Jane, and o'er her face stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John?"—and he thought again;—Then glanced more kindly down on Jane.

-and he muttered a curse-

and an empty purse:

of a poor man's woes!

'twas a bouncing boy-

as he worked that day:

I'll not grumble again,

O, luscions, juicy, tooth-some Pumpkin Pie! To thee today a humble

for baby and Jane."

SONNET TO A PUMPKIN PIE.

Knee we bend,
And pray that Providence
to us may lend
A month and stomach equal
to our eye,

Which could devour infinitudes of thee,
As there thou liest in such matchless state
Upon the ancient browned and blackened plate,
A work of art most rapturous to see.
Thy dimpling surface, round as Luna's orb,
Is flecked with changing shades of mottled brown
Which would dely e'en l'itlan's glowing brush,
And make of Tintoretlo's work a daub.
Thou art of pies the king, with fitting crown
Of pearly pastry lined with softest plush.

["M. Quad" in Detroit Free Press.]
I stood in a store the other day when a boy

Vhich could devour infinitudes of thee,

came in and applied for a situation "Can you write a good hand?" was asked. "Yaas."

"Good at figures?"
"Yaas."
"Know the city well?"

came a look of joy:

as he went away:

it is they who can;

Your burdens lightened, driven care away,

And who find sorrow simply in the loss

Hard-working, tired and sleepy Farmer Wright.

And if I've any thanks to give

Who else is there besides myself

'My labor brings me what I eat;

My labor gives me all I have;

often pardoned.

of sorrow.

wealth."

JACK'S CIGARS.

How They and the Ghosts Lost Him a Sweetheart and Won Him a Wife.

"Jack's coming home, Jack's coming home, mother," and Annie Houghton's plump, round face beamed with happiness as she read the glad news to her mother from the letter she had just

"Well, I declare," was all the homely, kindlyfaced matron could say as she looked up from her knitting and threw her hands up in that wholly indescribable way so common to good country folk when they cannot find words to fit the emergency. In fact, the old lady was a bit "flustrated," as she afterward said, by the sudden news, but her face showed how good it was. Well it might be, for she hadn't seen her boy Jack since he graduated, "a year ago last June," as she had told every neighbor in the village at least a dozen times. Her boy Jack had spent the year before in grinding away at medicine, "cutting up dead folk and sich up ter Boston," and then he had taken a well-earned vacation in Europe. Now he was coming home for Thanksgiving, and oh! how glad father and

mother were. "So Jack's coming home, is he?" asked the young lady who had stopped in the middle of a sonata, which she was picking out at the piano when Annie's joyous proclamation was made. This person emphasized Jack's name in a semisatirical manner, for she loved dearly to quiz her satirical manner, for she loved dearly to quiz her friend, and she knew that nothing teased her more than to poke fun at that brother of her's she was so proud of. Many a night after they had gone to bed in their pretty room at Vassar—for you must know they were room—mates at school—she had driven the frank and honest little country girl almost to distraction by getting her to launch forth in Jack's praise, and then rideuling him till Annie got so mad she wouldn't speak to "the hateful thing." Then they made it all up, but at last Jo Morton's curiosity had been aroused, and she was going to see this lord of all creation whose deeds had



creation whose deeds had been lauded to the skies, and whose misdeeds, boyish pranks as they were, had been condoned with all cock's worth more'n a queen, upon a sister's wonderful pow

Ish pranks as they were, had been condoned with all a sister's wonderful powlers of whitewashing.

There was one person in Squire Houghton's house who really didn't know whether to be pleased at the news or not. She knew she ought to be, for she had promised to marry Jack, but itarry Turner had asked her to go to ride with him Thanksgiving evening, and he had such a fine horse and sleigh! When Jack went away he told her not to stay at home for his sake, and Harry used to be so willing to go to prayer-meeting with her and take her to parties and sociables that she really hadn't the heart to disobey Jack, and she went. Now Addie Houghton was a very pretty girl—as they went in the country. So Jack thought when he fell madly love with his cousin that first summer when she came to live with the squire after her mother died. His vigorous courtship, pushed with boylsh eagerness, having the full consent of the old people, who thought a marriage in the family would be the best thing possible for the poor orphan, soon ended in an engagement, which was to last till Jack got settled in practice somewhere.

So when Addie heard the news she was surprised to find it didn't make her very happy. Jack's letters of late hadn't abounded in the sugar-coated adjectives he had rung the changes on in the first days of his absence at college. And Harry Turner would be awfully disappointed!

The day before Thanksgiving it snowed enough to make the sleighing perfect. Squire Houghton killed the fatted calf and various other fatted animals the original prodical son was not regaled with, viz.: the fatted turkey and the fatted duck and the fatted chicken. Mother Houghton was up to her arms all day in fat and dough and mincement. Jo Morton looked on in interested and bewildered ignorance, while Annie helped her mother and dilated on that wonderful but really somewhat tiresome Jack.

Next morning when the stage came up to the

wildered ignorance, while Annie helped her mother and dilated on that wonderful but really somewhat tiresome Jack.

Next morning when the stage came up to the door out jumped Jack and threw himself into his mother's arms with all the vehemence of a tenyear-old boy home for his first holiday. Jo was rather shocked at such impulsiveness. Mother was happliness all over and the tears fairly ran down her cheeks for joy. Jack recovered himself as he saw the stranger in the doorway, and as he turned to Addie seemed to feel that too much sentimentallty wouldn't do just then and he gave his beloved a very matter-of-fact kiss, which she seemed to take more as a matter of course than that of an ardent lover just returned after a long absence. After he had given his sister a good-natured hug and shaken hands with his father in the good, old, stift, undemonstrative New England way fathers and sons greet each other, Annie introduced him to the young lady who had watched all this with an amused look in her laughing eyes. Tall and slender she was, and fair to look upon—so fair that Jack's frank face showed plainly his instant admiration as she gracefully acknowledged his deep bow. Addie saw the look in his eyes, and her womanly intuition told her that Jo Morton had excited in him a feeling that the sight of his affianced bride had not aroused. Had she truly loved him, jealousy would have led her to hate innocent Jo, but her feeling was rather one of hatred toward Jack; but her simple nature had never been trained by perusing analytical novels and distening to the conversation of city salous, and so she did not dissect her emotions, but satisfied her impulses by saying to herself that Jack's moustache was frightfully homely, and that his hands weren't nearly as large and brown and strong as Harry Turner's.

The morning passed quickly with Jack's telling all about what he saw in Europe. Very kind he

urner's.
The morning passed quickly with Jack's telling The morning passed quickly with Jack's telling all about what he saw in Europe. Very kind he was to Addie, but she didn't seem to appreciate his learned comments on European art and Italian arentecture, while in Jo he found a ready listener, though, to be sure, inclined to be impertinent, and to snub him somewhat when he got too grandid-quent. And then Addie's questions annoyed him when she asked if the prayer meetings in St. Peter's were interesting, and if he went to the Latin quarter in Paris to study Latin.

With noon came the uncles and aunts and cousins from all around, for Squire Houghton always had the whole family come to his house

Thanksgiving day. Then they all sat down to the rousing Thanksgiving dinner where there was enough for three times as



rousing Thanksgiving dinner where there was enough for three times as many, and then there would have been plenty left over for cold meals for a week. Uncle Seth. Joliv, portly, blinf, gruff old bachelor as he was, declared he never ate such a good dinner in his life, just as he had declared for thirty successive Thanksgivings, and if the amount he devoured was any sign, he told the truth. Jack, too, did his share in laying waste the neighborhood of his plate, and when he rose from the table he felt something must be done to aid his digestion, or he would die of dyspepsia in two hours. Being a good doctor Jack never practised the hygienic principles he expounded, always ate more than he ought, and always prescribed for the results at least one strong cigar. Now smoking was a terrible habit in the eyes of all respectable people in the good country town where the squire's lines were cast, and Jack, respecting prejudices, slid out unobserved and hied himself to the barn to enjoy his weed unmolested and alone. There he caught Uncle Seth just filling his old black T. D., and, after mutual confession, they settled themselves for a good smoke and talk. The girls meanwhile noticed they were left without cavaller, and, like all true girls, the trio appointed themselves a committee of three to satisfy their curnosity as to Jack's mysterious disappearance. Just as Jack was telling Uncle Seth about his adventures in Paris, the barn door flew open and in came the investigating committee, just in time to run into a veritable cloud of tobacco smoke. The look of horror that overspread Addie's face would defy an artist to depict, and she darted a look of scorn at Jack enough to exterminate him, but he was too intent on Jo's merry chaffing to heed or even notice it. Jo liked tobacco, as she showed by ensconcing herself on the grain-box and reprimanding Mr. Houghton for his desertion. Annie was a little doubtful at first, but Jo was her leader and she finally overcame her consclence enough to join in the war of words, while Adde to marry any man who degrades himself so as to use the vile weed," and she left it on the table in

to marry any man who degrades himself so as to use the vile weed," and she left it on the table in Jack's room.

An hour later Jack perused the tract with great emotion, and then the hardened sinner used it as a lighter for another cigar.

That night the house was full—so full of company, in fact, that Uncle Seth had to be stored away in a room long unused, where Jack's greatgrandmother had died, and where, as he jestingly told the girls that evening, her ghost was wont to walk occasionally. It so happened that Jo's room was right under this, but she didn't know it was to be occupied that night, and so when she heard a noise as if of footsteps pattering over her head while she was undressing, she was considerably frightened.

"It's rats," she said to herself to brace up her courage, but still she was so scared that she concluded to lle down on the bed in a wrapper, and if the ghost got noisy she would run into where Annie and Addie were sleeping, and get in with them. For a while all was quiet, and the nouse was perfectly still. Then she seemed to hear a hoarse and regular rumble as if somebody was scraping a stick over the head-board of the bed above. It grew louder and louder, and her excited nerves magnified it into loud groans, mingled with a frightful creaking as if some one were writhing on the bed in greatest paln. Jo was a plucky girl, and her fear made her obstinate, so there she lay in mortal terror.

Jack meanwhile was placidly smoking still Jack meanwhile was placidly smoking still

another cigar and reading a novel—or, rather, trying to, for his mind would wander, spite of his feeble resistance to the mischievous face that had puzzled him so ali day, and he kept finding himself looking at Miss Morton's laughing eyes in the blazing fire on the hearth before him. He began to feel sleepy before his cigar was half smoked out, but his respect for a good cigar forced him to finish it. For the last time he was dexterously knocking off the ash with his little finger, when his reverie was abruptly broken by a loud crash, finish it. For the last time he was dexterously knocking off the ash with his little finger, when his reverie was abrupily broken by a loud crash, followed by a piercing shriek, that raing through the entries of the huge old country nouse from one end to the other. He rusbed into the hall just in time to run square into Jo Morton, who, with hair flying and face white as the snow without, shrieked: "Save me, Jack, save me!" and fainted away in his arms. The chance was too good, and haughty Jack stole one kiss before his doctor's instinct overcame the deliciousness of holding a beautiful girl in his arms enough to set him to work reviving her.

Everybody was there quickly, and soon the excited girl had regained herself enough to tell the fearful ordeal she had passed through. According to her story the great-grandmother's ghost had called in ninety-nine other ghosts and they had enjoyed an old-fashioned breakdown over her head, ending with an awful jump into the air, landing all together on the floor with a crash that broke it down, and ghosts, floor, bed and all had come tumbling through into her room.

Just then Uacle Seth came sheepishly down stairs, clad very much en deshabille, and rubbing his shins most pathetically. It was soon pumped out of him that Mother Houghton's mince pies, of which he had consumed three during the day, had caused him an actual visitation of the aforesald

out of him that Mother Houghton's mince pies, of which he had consumed three during the day, had caused him an actual visitation of the aforesaid great-grandmother, as he vowed, and that while she had him over her knee, punishing him in the time-honored way for eating so much, he had rolled off on the floor. As Uncle Seth's eating capacities had resulted in manmoth proportions to his body, it was indeed a wonder that he hadn't tumbled through the celling into Jo's room. As it was, about six square yards of plastering had loosed its grip and come flying down on Jo's devoted head.

loosed its grip and come flying down ou of solveted head.

Next day Miss Morton was rather shy of Mr. Houghton. In fact, she was rather ashamed of herself. But before the holidays were over Jack had convinced her that there was nothing to be ashamed of, and the coming June, when Jack went to Vassar "to see his sister graduate," as he told the boys, Jo let him give back the kiss he had so naughtly stolen on the day when his cigar lost so naughtily stolen on the day when his cigar lost him one girl and gave him another.

EXIT 'POSSUM: ENTER TURKEY.

Look heah, vo' darks! No foolin'! Just turn de skillet well, Lucinda, dat's fine 'possum-I know it by de Doan' trifle wid such fatness. Now, mine yo' what

Thankgibben day.

We're frum de Norf, remember-from Boston, dear ole town! No cultured place like Joy street in all dis country

But we am de fore-runners, we bringers ob de And keep de good ole festibal in jubilee tonight!

Hits cur'ous how dese 'Ginny folk turn up de nose Old Sambo calls yo' fawther a pow'ful stuck up cuss.

And wall-eyed Madam Coon declar's yo' ma so very chilly. She orter go to Cuba just to thaw out. Ain't dat

Twas cold, for sho', in winter, dat grand up hill West End. But culture, for de frigidness, helped, shore, to And we cum Souf, Lucinda, wid our Prometheum

spark To brighten wid intelligence a land dat's fearfu' dark. Ah, yes! We hab a mission, to elebate de soul-

To bid our bredren shar' wid us de Philosophic We've 'stablished here a Concord school right here on Crupone creek-An' yet each neighbor 'clares dat Emerson makes

him sick. Dey've 'serted our symposiums-Lucinda, 'pos-Jess put him in de oven, side ob de Sally Lunn. Cole meat an' cake's my 'version. Ah! Ginny's slow to learn, But bimeby she'le be acclimated, and swift to

sciumce turn.

Meantime we'll bide in patience, thank hebben for what we do. An' keep de Pilgrim noliday wid loil heart an' true. Mos' time for Piato to return-I'll spread de table right. And you, Lucinda, mind yo' eye.

Get out, yo' brute, yo' yaller dog! What! Possum in his jaws?

Hi! Dar he goes like butter in fly-blow time!
Oh, laws!

What will we do for supper-what will yo' fawther To fin' no decent thing to eat on ol' Thanksgiving day.

An' hyar he comes! Great Hagel! What has he in his hand? Two splen'id 'Liny Turkeys, I'clar. Dis beats de Pears like I 'nize dem feathered fowl-dev cum

from ole Miss Coon; Her mongrel stole our possum. Ah! Retribution's

Doan' puff a word now, Plato. Fo' supper yo' must wait: But 'tis a merry feast, oi' man, that we shall hab Lucinda, 'morrow morning we'll tell de fate ob We've got de solid fruit, ya, ha, do' we did miss

de blossom. No colored folks 'xcepted our invitation here. Our 'xalted conversation's no charm for dem, I

But nebber mind. Aroun' de hearth we'll make æsthetic bower, And while de turkey's brown, let's 'scuss on Schopenhauer.

Ah! life's wurf libbin, man, for sho', wid such a scene to cheer. Let's drop de German 'speptic, an' talk Aubrey de Vere.

Bob Browning, too, he's hard to some, dey say. But he's our appetizer, dis fine Thanksgiving day.

HERE'S TO HIM.

Enough Of plum duff For the jolly sailor boy Is to his menu Out upon the briny blue What the turkey is to mine. And he'll never think of wine As he drinks his coffee down. But his thoughts stray to the town Thinks of him so far away, Wondering how he spends the day.

WICKED SPECIAL PLEADING.

Do. Nida, let me kiss you, won't you? You know you're sweet as honey, don't you? And so you turn your head away, And, half unwilling, say me nay.

I thought you knew what day today was? Yes? What I-only-meant to say-was, Mayn't the worst you ever saw Have something to be thankful for?

Thanks!

The Undertaker's Trifling Omission. [Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.]
On Sunday last a funeral cortege wended its way from an undertaking establishment in San Francisco to the Oakland ferry. After having been driven aboard the ferry boat, the drivers dismounted and gathered in groups, when the driver of the hearse, accidentally casting his eyes upon the interior of his vehicle, was astonished 'p find it empty. With the exclamation, "Great heaven! I've forgotten the corpse," he mounted the hearse, and, after considerable difficulty, managed to get off the boat, and hastily drove back for the casket.

Frolicsome Fun that Comes High. (Drake's Traveller's Magazine.)
"You don't seem to like newspapers, colonel?"
"No; they have cost me \$25,000."
"How was that?"
"You recollect I was slandered last year by one

of them?"
"Yes; but that couldn't have injured you to that eytent."
"Well, it did. I sued for libel."

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

How It Proved to be a Very Dangerous Thing for Certain Turkeys.

"The only trouble with turkeys," said the farmer, "is that they can't artickalate. It's the same with any kind of poultry. You see there ain't room enough in their throats for a sufficient variety o' vocal organs. Now, a man's throat and mouth are a good deal bigger, an' he can not only speak in human style, but he can imitate various kinds o' fowls an' animals. Well, now, a turkey can only pronounce two or three sounds. A chicken can make as many as four or five, but that ain't enough to answer the purposes o' speech

after the fashion o' human beings. "How did I get so I could talk with 'em? Oh, It was very simple. You see, I used to be a telegraph operator. Now, in telegraphing there's no great variety o' sounds employed-there's only dots an' dashes. A turkey, as I said, can't make but two or three different sorts o' sounds with its throat, and so the idea occurred to me, just teach a turkey the Morse alphabet and all the bird's got to do is to make sounds corresponding to dots and dashes and it'll talk as good as you please-a little slow, of course, but it'll talk pretty near as fast as an operator'll send.

"It was 'most three years ago. I took two young turkeys; two that was kind o' intellectual like, so they'd catch on an' learn quick, an' I used to spend more'n an hour a day a-teachin' 'em and talkin' with 'em. They took to it as natural as could be, an' took an amazin' sight o' interest in it. Why, at 'most any time o' day or night I could hear those two turkeys a-talkin' together could hear those two turkeys a talkin' together an' practisin', an' sometimes I'd hear 'em when they didn't think I was 'round. Their roostin' place was in turkey-pen No. 36, 'way down there at the further end of that third row o' pens. One evenin' I was walkin' down 'round there, to see if the pens was all locked up for the night, an' I heard them two birds in there a-talkin' Morse alphabet at a great rate. I pulled out some blanks—I mean took some paper—out o' my pocket and went to writin' It down, same's I used to do when I was a telegraph operator, writin' It down by the light o' my lantern.

telegraph operator, writin' it down by the light o' my lantern.

"The best auti-fat I know of,' says one, 'is sorrel and mulein leaves. Thanksgivin' is comin' in less' na month, an' I'm just a-gon' to diet.'

"Well, I don't want to die yet,' said the other.

"There was a scuffiln' and a pulin' o' feathers in there for a minute or two, for that turkey, Sultan I allus called him, never could stand a pun, an' then they went to talkin' agin.

"You better look out for what you eat if you want to keep your feathers on you,' said Sultan. The old man's gettin' ready to kill us off, an' he's tryin' to get us to eat all we can digest.'

"As I said,' replied the other, 'I don't want to di-gest yet.'

di-gest yet.'
"Then they had it all over again, a-peckin' an'
a-clawin' at each other, but the Sultan warn't
hardly a match for the Grand Vizler—that's what
I called the other one—so he pretty soon let up.
Curlous how puns would break him up, 'specially
those old dried-up chestnuts. Then says the
Sultan.

"Now, to be serious, you better look out. To be sure the old man says he's goin' to let you and What wonder. Worse offences surely have been To be; to work. These only could he see within



me live, 'cause we're educated, but what does he me live, 'cause we're educated, but what does he keep bringin' us big dishes o' extra nice food for? That's what I want to know. He means to fat us up for the market, an' don't you forget it.'

"'Yes,' said the Grand Vizier, 'an' he's got on to the fact that we're trachin' some o' the other turkeys to talk Morse alphabet. He told me 'safternoon that'I I didn't let up he'd be havin' me raffled off in a beer saloon. He said that if all of 'em got so they could talk, an' if the whole snap o' fattin' no for the Thanksgivin' market was of 'em got so they could talk, an' if the whole snap o' fattin' up for the Thanksgivia' market was given away, 't would ruin his business.'

"Just then I unlocked the door o' the pen an' went in, an' what do you think? Those two turkeys just stretched 'emselves and gaped, and made believe they'd just waked up.

"'Gob-ble g'-g'-g' g'-gob-gob-ble-g'-g' gob-ble-g'-ble-g' gob-ble-g'-g'-g' g'-g' gob-ble,' said I. That means 'that's too thin.' Then I toid 'em I'd heard their whole talk, an' I toid 'em I proposed to rule the roost myself. They both were frightened worst way, an' turned pale an' trembled so they could hardly keep their grip on the roost. Then said I:

could hardly keep their gray constitutions and I:

"Now don't you be scared. You just behave yourselves, an' don't go to teachin' the other turkeys any more, an' I'll give you two a chance to die a natural death."

"They said as how they was very much obliged, an' I told 'ein good night, and locked up the pen.

"Next day what do you

"Next day what do you suppose I heard Sultan assayin' to a big, fat henturkey that lived in pen No. 47? He was a rellin' her in Morse alphabet that mullein leaves and sorrel would bring her down to skin an' bones quicker than anything else in the world. Then I found out that they'd got my whole turkey farm divided off into school districts to teach Morse alphabet, and Sultan he was chairman o' the school board.

"Sultan an' the Grand Vizter, they lost their heads that day, but there wasn't meat enough on their bones to pay for pickin'. The old hen-turkey from No. 47, she suddenly lost her appetite, so off came her head, too, before she'd had a chance to lose much flesh. But the talkin' had spread amazin', an' I could overhear 'em a-gobblin' off Morse alphabet whenever I came up to a group o' birds mawares. Then, too, the feedin'; why, a peck o' heal would answer for the whole farm for a whole day. I saw that somethin' had got to be done, so I got a sausage stuffer, an' filled 'em all up three times a day with cornmeal dough, an' then I tied a string 'round each o' their necks to keen their victua's down. That plan worked first rate, an' they ali began to grow fat, and at the same time the strings around their necks kind o' prevented their talkin' much. I follered up that scheme till they was all killed off for the market, all 'cept a few that I was a-going to winter.

"Those that I saved I told 'em all that they wasn't goin' to be killed, an' they seemed kind o' grateful, but it broke their hearts when the killin' was goin' on. They'd come to me an' plead with me to spare some particular friend o' theirs, but it didn't do no good'; business was business, an' I told 'em so. One of 'en was named Robert.

"You get fed mighty well,' says L.

"You get fed mighty well,' says L.

"Yes,' says he, 'but

"'What do we get out o' this anyway?' says Robert to me one day.

"'You get fed mighty well,' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'but we don't get no credit; inere's the eagle—you never heard o' anybody eatin'a eagle, an'yet he's the national bird an' has pictures took of him an' poetry written about him as if there wasn't no bird ike him. Seems to me the turkey ought to be the national bird, if you're all goin' to eat him on Thanksgivin', or e'se you ought to eat eagles, an' owls, an' ducks, an' geese, as much as you do turkeys.'

"It warn't no use talkin' with Robert; you never cound make him understand such things. Well, I



as much as you do turkeys.'

"It warn't no use talkin' with Robert; you never could make him understand such things. Well, I kep' those few turkeys through that winter, an' I let'em talk all they wanted to, only I made 'em promise that when they hatched out their younguns in the spring they wouldn't teach 'em anything. That was the winter of '82-83, The next spring things went all very well. The young turkeys warn't taught nothin', an' they ate all they could hold.

"That spring I'd fixed up those barb-wire fences you see there for telegraph lines. I set up a key an' sounder down in the pasture an' another up here. Soon's it became weather suitable for turnin' the turkeys out to pasture I showed Robert how to use the instrument an' I made him a sort o' foreman over the rest. He could telegraph 's good's anybody. D'ye ever notice how natural it comes to a turkey to hold a telegraph key? He could grip on to the key and send a despatch nice as you please. Then I set up branch offices in different parts o' the pasture, and I was able to discharge about half o' my help, for when It was time for 'em to come up and go to roost, or when a storm was comin' on, I could just telegraph down an' they'd all come up 's regular as you please.

"Then the telegraph strike came—you remem-

please.

"Then the telegraph strike came—you remember, July, '83. The poultry market didn't bid fair to be very brisk, so I thought I'd try an' work my turkeys in in the places o' strikers. The Western Union didn't like it very well, though, 'cause the people hadn't got used to it an' couldn't talk very well to the turkeys. However, the telegraph company took half a dozen on trial at one office, an' I believe the scheme would have worked, but some blamed poultry thieves came along one night an' mistook those operators for ordinary turkeys gone to roost, an' in the investment of the people hadn't got used to it an' couldn't talk very "Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' If he answers me as he did when aptioners after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.

A CAPE COD SKETCH.

Carrie Leighton's Thanksgiving and Why it Proved to be a Happy One.

stole every blamed one of 'em, an' wrung their necks. Before I could get any more broken into the business the strike was over, an' so I just fatted 'em up for the Thanksgivin' market. Oh, turkeys are remarkable birds! Can't I sell you one for your Thanksgivin' dinner?"

I purchased a large turkey, one which had been, according to the statement of the turkey farmer, in its lifetime a most accomplished conversationalist and telegrapher, and carried it home to my wife, mushing on my way upon the remarkable narrative which the good turkey farmer had related, my respect for the turkey family being much increased.

"Why dign't you get a young turkey?" asked my wife. "They're so much tenderer."

"Young?" said I. "Why, this one is a spring turkey." "Oh! mamma, Sadie Stone says she's doin' to have a turtey, an' mince pie, an' apples, an' nuts, an' whole lots of things, Thanksgivin' day. What is we doin' to have, mamma?"

"I don't know, Flossie," replied Mrs. Leighton, turkey."
"Spring turkey! That turkey is eight years old if he's a day. He'd make a good chopping-block, and he'd last all winter. How much aid it cost?"
"Thirty-eight cents a pound, and it weighs twenty-four pounds." sadly, turning away to hide the tears that would come in spite of herself, when she thought of her last Thanksgiving day. Her husband, John Leighton, with whom she had lived so happily for twenty-four pounds."

"Thirty-eight cents! Twenty-four pounds! Why, that critter'd be dear at lifteen cents a pound, an' he don't weigh an ounce over sixteen pounds. How many times have I told you. John, that you didn't know anything about poultry, an' that you must leave me to buy such things?"

I intended to relate to my wife the turkey-farmer's story of how he taught turkeys to talk, but I concluded not to do so, and in fact I now have my own doubts about the accuracy of the story in some of its details. a little over five years, was then with her. How well she remembered his honest, weather-beaten countenance at the head of their humble but happy board. He was the captain of a small fishing schooner, the Emily L., and five months before this story opens had bade his wife and child a loving farewell, and set off on his summer cruise to the Banks.

How Carrie Leighton missed her "sailor boy," as she called him, and how eagerly she looked forward to the time when she should welcome him back to their cosy little cottage.

The latter was situated on a slight eminence overlooking an arm of Massachusetts bay—not very many miles from the home of Daniel

Webster.

John had been gone a little over three months, when word reached that the Emily L. had gone down in the gale of September 10 with all hands on board. Her name-board and portions of her rigging had been found by a fishing schooner, just off the Banks, and there seemed to reason to doubt that she had met the same fate as several others of the fleet.

doubt that she had met the same fate as several others of the fleet.

It was a cruel blow to Carrie, and for some time her life was despaired off; but she railied at last and went about her household duties with a heavy heart, and traces of sorrow in her still beautiful face. Her mother, who lived just over the hill in a large, red farm house, had said to her: "Do not give him up yet, Carrie. It's jest possible he may have took to a boat, and drifted out to sea, or been picked up by a out'ard bound vessel." And the thought had at first cheered Carrie; but the weeks had passed on without further tidings of the Emily L. or crew, and she had now abandoned all hope.

Flossie's little eyes filled with tears at the idea of having no Thanksging feast; and her mother, observing them, took her in her arms and brushed back the wayward flaxen curls.

"Flossie," she said, kissing her tenderly, "I have not the heart to have any Thanksgiving day. Mamma's very sad."

The little one gazed at her a moment, as it hardly comprehending the situation, and then said, brushing away the tears with her dimpled hand:

and:
"All right, mamma,dear; I doesn't want any tur-"All right, mamma,dear; I doesn't want any turtey; I was only jotin'. Tiss me, mamma."
Carrie kissed the pretty little mouth held up to her, and Flossie ran away to rejoin her playmate. Carrie, gazing after her a moment, resumed her work; but the thought would intrude itself: "Was it God's will that he should be taken from me?" and, a sense of her great grier stealing over her, she threw herself on her knees and uttered the cry of Christ crucified: "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"
And then her mood changed, and she burst into a flood of tears. It was a relief to her overbur-



REMEMBERING THE POOR.

dened heart, and a moment later she arose, saying calmly, "God's will be done." Her faith in God's goodness had triumphed.

Pressing her tear-stained face against the window, she gazed out on the russet-ined landscape, dotted here and there with little farm-houses. Who were those just rounding the turn in the road, and entering the lane which led up to the little cottage? A tall, ungainly looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black, and a middle-aged, malooking woman, wearing a green bonuet

tronly looking woman, wearing a green formet and a red plaid shawl.

"Why, that's mother and Doctor Weton," said Carrie to herself. "I wonder what they are coming up here for. I hope nothing has happened at nome." So saying, she threw a shawl around her and stepped out on the porch to meet them. On they came, at a hurried gait, Carrie's mother, Mrs. Wiswell, talking earnestly to the old doctor, meanwhile, and evidently much excited about something.

something.
"Something must have happened," thought Carrie, and her heart sank within her. Mrs. Wiswell stopped talking at sight of Carrie, and gave the doctor's sleeve a tug.
"What is the matter, mother?" said Carrie, anx-

iously, as the couple ascended the steps.
"Now, Carrie, my child," said Mrs. Wiswell,
"you must keep perfectly cool. Mustn't she, doctor?"
"Yes," replied the latter, "you must, really Mrs.
Leighton. We have come to tell you that the—"
here the doctor paused, and looked at Mrs.
Wiswell. Carrie's heart stood still.

'For heaven's sake, mother," she cried, "what Is it?" "well," resumed the doctor, nervously stroking his beard, "we have come to tell you that the Emily L.—" He stopped short, frightened by her deathly pallor.
"John alive?" she gasped, seizing the doctor by the arm; and when he nodded assent, she staggered and would have failen, if he had not caught her. She had fainted; but, thanks to the good doctor's restoratives, soon showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Joy doesn't often kill," remarked the old

ing consciousness.

"Joy doesn't often kill," remarked the old doctor, sententiously. "I guess she'll be all right before long." In a few moments Carrie opened her eyes and gazed about her.

"Was I dreaming?" she asked, faintly.
"No, dear," replied her mother, taking her hand; "it is quite true. John's alive and well, and will be here tomorrow. He's in Boston now. The telegraph operator did not dare to give the telegram to you, so he gave it to me."

Mary made no answer; but her eyes closed, and her lips moved in prayer.
"I guess she's all right now," said the old doctor, and taking his hat he stole out, leaving mother and daughter alone.
"I do declare," he said, as he hurried along, "if I ain't glad to hear on it! I ain't heard anythin' fur years that has done me so much good. I guess Pil hitch up an'go over to the Browns and Hallowells, an' tell them about it'—and it was not many hours before everybody within a radius of twenty miles knew that John Leighton was alive. The telegram containing the joyfil news read: "Am safe and well. The Emily L. went down. Will be home by 11.30 train from Boston drew up to the little depot the following afternoon a number of John's old friends were in readiness to receive him.

"Three cheers for John Leighton," shouted Tim

him. "Three cheers for John Leighton," shouted Tim "Three cheers for John Leighton," shouted Tim Perkins, as John stepped off of the cars, and they were given with a will.

"Do not stop him, boys," said Tim; "he hasn't seen his wife an' child," and those who had pressed forward to shake him by the hand stepped back and gave him three more cheers as he jumped into a chaise his brother Tom had in waiting, and was driven rapidly off toward home. Mrs. Wiswell was on the porch to receive him, and, giving him a motherly hug, ushered him into the room where Carrie lay, and then hurried away. No one saw the meeting between husband and wife.

"My papa's tum back," said Flossie to her little playmate, Sadie Stone, "an' we's doin' to have a turtey tomorrow, an' can'by sauce, an' nuts, an' ples, an' lots of things. I dess we's doin' to have as much as you is"—tossing her little head. "An' gan'ma Wiswell, an' Uncle Tom, an' Cousin Sarah, an' Aunt Polly, an' whole lots of 'em is tomin', and we's doin' to have a sp'endid time. Tum with me, Sadie, an' Pil let you see" and she conducted her little friend into the kitchen, where Tabatha Simpson, Carrie's cousin, was busily engaged in making ples and cakes and lots of good things. nings.
"I dess dat turtey's bidder'n yours," said

Flossie, proudly pointing to a huge ifteen-pound gobbler on the table near by, and Sadie was obliged to confess that it was quite as large as the gobbler on the table near by, and Sadie was obliged to confess that it was quite as large as the one at her house.

What a happy Thanksgiving party it was that assembled around John's hospitable board the next day! At its head sat the host, his goodnatured, weather-beaten face wreathed in smiles, and opposite him sat Carrie-"Car'line" as he loved to call her-with a look of inexpressible gladness on her pale face. It was an occasion never to be forgotten.

"I'll bate you," said Tom;Leighton, afterwards, "there was more genoome thanksgivin' to the the square inch at that table than at any table in New England."

And soon after it was over, candles were lighted and nuts and cider and rosy-checked apples brought in. And seated there before a cheerful log fire, with Carrie's hand in his and Flossie seated on a stooi at his feet, John told of the fate of the Emily L. and his miraculous escape. It sounded more like fiction than reality.

"We was south of the banks," he commenced, "when the gale struck us; an' in less time than it

takes to tell it the foremast snapped short off an' went by the board, carrying with it"-here his voice trembled-"my mate, Bob Shelly, an' three of the new left.

of the men.

Carrie shuddered and drew closer to him.

"She righted." he said, "when the mast went over, but we soon saw she'd spring a leak an' couldn't last long. Our only hope was to take to the dory, an' we'd just put a few things into it—a compass, some provisions an' a keg of water—when a big wave swep' across our deck, carryin' away Jake Jansen an' Oscar Peterson. Before another one come, the rest of us—Caleb Thompson, John Stebbins an' me—got the dory into the water an' jumped into it. We didn't do so a minute ioo soon, for we'd hardly pushed off afore another big wave come, an' down went the Emily L! It half filled our dory, too, an' pooty nigh swamped us.

swamped us.
"What a night follered! "It kep' on blowin' the "What a night follered! "It kep' on blowin' the better part of it, an' we had all we could do to keep from fillin'. We didn't have dippers aboard, an' had to use our boots an' hats for ballin'. By daylight the wind had gone down som'at, but there was a terrible sea runnin'. We scarcely had time to think of anything but keepin' afloat, till the middle of the next day; an' then we felt easier, an' took account 'er cargo. We felt all right, as fur as water an' provisions was concerned—we had enough to last, on short allowance, for sev'ral weeks—but the question was, how fur was we from land? We knowd from the direction of the wind when the gale struck us—an' it hadn't changed—that we'd been goin' out to sea all the time, an' we allowed we must be at least 300 miles from it. We hadn't any sall—nothin' but a pair of oars—an' we wasn't very hanny at the idee of havin' to row that dis There was not nothin' for us to do, however,

but to do it; an' headin' fur land we begun to row, two at a time, the other steerin'. The next day the sin come out hot enough to scorch, an' two the sch come out bot enough to scorch, an' two days afterwards John stebbins was took sick. I think it was rowin' in the hot sun what done it. We fixed him up in the end of the boat as well as we could, an' rowed what we could ourselves. The old dory was heavy an' the oars clumsy, an' we made slow headway. Along in the afternoon of the fifth day, after the Emity L. went down, we sighted somethin' dead ahead of us—a boat of some kind—an' 'pon comin' up to it found it was a dismasted, water-logged schooner. It set down so close to the waiter, an' was so nigh the color of it, that we should not have noticed it if it had not been poory nigh our course. We pulled alongside an' Caleb and I climbed aboard.

"The old craft looked as if she'd been tossin' about the seas meube two or three months, an' you'll scarcely believe it—it sounds more like a fairy story than anythin'—but what do you s'pose, we found aboard that old craft money, an' jewelry, an' sliverware, an' mstruments, worth—so the port warden taniks—close onter \$14,000."

"Gracious me," ejaculated Grandma Wiswell, adjusting her spectacles, and the eyes and many of the mouths of the other listeners opened wide with astonishment.

"Yes." he continued "some of the fitten's in her

or the mouths of the other listeners opened wide with astonishment.

"Yes," he continued, "some of the fitten's in her was very handsome, an' she looked, altogether's if she might have been some gentleman's yachtsome foreign gentleman's.

"Strange enough, there was not a thing on herat least 'bove water line—to show whose she was, or where she hailed from. The sliver an' jeweiry looked foreign, and the coin—so the port warden says—is Scandinavian. We found, 'mong other things, a medicine chest; an' made up our minds to stop aboard of her awhile, an' nurse poor Stebbins. He'd hardly spoke a word for two days, an' laid in the bottom of the boat moanin' to himself. We got him aboard, an' rigged up a little shelter for him on deek, an' done everythin' we could for him. We stopped aboard that old hulk 'bout three weeks; and at the end of that time Stebbins was rational an' well enough to sit up.

three weeks; and at the end of that time Stebbins was rational an' well enough to sit up.
"We'd made a sail for our boat out of a piece of canvas we found aboard the hulk, an' had rigged an awnin' in the stern for Stebbins to lie under. We took all the val'ables we could find, an' left the hulk—lemme see—five weeks ago yesterday. Our sail didn't work very well; an' what with head winds, an' the old dory leakin', it took us over two weeks to make St. Johns. We stayed at St. Johns a few days fixin' the matter of salvage with the port warden, an' Caleb an' I come from there to Boston by steamer. We left Stebbins in the hospital at St. Johns, an' the doctor there said he guessed he would pull through all right. I should have telegraphed from St. Johns if I'd s'posed the Emily L had been reported lost."
"And now, John," said Carrie, when he had finished, "I want you to promise to give up fishing and buy a tarm. Will you, dear?" And John kissed her and gave the required promise, and Carrie's cup of happiness was full to overflowing that memorable Thanksgiving eve.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

So bitter was the coldf Upon the sands The waves beat drearily; the shingle keen, Impelled by each retreating wave, gave forth A harsher sound, than when soft breezes blow Across the main.

Within the harbor deep, A vessel'lay, safe moored; yet mast and spar, And heavy sail, encrusted were with snow; And as she dipped her prow beneath each wave It came forth with a beard of glitt'ring ice. The vessel's name was one that told of spring's Soft breath, and mossy clump and shaded dell, And all that speaks of earth's awakening. But none of these were here, but only cold, And winter's biting frost and chilling blasts.

Within the cabin sat a wondrous group Of men and women and of maidens fair; And in the midst, a man of reverend mien. Beneath the cold gray of a northern sky. Where none should them molest, nor make afraid

But little recked they of the mustering woe; From out the vision of their coming days, The tint of roses faded swift away; A black pall fell, and clouded all their skies With gathering gloom.

A guest unwelcome came. And 'cross their cheerless threshold forced his

Even grim Death; and with his sickle keen He reaped a dreadful harvest. On their hearth The waning firelight quavered fitfully For lack of one to rouse it. On the hill Beside the sounding sea, the graves grew thick. The man of reverend mien and silver locks. The maiden, with her tresses, light with gold; Strong men and mothers, too, lay buried here. Where wind and wave, storm gust and wolf's gruff

Their requiems were. But all this passed at length.
Then came the music of the blue-bird's song, And glittering pearls dripped from the budding bough:

Forth through the mold, peeped the arbutus sweet;
The shy deer bounded thro' the murky wood; The gleaming fish in swelling waters swam, While hidden in the grove and tangled copse

The quail and partridge lurked, with cowering While sunshine gave them warmth and bade them

live. The rippling brooks in pleasant cadence sang,

And all was joyful. And so the blissful summer passed away. And autumn, with its radiant leafage, came, When, lo! the harvest had, with generous hand, Responded to the glow of nature's touch.

With ripened grain, the sumptuous fields were And copious wealth and plenty crowned the land. Then each to each said men and women, too, 'Aath not our gracious Father ever said, 'I never will you leave, nor you forsake?' And hath He not full well His promise kept? Come, then, and let us render unto Him The grateful homage from His children due."

bright. They gathered all together.

Praises to heaven they sang, and grateful prayers Arose to Him who blest as well as scourged. Then came the feast; venison from out the wood,

With peak-crowned hat and belt with buckle

And so in costume now so quaint and queer.

The mottled grouse, black ducks shot at the pool, The garden's treasures, cranberries from the marsh,
The food that sea and shore most freely gave, Crowded the festal board.

Then joy and mirth Chased care and sorrow fast and far away. Far back across the dreary waste of pain, Their jaded footsteps plainly they discerned.

But saw that through the clouds they deemed so

The gleaming star of hope had never paled. And well they pondered o'er the lesson true, That heavenly guidance rules our destiny; For trials deep and woes unspeakable Fall not beyond our Heavenly Father's eye; His sympathy so vast, so wonderful, Encompasses us all, and he who feels By all forsaken, desolate, forlorn, May yet discover, 'mid the darkness drear. Some cause for thankfulness.

black

Powder That Caused Profanity. [Arkansaw Traveller.]
"It's a powerful hard matter for me to keep my

religion," said a church member to his minister.
"Every time I think I've got an everlasting hold on it something turns up to make me cuss; so I am kept on a trot between the world and the mourner's bench. This morning I lost all the religion I had while trying to shoot Tom Green. The gun wouldn't go off and I had to cuss."

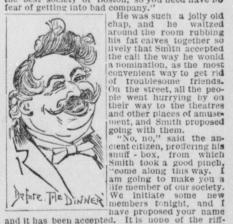
SMITH'S INITIATION.

A Peculiar Old Gentleman and the Funny Tricks He Played on Our Hero.

"There," said Smith, kicking off a shoe, and sitting down by a table in his comfortably equipped room, "today has been one of the best in my life. Good company-one; good dinner-two; good wine, good cigars and good stories-three, four, five. I have had the five elements that go to make a pleasant occasion-the quintessence of happiness, as it were. A man's a fool to want any more." Saying this, he fell back in his chair and began to read a magazine article on modern art. He had plodded on through two pages, wondering what the author was trying to make of the subject, when he heard a footstep in the room. Looking up he saw a jolly old gentleman, dressed after the manner of the Puritans. standing in front of him, waving his big knobbed and knotty cane and grinning with his mouth spread from ear to ear.

"Hello, Smith; how are ye?" said he, wiping his big handkerchief across his shining red face, until it looked like the polished cherry furniture in the room." You look lonesome sitting here. The streets are full of people; come, let us go out and see what they are doing. I am a little aged, but I think I can show you all yon care to see. My ancestors came over in the Mayflower and I move in the best society of Boston, so you need have no fear of getting into bad company."

He was such a jolly old the was the second of the was such a poly old the was the second of t



have proposed your name and it has been accepted. It is none of the riff-

have proposed your name and it has been accepted. It is none of the riffruff, I can teil you. All the good old families of New England belong to it."

"A-a-chu, a-a-shoo, ah-li," sneezed Smith." The snuff was beginning to operate, and, with his first sneeze. Smith seemed to lose all control of his will power, and followed his guide like a shadow. They took a street leading to the Back Bay. It was a beautiful night, clear, cool and startight. Smith was a well man and he knew it, It was his boast that he had never seen a sick day and yet he had felt queer ever since he left home. The old man walked off ahead, the tails of his long, swallow-tailed coat flapping in the wind, and, somehow or another, Smith felt a deathly pang go straight to his heart with every flutter. He wanted to go back home, and tried to get away two or three times, but was compelled to follow by some mysterious force.

"It's all owing to that blasted stuff I put in my ollow by some mysterious force.
"It's all owing to that blasted stuff I put in my

nose," said he.

The old man heard his remarks and dropped behind. Then, as Smith was wondering how he was going to get rid of this strange companion, he felt a sharp pain in his back, followed by a pricking sensation all along his spine, as if some one was driving his flesh full of poisoned needles. Seeing his shirt bosom buiging out, he put his hand down, and felt the old man's cane sawing hand down, and feit the old man's cane sawing back and forth along his ribs like a rasp.
"Ha, ha," laughed the old man. "That's a pleasant sensation, isn't it?"
For the next half mile the old man did nothing but laugh and repeat the performance. Putting his cane in at Smith's back he would begin to turn the ke a gimlet, rubbing his ribs until he thought he would prefer to take a Turkish bath, or even be run through a gang sawmill for variety. The first time he was rubbed on one side, and the next on the other, and so on alternately. This process was kept up until they arrived in front of Trinty Church.

"Now, my son," chuckled the old fellow, "I

"Now, my son," chuckled the old fellow, "I want you to witness the grand parade of our order and I will go up on too of the church spire with you in order to give you a good view." Saying this, he stuck the end of his cane in Smith's mouth, and slinging him on his shoulder like a valise, went up the lighthing rod hand over hand. Taking off the weather vane and throwing it down on the roof, the old man placed the bewildered Smith on top of the spire, face downward, and pressed its cold point against his stomach.

the bewildered Smith on top of the spire, face downward, and pressed its cold point against his stomach.

"There," said he, "you are comfortably balanced, and now Pil call out the parade. There are 55,000,000 people who belong to our society in this country, and I want you to review them as they pass by. That rod of iron that presses against your stomach is a little cold for you just now, but the animal heat will warm it up so you will be quite comfortable long before they get by."

Then he whirled him around on his rod like a weathercock, so he could look up Commonwealth avenue. Smith saw a torchlight procession such as no other man ever gazed upon. Ranks and ranks of men, women and children in uniform, escorted by horsemen and bands of music, and burning torches and transparencies came wheeling in from the south as far as the eye could see. Maine with her Pine Tree motto, borne by lumbermen, marched ahead, followed by New Hampshire and the other States in order until Nebraska, the last and fairest, brought up the rear. These were followed by the Territories, with the Mormons and their wives from Utah in carriages away behind, like a baggage train. As they came on ten and twenty abreast and marched by the church, each platoon let off dazzling fireworks. As if done by design Smith noticed that he was the target at which they all aimed. He was scorched by fiery pin wheels and singed by colored fires; the Roman candles rained against the steeple until the rod that he was on was red not; he was roasted by rockets and calcined by calcium lights for hours and hours, every minute of which were eons of agony to him. Finally they were all gone. The blinding glare and stifling smoke, the groaning band and the cheering multitude were gone, and Smith, all dripping with perspiration and blinded with heat, was taken down and plazed on the ground.

"One more ordeal, my son," said the old man, "and your are a member of our sacred order. Bare your breast for the trial. It will be painful but brief, and the treumph you shall ac

glorious."
The man who moved in the best society then

brief, and the triumph you shall achieve will be glorious."

The man who moved in the best society then went to an ice-chest, one of the many that are reported to exist at the Back Bay, and taking therefrom a big, blunt icicle, pushed it slowly up against Smith's heart and held it there. All other torments were tame compared to what he now endured. If he had been placid at the foot of some Alpine glacier and allowed the tons of frozen matter to creep over him at the rate of a foot a century he could not have suffered more. After what seemed an eternity of anguish the old man pansed and said very calmiy:

"Well done. Now hold your left hand over your heart to thaw it out while I give you a parting caution. My son, you are but one of many, many millions whom I have initiated in this way. I am, as I told you, old and respected. I was introduced to this country by the Pigrims, and the best and wealthiest families, whom I punish sorest, respect me most. Adieu. Should you desire to see me again here is my card. Adieu."

Taking the proffered parchment Smith field forth into the night. As he ran amilessly on the gaslights flickered and went out around him until at last all was dark. Still he ran, determined to escape the old man whose footsteps came sounding close behind. Suddenly he stumbled and fell headlong down from what appeared to be an overhanging ledge. Down, down, through lev dungeons that shotup fiery streams to scorch him, through lev dungeons that seemed to freeze the blood in levery vein-on, on he whirled, like a planet through space, until, exhausted with what he endured, he became unconscious and knew no more. On reviving he looked at the card which the old man had given him, and so great a fear took hold of his mind at the thought of being still pursued that he fainted again, but not until he had scanned the card. It read as follows:

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"So help me Jupiter or fitty cents," said Smith, reviving again, this time finding himself in his chair awake, and still holding his tinger to his heart, "If a Thanksgiving dioner affects me like this I won't eat another for a year; I vow I won't for a whole

eat another for a year; I vow I won't for a whole year."

Smith walks every street of Boston today. Some call him Smith, and some Brown, and some Jones, and some Murphy and a dozen other names. He is light and dark, and tall and short, and young and old. Wherever he goes or however he looks you may always know him from the fact that ne carries his right foreinger inside of his vest and looks pale and ill at ease. He tells his friends that he is a martyr to dyspepsia, but the fact is he keeps his finger inside of his vest in order to warm the heart so nearly frozen by an icicle in the hands of "Thanksgiving Dinner."

Let Us Hope They Both Were Happy. (Philadelphia Call.)

Eulalia (sentimentally)—"Oh, no! I have no desire for great wealth. I should be happy, very happy, as the wife of a noble bread-winner."

George (practically)—"And I should be happy, very happy, as the husband of a good bread-maker."

This issue of THE WEEKLY GLOBE contains special features appropriate to the Thanksgiving season. The stories and poems are by popular American authors, and were written expressly for THE GLOBE. The Christmas season will be commemorated in a similar way. THE WEEKLY GLOBE spares no expense to make itself a necessity to every reader.

THE LEADING DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY.

THE GLOBE is the mammoth and most powerful Democratic weekly in the United States, and will support the administration with all its vast facilities. You are a Democrat and are going to watch carefully the reforms of your president, and it is absolutely necessary that you read THE GLOBE regularly. No matter what or how many papers you take, you need THE GLOBE.

A NEW STORY.

A new story, entitled "Sidney's Love; or, a Jealous Woman's Power," by a well-known writer, will begin in a week or two. Between now and January, 1886, THE GLOBE will publish as many as twelve original and deeply interesting novels. What other dollar weekly gives so much for so little money?

PUSH THE GLOBE.

The names of all members of clubs that have expired, or are about to expire, will be furnished free to the club agent immediately upon his application for them. Every campaign subscriber will now need THE GLOBE more than ever. It will be necessary for him to follow the action of his party on its assumption of control of the nation, after so long an absence. The inauguration, the formation of the cabinet and the next session of Congress will be watched by every one with intense interest. Read THE GLOBE, and get as many friends as you can to read it with you. Grover Cleveland is elected president, and the Democrats have come in to stay.

EVERY ONE AN AGENT.

If there is no agent to receive subscriptions in your town, will you kindly do what you can to increase the circulation of THE WEEKLY GLOBE? We wish to have a club of subscribers in every own in the United States, and in many towns where there are only one or two subscribers we must depend upon them to introduce THE GLOBE among all their town families. Special terms to agents are furnished free, upon application. Grover Cleveland is elected president, and the Democrats have come in to stay.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO SUBSCRIBE.

We wish every friend of the glorious Demo cratic principles that THE GLOBE has so triumphantly worked for, in the campaign just ended, and to which it now pledges its best thought and effort in the future, would take it upon himself to push THE GLOBE and Democracy in his neighborhood. If every Democrat who reads this notice would try but a little to get subscribers, THE GLOBE would increase its circulations to 100,000. Send for free sample copies to distribute, and agents reduced rates.

SEE WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ENDS

With the issues o November 25 and January 1 thousands of subscriptions will expire. We believe that every subscriber will renew and bring as many new subscribers as he can. Do not wait until your paper stops to form a club. Form a club now, in order that renewals may be credited before their names are taken out of type. There is going to be a great rush for THE GLOBE, and you cannot send your clubs too early.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage,

for only \$1; six copies for only \$5. All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston. though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers, all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLORE Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full. Every notice to discontinue should give the town county and State to which the paper is being sent. All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free

of expense. When postage stamps are sent they should not be

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply. "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

The soldiers, without regard to party distinctions, rejoice in the probability that General McClellan will be given a seat in the cabinet. The boys in blue all love "Little Mack."

The question of a government postal telegraph once more agitates the land. Underneath the whole thing lies the old, old question of centralization. Will better telegraphic service counterbalance the necessary evils inherent in an extension of Federal powers?

The secretary of war having nobody else to fight and no other arms to fight with, is engaged in combat fierce with General HAZEN, words being the weapons. Luckily words are not fatal, so this affray, though one of the most deplorable features of the GREELEY business, will not be the

The boom in favor of returning ROSCOE CONK-LING to the Senate is irresistible. From all accounts Mr. CONKLING is the only man now standing in the way. A refusal from him is all that can prevent his election. The Empire State has become weary of being represented at the senatorial board by pigmies, when the giant CONK-LING might be there.

In remarkable contrast to the popular feeinig toward the Czar is the overrunning enthusiasm which attended the return of King HUMBERT after his visit to the cholera-inflicted districts of Naples, Genoa and the provinces. While one iefers his coronation for years, and then surrounds himself five or six deep with guards, police and detectives, the other rides through

the streets of Rome receiving the plaudits of his year, and the Old Bay State will have a promi- general will hereafter apply to people at Washpeople. Tyranny, though apparently it may flourish for a time, will always meet its death at the hands of the oppressed, while the ruler who regards the rights and comfort of the people A HOLIDAY NUMBER. will find in them his best protector.

CURIOSITIES OF THE COUNT.

The official returns of the votes cast at the late election show various curious and interesting facts. This year the total vote of the country is almost exactly 10,000,000, against 9,210,970 four years ago, or an increase of 8 7-10 per cent., while the population in that time has increased about 10 per cent. Four years ago there were about 12,800,000 males of voting age in the country; this year there are about 14,080,000. About 4,000,000 or about two-sevenths of the men of voting age either could not or ald not vote

As a general rule, though there were notable exceptions, the majorities on both sides fell off considerably from the usual figures, the Democrats losing in the Southern States and the Republicans in the Northern. Here in New England the total vote was only about 5000 greater than in 1880. The Democratic vote in these States kept up to within about 1000 of what it was four years ago, while the Republican vote fell off 30,000. The Greenback or People's vote, on the other hand, increased 20,000, and the Prohibition vote

The Prohibition vote increased more largely in the whole country than any other. Four years ago, 12,576 votes were put down as "Prohibition and scattering." This year it is 146,000. The Greenback or People's vote is the only one which shows an absolute loss in the four years. In 1880 it was 307,000; this year it is 126,000, or a loss of somewhat over 50 per cest. To this vote of 126,000, however, in order to get at the strength of the People's party, should be added a share of the vote in Iowa, Michigan and West Virginia, amounting to at least the vote for WEAVER in those States four years ago, which would make the votes represented by them in this election about 200,000.

BELVA LOCKWOOD-BELVA dear-has about fifteen votes, with one or two countles in Texas yet to be heard from.

BUSINESS LOOKING UP.

There has been an unmistakable improvement in business during the past few days. All along the line wholesalers and jobbers are receiving unexpectedly large orders, and a better feeling is prevalent in every direction, and instead of the dull winter which many have feared, it begins to look as though the season would be one of considerable cheer. The Advertiser, in an excellent article, yesterday, in referring to the improvement, gave the following substantial proofs:

More movement has been reported in our market olumns in leather, both sole and upper, with cautious buying by manufacturers; tanners have bought hides in large quantities the past ten days; otton goods have been more active, and commissio dvances in prices have been made in brown and bleached cottons; print cloths, from being a drug, have become active, and prices have been advanced nearly a quarter of a cent a yard; cotton has advanced from 9% cents only a short time ago to 10 7-16 cents, and the export demand has been large. The export movement in sbreadstuffs and provisions has also greatly increased, and the freight room in steamers has been engaged ahead almost until next year. Packers of provisions in this vicinity have more orders from abroad than they can fill, and the daily receipt of cables is almost unprecedented Even in what might be termed the small article of apples the export movement is immense he shipments last week were 59.389 barrels, making aild weather has caused late building operations, with a larger employment of mechanics and increased consumption of lumber. The "necessaries of life" are lower than a year ago, while wages have been but entatives of the boot and shoe jobbers in differ ent sections of the country, and they are placing orders with even more confidence than a week ago.

As President-elect CLEVELAND said in his interview with THE GLOBE a week ago, confidence is all that is needed to ensure a period of great prosperity. His words seem to have already had

UNCLE SAM'S POCKET-BOOK.

The surplus revenues for the year ending September 30, according to the report of the treasurer of the United States, were a little over \$100,000,000. As the receipts were about \$350,000,000, it will be seen that nearly two-sevenths of the taxes last year were not absolutely needed.

Every man, woman and child in the country paid nearly \$2, or supposing that the burden came on voters alone, each voter paid about \$10 more than Uncle Sam wanted or knew what to do withunless he spent it in reducing the public debt.

Of the standard silver dollars coined up to September 30, the treasury held seven-ninths, about 140,000,000. The treasurer finds it very hard to work them off on the public. "The chickens come home to roost every time," he in substance says. Of the fractional currency-"though lost to sight, to memory dear"-some \$20,000 was gathered in last year. Ostensibly, \$15,000,000 is still outstanding, but it is believed that fully \$14,000,-000 of this has been destroyed or lost through accident or carelessness. The country, of course, is so much in.

While the country also gains in the loss of silver coins, it loses more or less by their wearing out, because the coins when not below a certain limit can be exchanged for new ones. In this way the loss last year was \$7229, about \$135,000 being presented for redemption.

THE COMING EVENT.

Just prior to the inauguration of President CLEVELAND the city of Washington will be crowded with visitors to witness the dedicatory ceremonies of the WASHINGTON monument. The birthday of the father of his country, February 22. has been appropriately set apart to dedicate a monument to his memory. The shaft is nearly completed, and it now towers aloft above all other structures on the face of the globe, as the character and reputation of Washington towers above the men of his own and other times.

Massachusetts will be fitly represented there by its gifted san, Hon. KOBERT C. WINTHROP, who fifty years ago delivered the address at the laying of the corner-stone. Then he was in the prime of life; now, like an aged oak which has stood the storms of centuries, he still lives, and by his years of ripened experiences will make this, perhaps the last public effort of his life, one well worthy of the subject and will touch the chords of memory with a master hand.

As an escort to the distinguished orator, Massachusetts will send the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, representing two and one-half centuries of her existence. They will escort an honored past commander, and it is possible that the Boston Light Infantry Veteran Corps, another body of Massachusetts soldiers who represent a later generation of the military spirit of the old officials of the government above certain grade, Commonwealth, will accompany their elder brethren in arms.

It will be one of the great events of the coming

nent part in its celebration.

ZEEN FROM BOTH SIDES.

If the Republican newspapers are to be credited dire calamities are already upon the country because of the election of CLEVELAND. Seen through the inverted glass of their political hopes the business outlook is very gloomy. Somewhere, they can't tell just where, somehow, but exactly how they cannot assure us, they feel that the prices of stocks and wages are going down, down. They fail to give us the place where this sad state of affairs exists, but it must be so because they feel it in their bones. Their own prospects are at so low an ebb that it isn't in the nature of things for business to be cheerful. Even the sun, that great dispenser of light and heat, sympathizes with them and shines only half as long as he did last June when BLAINE Was

The Democrats had twenty-four years of it, but they lived through it and went to work. And when they had rolled up their sleeves above the elbows and squared away to get a living, and felt the perspiration starting out of their pores from the exertion, they began to get better. The country, too, was convalescent, and had a stronger pulse. There is nothing like hard work for curing political chills and fever. With work comes contentment, and with contentment rest. So long as manly, loyal hearts beat under the coarse frocks of our workingmen, so long will the country prosper and thrive, no matter how long the sun shines or who is president. The sooner we write this fact down on the fly leaf of our diaries the better it will be for all of us.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS

"The noble army of martyrs," as the Republicans would style the mob of officeholders now trembling in their shoes for fear Mr. CLEVELAND will turn them out, numbers over 100,000. 'As many men as the army of the Potomac contained at the battle of Antietam are looking forward to the 4th of March with apprehension.

Of these men some 14,000 come under the pro visions of the civil service act. That act regulates appointments only, but, as in case of removal their offices must be filled from those who pass the best examinations, the present incumbents feel moderately confident of continuing in them. The highest of these officers receive \$1800 per

The great mass of Federal officeholders are employed either in the postal service or the collection of customs. It is said that there are nearly 48,000 postmasters in the country. Of these only about 2500 are appointed directly by the president; they can be removed only for cause and with the consent of the Senate. The rest are appointed and removed at will by the postmastergeneral.

All collectors of customs and internal revenue and all the other principal officers of customs are appointed by the president. The diplomatic and consular service from top to bottom comes under the control of the president. In the Western States and Territories some offices in connection with the public lands, such as surveyors-general and registers of land offices, go when the evecu-

In the Judiciary Department we find first of all the Federal judges, who hold office as long as they choose, unless impeached. During the next four years three or four of the Supreme Court justices can be put on the retired list if they wish; in that case, President CLEVELAND would fill the vacancies. United States district attorneys and marshals are appointed by the president for fixed

Of course, the most important offices to be filled by President CLEVELAND will be those of the cabinet, more especially so because most of the patronage of an administration is distributed through them, instead of directly by the president. The leading offices in the departments, however, are not filled by the secretaries but by the president. Such officers are. for example, the treasurer of the United States, the register of the treasury, the commisioners of customs, internal revenue, Indian affairs, pensions, patents, education, agriculture; the first and second comptrollers and the six auditors in the Treasury Department; the solicitor-general, and three assistant attorneys-general.

Naturally, the president appoints the officers of his own household-a private secretary, an assistant secretary, two executive clerks, a steward

These, then, are the officers who on the 4th of next March will bow before Mr. CLEVELAND and chant in unison, "Morituri te salutamus." Whether in truth they will be decapitated as speedily as they expect, and as a great many of them deserve, remains to be seen.

WASHINGTON'S SOCIAL FABRIC.

Busybodies who have nothing to do but start ridiculous yarns have now set one on its travels to the effect that the question of social precedent at Washington, which until now has been confined merely to ill-natured and undignified squabbling between the wives and daughters of holders of public offices at the capital, now threatens to have its effect upon the constitution of the cabinet of the incoming president, and perhaps even of the Supreme Court.

It appears, according to these busybodies, that an old feud exists between the wives of Mr. HENDRICKS and ex-Senator McDonald, which has assumed such proportions that these two ladies consume a great portion of their time in endeavoring to make each other miserable. Mrs. HENDRICKS, whose position as the wife of the vice-president is now assured, is said to be greatly alarmed lest Mrs. McDonald may reach the position of the wife of a cabinet minister or of a judge of the Supreme Court, under the new administration. And people are expected to believe

It is not in the least probable, however, that, even if there were a basis of fact in these stories, the President would allow such considerations to affect him in the least in the selection of members of his cabinet or in filling vacancies upon the Supreme Bench. Yet that such matters should be considered of sufficient importance to become matters of gossip is a rebuke to the aristocratic tendency which has become a fixture at Washing-

It is to be hoped that with the incoming of a Democratic administration we may see more of true democracy at our capital city; that the President may be relieved of the requirement, unwritten, though no less rigid, of dining and wining all representatives of foreign governments and others at stated intervals, and that only those rules of social equality which pervade American society in

ington, without regard to political or military position.

THANKSGIVING.

After a trial of 250 years, Thanksgiving day has been pronounced a success. A distinctively New England observance, it has grown in popu lar favor until the whole country bows down to do honor to the day sacred to roast turkey and cran-

For more than a century it was simply a local feast, confined to the residents of Massachusetts and a few of their descendants. Now the President names the day by official proclamation, and the cattle-herders on the plains of Texas and the fur-hunters on Puget Sound scent its savory odors weeks in advance and prepare to do homage.

Here in the shadow of its birthplace it ranks with Christmas and the Fourth of July as chief among festivals. It is the same old Puritanic day, modified and trimmed down to suit the times. In those days people didn't have much to eat, and passed their spare time in meditations. They went to bed early so as to get a good start on the next day's work. Now they get up late, eat a big dinner at noon, dress up and go to the theatres, and pass the night communing with Jamaica ginger and camphor bottles because of overloading their stomachs.

In spite of these modifications it is still the same glorious old day of our ancestors. A day when the aunts and cousins come in from the country, and the table bends and totters under the heaps of goodles, when the children quarrel over the wishbone and jumping-jack, the men talk politics and smoke their cigars, forgetful of dollars and cents, and the ladies discuss the latest fashions and lay cunning plans for raids upon the dry

NOT PROVIDENCE, BUT BLAINE.

Dr. BURCHARD thinks there was something providential in his "Rum, Romanism and Rebeihon" remark. Nothing of the sort; Providence had nothing to do with it: it was simply a fitting wind-up to one of the scores of just such hypocritical performances JAMES G. BLAINE has been making use of ever since he entered politics.

Times out of mind this man BLAINE and his political body servants, like Postmaster MANLEY of Augusta, have chuckled over their success in duping innocent clergymen into lending an air of sanctity to some of the most contemptible political schemes on record.

The subservient Associated Press informed the public in substance that Mr. BLAINE was so affected by the sight of so many ministers who had gathered with Dr. BURCHARD to do him honor that his eyes glistened with tears. The fact was, and poor Dr. BURCHARD may find it out some day, that the trick of working the pious dodge was so old with James G. Blaine twenty years ago that a string of Bermuda onions would have had no more effect on the moistening apparatus of his eyes than it would on a graven image.

This attempt to charge Providence with an unlooked-for result of an unworthy trick is too much. JAMES G. BLAINE was hoist by his own petard, and that was all there was of it.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has been decided by the British courts that when a person insured has not been seen or heard of for seven years, according to the evidence by relations or others, the presumption is death, and the company must pay up.

Philadelphia Record: The acquaintance of the emale mind with the mysteries of commerce and finance is extensive and paralyzing. "Why," said a well-to-do young woman, who had just received a dry goods bill, "why do they keep on sending me this? I know well enough I got the things last summer, so what's the use of reminding me In olden times, when a man made money faster

being a witch, and he was arrested and put to death. The modern plan is to go to such a prosperous man, give him a note, go into insolvency, and let him live to ruminate on his lack of wisdom. Civilization is a great thing. "I'm sick of all this foolish talk about hungry officeseekers." remarks Gus. "I would like to

know if there ever was a time, no matter what party succeeded, that there was not a rush for office? The offices must be filled somehow, and those who are smart enough to get them ought to have them." The time has passed when the colored people of the South can be frightened by political lying. One of them intelligently remarks: "Because the Re-

publicans helped free us, they mustn't think they own us. We have paid our debt to them long "Jones," said Dean, "is a great Christian; he will lie and swear like a pirate." "Did you ever hear him swear?" asked a bystander. "Yes, he called me a darned fool the other day." "Well, you don't call that lying, do you?" "No, it ain't

lying, but it's swearing, just the same." And then Dean wondered why everybody laughed so "You are the first Democratic president I ever saw," remarked a visitor to the president-elect.

"I am the first one I ever saw myself," was the A German histologist estimates that the human brain is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die every day, about

200,000 every hour, and nearly 3500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny. Every sixty days, he says, a man has a Salt Lake News: "How many wives has he?" "Two." "And do they live together?" queried the tourist in astonishment. "Yes, ma'am. "And don't they ever quarrel?" "Not that I know of." "What! they actually live together in

the same house and don't quarrel," exclaimed the

inquisitor; "why, where is the man?" she added in breathless haste, "He's dead," meekly answered the little girl. Over 6000 bottles of wine were unexpectedly found in the cellars of the late Senator Anthony much of which had been presented to him by ad-

miring friends. A society belie in New York is said to have recently paid \$500 for a pair of shoes. They were of white satin, and embroidered with pearls at Tiffany's.

We are sorry for any one whom misfortune overtakes, yet if it is true that General Logan has become a poor man he is now only one of the great majority. When the Republican party came int power it will be recollected that it did not put any dollars into the pockets of thousands of busted Democrats.

Republican organs will now take their turn at abusing the administration. They are beginning with wry faces, but they will get used to it in

General Logan is said to have his own ideas as to the responsibility for Republican defeat, and they are as unflattering to the head of his ticket as those entertained by a genuine mugwump. Not many years ago the boys and girls of New

England disguised themselves and went begging food of the neighbors the night before Thanksgiving. Then they deposited their haul at the doors of the poor and ran away. This merry custom is well remembered by our country-bred, citizens. We hope it is not extinct. Owing to improved sanitary methods in the past

5 per cent. and of woman's 8 per cent. "Marm can't sell her butter if Cleveland is elected," exclaimed a young man to a neighbor in a Maine back town. It takes Blaine's State for

thirty years the average of man's life has improved

predicting dire calamities. "Why am I not in heaven?" asks Dr. Burchard-Perhaps the Lord is not through with you here yet-

that will not only make him remembered, but help hold his followers together. Wales, is to attend Cleveland's inauguration.

bishops out of their cathedrals

poets in the country."

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Philadelphia Record: The modest man will not decline an office until it is offered him. Modesty appears to be at a premium in these days, hence

are burning St. John in effigy are doing something

the word of warning. Good Cheer contains this excellent advice: "Young people should acquire the habit of correct speaking and writing, and abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. You have merely to use the language which you read, instead of the slang which you hear, to form a taste in agreement with the best speakers and

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You eldom find a man with large intellect who is a igot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great eal, but does not. That man is almost always a igot.—[Talmage. Attorney-General Brewster's son wants to be

promoted over the heads of other army officers, and Blaine's son wants a \$6000 judgeship. Although defeated the Republicans are as cheeky as

In two years' time, with \$55,000, the commis nissioner thinks the census report can be finished. Perhaps these reports will be highly entertaining to our grandchildren. Lowell Citizen: Door plates are again fashiona

ble in Gotham. People in that city must be getting honest, since they don't seem to be ashamed now of their names. Kate Field avers that she couldn't get a wellcooked dinner in Utah during eighteen months. A case of "too many cooks spoil the broth," we pre

should pull the next handful of hair out of the "Blaine looms up for 1888."-|Rep. exchange. Let him loom. No harm in looming.

ume, or else the wives were fighting over who

A correspondent states that it was just thirty years ago today from the date upon which Mr. Blame took control of the Kennebec Journal until he was notified of his defeat for the presidency. Now virtuous Republicans are plously talking of the one-term presidential idea. Not quite so

hoggish as they were in 1876. The broken rib of a Newburg woman being valued by a jury at \$4000, a local anatomist computes that at that rate, with all the bones in her body broken, she would be worth a total of

And now Talmage has slopped over again. He thinks the \$100,000,000 surplus in the treasury should be devoted to the establishment of a line of South American steamships and to dredging out our harbors. How that surplus does bother

those who can't get hold of it. If Mulhattan or any one else has started a cholera scare in the South, severe punishment should follow. People can prepare for epidemics, but the damage done by false reports is so incalcuiable that the perpetrators should not be toler

"Wasn't your recent Western trip very fatiguing?" asked a journalist of General Butler. "On, no; it made one of your reporters sick," was the reply, and then he added, with a chuckle "but you young men can't stand anything, any

Blaine will live so near the White House that he can look out of his library window and see it. 'You may look, but mustn't touch." Turkey instead of the eagle is our national bird.

On Thanksgiving day 15,784,956 pounds of turkey helped the American people to express their thanks. The late Senator Anthony's administrators are onstantly being surprised. Now they find he

left \$600,000 worth of property instead of being comparatively poor. Now that election bets are paid it leaks out that Jay Gould put money enough into the pool rooms of New York to keep Blaine the favorite. Gould

didn't have an axe to grind-oh, no! General Logan is much more sensible and nanly than Blaine. He has nothing but good wishes for the victors.

Joe Howard, the journalist, is said to have lost \$7000 on Blaine, and the Buffalo Express cruelly asks who entrusted Joe with such a raft of money Lord Coleridge evidently wants his meals "on time." He paid his daughter \$400 a year to keep

A Washington lady clerk who was a stanch Republican spoke out for Cleveland early in the campaign. "Aren't you afraid?" asked a frie No," she replied, "the administration cannot change quicker than I can."

than his envious neighbors, they accused him of Some one has discovered that the figures "22" occupy considerable space in President Cleve land's history. To begin, there are 22 letters in his name. He was born on the 22d day of the month, is the 22d president of the United States, executed a man on the 22d of the month, and there are just 22 letters in Rev. Mr. Burchard's celebrated alliteration. He will also dedicate the Washington monument on the 22d of February.

Mayor Doyle of Providence has been elected to that position sixteen times, and yet Providence seems to be a pretty well managed city. They know a good thing down there when they see it, and stick to it. However there is something radically wrong in the suffrage laws when a city of 130,000 inhabitants, in a very sharply contested and exciting election, throws a total of less than The vote should be in the neighborhood of 25,000.

TALMAGE wants part of the surplus spent in nelping the South American trade. Wouldn't that be very much like knocking a man down for the sake of picking him up?

FASHION POINTS.

Gleanings From Many Fashion Journals. The richest imported wraps are either extremely

ong or else very short, those that are of medium ength being considered lacking in style. Brown and black velvets are most used in cloaks for day wear, but for evening the palest shades are chosen, such as cream white, sky blue, ecru, pearl-gray, light tan and the new yellowish-green

The short, jaunty shope, called in London the gentleman's Jacket, is popular with young ladies. It fits the figure smoothy, without back pleats, curves out plainly over the tournure, and is shorter behind than in front. A full trimming of some kind should edge this jacket all around, such as a fulfy teather barder or fur of thick, full uch as a fluffy feather border, or fur of thick, full

The Bazar is responsible for the report that gilt braid is worn on black silk drasses used for weit

The Bazar is responsible for the report that gilt braid is worn on black silk dresses used for visiting or afternoon receptions!

In jetted dress materials, small, round or square figures are preferred to the large branching jet flowers that have now become so common. Black dresses, with red skirts and vests, are liked by young ladies.

The fashion of wearing a basque of one color with skirts of another is being revived. It is economical, but abominable.

Wide stripes grow in favor for lower skirts, or to form apron fronts on plain wool dresses.

An economical way of arranging a striped costume is to buy inexpensive velvet ribbons, two inches wide, and sewing them on any part of the dress that may suit the wearer's fancy. Thus a deep apron of black silk or wool may be striped lengthwise by velvet ribbon; or there may be a short apron with the space below covered by velvet stripes either horizontal or perpendicular. The stripes reappear in the vest or plastron and the high collar-band and narrow cuffs are covered with the velvet.

with the velvet.

The newest, but not the prettiest, overdress is laid in large pleats all around, being much shorter in front than on the sides and behind.

Skirts are round and rather short for day wear, and very long for dinners and evening visits.

There is a furor just now in Paris for woollen guipare of all colors. It is used for trimming articles of alk kinds, from dresses and wraps to bonnets, muffs and shoes.

Trains are more generally seen than they have been for three or four winters. A trained dress with a bonnet to match is considered the most elegant tollet for guests at a church wedding.

The fronts of black velvet dress skirts represent a petiteoat of light color, such as a pale blue satin brocade with sliver.

Embroidered tuile is the favorite fabric for ball dresses, and is shown in all delicate tints of cream, rose, or blue, with sprays of flowers wrought in dark floss or with gitt or silver threads.

There are tower white wool dresses worn for The newest, but not the prettiest, overdress is

There are tewer white wool dresses worn for

evening this season, as they were used so much for afternoon wear last summer. The hair is worn high, in some simple style, for Pink is popular for evening dresses. Since trains of one color may be worn with skirts of another, the economically inclined can make one rich article of this sort do duty so as to form several varying costumes.

A novelty for a bat trimming is a bundle of real

More than \$250,000 a year is spent for deans in the English church, and their chief office, according relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. ing to Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh, is to keep the Those chaps in various parts of the country who

> Its Teachings and How to Interpret Them.

> Analogy Between the Government of God and Parental Government.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon From a Series of Texts.

BROOKLYN, November 30 .- Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached this morning from texts selected from the Sermon on the Mount. They ere as follows: Matthew, vii., 9, 10, Matthew, vi., 30; Matthew, x., 29, 30. Mr.

Less than any other scripture will it do to press the language of the Sermon on the Mount to an nition. It is dramatic, illustrative and figurative. It gives a word form to truths that lie deeper than words. If literalized it would largely destroy civilization. But if one sees below the roots from which spring physical and visible events it is perhaps more nearly a translation to our understanding of the existence of an after state of disembodied life than any other in Scripture. It is designed to produce an effect on heart and feeling rather than unfold the scientific basis on which the affirmation stands. It teaches that human life unfolds apparently in a world of confusion, but really under the rule of a God who takes care of all things to such a degree that men may rest under His providence.

It teaches that God's providence is personal, particular and special. I believe in a Divine Provi-dence which perpetually acts in all the events and affairs of life. If such a view can be maintained it ought to be received joyfully. It would relieve the world of much trouble. It is only half believed or it is rejected, and in place of a God who fills all space and all things we are in danger of see ing a machine, mechanical and effectual as fate I choose God; you may take the machine. With out such a Providence thoughtful men are tending to be thrown back on that rack of law, necessity, fate, from which Christ came to deliver them.

And, first, the Creator has constructed the

world with such apparatus of persistent forces that they are adequate to bring into life all things and to carry them on through all their unfolding to the consummation. Secondly, these great forces or laws work through the organs and structures of all organic

life. Natural laws do almost nothing in and of

themselves. No law can create a lily outright. All physical forces exterior to the seed can act only through the organization of the plant. So we have the two elements, the organic structure and the natural laws that give vitality and a career to it. Thirdly, natural laws are unfruitful while oper-

The Forces of Nature

can do, but they are of the lowest kind. Frost can disintegrate rocks; clouds can precipitate rain and create freshets that tear asunder channels, but that is destruction. When the great forces come to be constructive they need help, and are invariably helped by or from some intelligence omewhere, and, thus directed, made fruitful. It is as if natural forces were mother, and the brain of man father; and the virile element is such that creation would be barren without it. Nature never paints a picture; it is the artist's brain that collects materials that are simply potential forces. It is the artist's brain that combines that shapes, that gives color proportion. ines, that shapes, that gives color, proportion nat brings forth the great picture. Nowhere in

that brings forth the great picture. Nowhere in the wilderness, though we may hear the whistling winds through the boughs and the reeds sighing, can any man ever find a harp or an organ. Many men, thinking through many ages, adding each to the others' left labor, gradually construct this prince of instruments, the one many-voiced instrument, the organ. But nature could not do it. Man and nature can. Nature cannot without man. The wood must be had; all the materials that go to construct it. They are on the one side products of nature, and they have in them the impulses or tendencies which are enfixed by the great forces of nature; but that that shapes them finto their real uses is man; and the human brain stands related to physical things as the great thinking, willing power of God Almighty does to the universe. We are in a reduced sphere, and in fewer things, and in lower potency, equivalent to God, made to be His sons, not merely in a figurative way, but so created that we can be created that we can in a figurative way, but so created that we can be creators. As God, in the greater sphere, by the power of His thought, by the power of His will, by the power of His nature, creates at large with an infinite scope and outreach, such as the with an infinite scope and outreach, such a mind of man fails to trace, so in miniature, a ller way, it is the brain of man that vitalizes atural laws and enables them to perform the arvels of civilization or produce the abundance

of instructed husbandry.

Fourthly—It is upon this basis that man is able to do with a limited sohere what God is said to do at large, namely, so fructify natural forces by the vitality of their own intelligence as to create a providential government for themselves, including things great and small. A parent, by hs knowledge, by his experience, by his power over natural laws to make them work for him; to cut, to saw, to draw, to share, to plant, to nourish, the parent provides for his children today for tomorrow, for years to come, by his knowledge of natural forces and the power of vitalizing the laws

By His Own Intelligence. He provides them clothing, a dwelling, books, all artistic privileges, all civilization and every wise father and mother that have a prosperous family under them are an emblem of that provi dential government of God Almighty that includes the whole universe. And no man says that it is impossible. No man says that natural laws are stern, unbending, and therefore it is impossible that a man should make any difference between one child and another. Every father, well-instructed himself, makes a difference between a son and daughter, between the son with poetic tendencies. Every father makes a difference between his children and his neighbors, if they are debauched, and his will grow up in honor and virtue. No miraele, no abuse of nature, no setting aside natural law for a purpose. It is by a wise knowledge of how to use natural law that the father makes his family a paradise. And if a man can do it God ought to be able to. They are great forces, not understood, except so far as use is concerned. In our daily life we are familiar with this. The chemist is brought into contact with the secret forces of nature. He cannot invent one, but he can invent ten thousand productions that otherwise would never have come forth. It is the brain of man as the master of natural forces that is the author and continuer of civilization and of knewledge. And science itself is the recognition, the seal and the witness of this truth.

The New Testament view of God as acting in stern, unbending, and therefore it is im-

of this truth.

The New Testament view of God as acting in the world is not the old Roman notion, that the world is something outside of God, but is that God is something in-ide of the world. God is the yeast of creation, diffused through everything. How personality can be united in our thought with universality I do not know, nor does anybody. There is where God is past understanding. But the radical idea that God is not a person standing separate from creation, looking on, but tha He is a being diffused throughout every part of creation, we can understand. It is not the doctrine that nature is God, but that God is effluent throughout nature. He pervades all space. He is the life of the He pervades all space. He is the life of the world. Wherever there is life and being there is God. When you take this view, how sublimely philosophical is the real poem of the 139th Psalm. "Whither shall I go from Thee, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there; if I make my bed in hades

Behold Thou are There." Look at the way Christ is spoken of as to His

diffusive existence: "All things were made by Him; in Him was life." (That is, universal life.) "And the life was the light of man." "That was the true light" (or inteligence) "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The internal and universal force of inteligence He is spoken of as being, and the apostle in his argument at Athens says: "In Him we live and move and have our being." This is a very different view of the nature of the divine existence; that He is the life of ali things, not standing afar off, but by His personal contact, if I may say so, He is the life of the world, just as heat is the life of the plant in midsummer; a diffusive, universal God, that is. May we not, while in full faith of science, yet say that it is quite possible that natural laws, under the direct and personal impact of the divine intelligence and life, work out not alone on a large scale to maintain creation, but that in the compass of that vast movement, the mind of God is able to do in detail and to individuals that which the minds of his creatures, men, are able to do on a small scale for those that are in their neighborhood or household? life." (That is, universal life.) "And the life was

But, on the other hand, we are to bear in mind

But, on the other hand, we are to bear in mind that the special divine providence which orders all things is adjusted not simply to the wants of men as material creatures, but that it works for man hereafter. There enters into the scheme of divine thought all elements of worse or better, good or evil, that we cannot calculate ourselves. The same thing happens in the family. "Why may I not have this?" says the child; and the parent cannot explain. "You are too young. I will tell you when you are older." Every parent governs his unripe children on the same so-called mysterious proviceace by which God governs the world. Therefore the doctrine of divine providence does not mean that all twigs dipped in brown varnish or burnished with gold. Berries and burnished grasses also hold their place.

our special desires, or the things we think best for us, will be granted, or all the things we dislike will be warded off. It signifies that whatsoever is absolutely necessary to the working out in us of the spiritual regeneration, all such elements under the divine discretion are day by day governed by the providence of God. This thing is given to that man because he needed it; it is withheld from another because it was not needed. The vast scheme by which

The Picture of the Universe

is developing the substantial immortality that is within us can be known only by God. Only when the product is unrolled in eternity will a man see the reason why God did not do this or do that. Still less are we to understand, if these things be true, that a special providence is a premium on adolence, and that we are to fold our hands and suppose clothes and food will come to us. "Be-hold the lilies, they toil not." That is true, but

suppose clothes and food will come to us. "Behold the lilies, they toil not." That is true, but did he say the great providence of nature did not use the organization; of builb, stem and leaf to produce the flower?

The fact is the scheme of creation has such providence in it that if a man will take advantage of his own organization, according to his own natural iaws, he will live and thrive and be fed and clothed and happy as long as it is necessary to have him on earth. Therefore, the objection that divine and special providences would tempt men to indolence has no foundation.

The scientific interpretation is also subject to revision, and we are coming, and shall soon come, to such a view of creation. For science has only scratched the surface yet. It has not dug deep as it will dig. And I think we shall come before long to such developments as will found us deep spiritual truths of God immauent, God universal and present. God behind and in nature. Natural law is a part of the direct personal influence of God, and all the elements of a daily personal special providence will have such an interpretation and order that science itself will have become the teacher of this sublime doctrine. Your Father is perpetually with you. Oh, burden bearers, drooping flowers, God is with you; and though as in the garden Mary mourned, looking in the very face sile sought, so we cry out, as if God was far off. Yet He is at our very side, and if He gave tongue to the truth would speak your name and reveal Himself to your consciousness in joy and peace. The life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in God revealed in His attributes and in Christ and in His word as the ever-present, ever-loving, all-nourishing. I walk not as living here, but as passing through. Nothing shall separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Too Tempting an Offer.

[Portland Oregonian.]
There has been so much betting of late that ome people have got so into the spirit of the thing that they cannot refuse odds. One of these fellows was met by a friend at the corner of First and Washington last night and saluted with the re-Washington last night and saluted with the remark: "Helo, —, drunk again, are you?" "No'shir, not b'any means." "On, yes, you are boilin." "I'shay, t'aint so; I'm sober as you." "Well, I bet you ten to one that you're drunk." "Hash all right; I'll take you." Here another friend interposed and said to the mebriated one; "Look here; don't be foolish enough to bet on it, even if he gives you ten to one, because you know you're drunk." "Yesh, I know that, but just look at the odds."

Gossamer Flannels or a Buffalo Coat.

[Territorial Enterprise.] Captain Zach, a Piute who is said to have kicked up his heels and cavorted over the alkali plams of Nevada for more than eighty summers, being questioned in regard to the weather of the coming winter, said: "You see um this winter he be one way of two. If he take warm road he be more warm as any winter in long time; if he take cold road he be worst winter ever you dam see. He no be like common winter—he be big hot or big cold."

Looking for Home Comforts.

"Why, Mary, have you come back to be a hired girl again? I thought you left us to get married and have a house of your own."

"So I did, mum." "Well, what have you come back for?"
"Well, what have you come back for?"
"Well, ve see, mum, John's done purty well, an'
we kep' a hread girl, too, and I'm kind o' tired av
the way of life. I thought I'd like to come back
an' be boss again fur awhile."

through the play?" asked a young man of a pretty ballet girl in red tights behind the scenes the

The Weekly Globe

REST OF THE YEAR FREEV

TO \$1 SUBSCRIBERS.

Every Democrat Needs

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIBERS Who Have The Globe on Trial

SEND \$1

AND RECEIVE

FIND IT A NECESSITY.

FROM NOW Until Jan. 1886.

ONLY \$1!

Now to January, 1886, (REST OF THE YEAR FREE.)

Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Disguised. "Do you keep this same-er-costume all other night.
"Oh, no! in the next act I am entirely disguised. You wouldn't recognize me."
"How do you alter your appearance?"
"I wear blue tights in that act."

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

The Careers of Emma Nevada and Adelina Patti.

Stock Companies at Theatres Contrasted with the Present Dreary Stage.

Young Men Who Are Ruined by Idleness, Infamy and Club Life.

NEW YORK, November 27 .- Emma Nevada made a pleasant impression here, but a pleasanter made a pieasant impression here, but a pieasant impression was made by the considerate notices of most of the newspapers, wherein the tone of criticism has improved, especially those papers which have been a little humiliated by the turn of larger events. Success does not encourage politeness and considerateness either in men or papers, while an occasional backset brings another kind of friends and support, and makes the heart of the publisher and critic more tender. We have so much which is coarse and low on our stage, that when we find a pure woman or a pure man in theatrical or operatic life they are worth nourishing. The young lady, who was born in one of the comparatively new American States of the Pacific, has not yet been spoiled by managers, advertisements and rivalries. She gave "Home, Sweet Home" at a recall with sensibility which broke her down, and the flutter of her throat and filling of her eyes were so manifestly natural that a touch of nature not known on our stage for many years went all

Patti and Her Career.

Another singer who has been harshly considered by our people is Pattl. She was born on the stage, her people having been in obscure positions around the opera, and born in Madrid she was a child in New York, where the quality of voice, perhaps hereditary or transmitted in her family procured them a managerial brother-in-law. Her procured them a managerial brother-in-law. Her little childhood was worked to make her a machine for getting money. The stock is wholly or partially Jewish, and so young Adelina came out in opera as a mere girl, and I remember her singing in Philadelphia twenty-three years ago. She was pretty, with a slender figure, interesting eyes, and dainty face, and in a short time she had, in spite of the indifferent culture here at that time, made an impression greater than the vaunted names brought to us from across the sea. The Americans were not prepared, however, for her, extraordinary success in France and throughout Europe, and in Paris especially she became the vaunted names brought to us from across the sea. The Americans were not prepared, however, for her, extraordinary success in France and throughout Europe, and in Paris especially she became the idol, and when she had made money and bid fair to make it increasingly for many future years, the match-making Empress of the French, supposing that all women desired a high-class marriage, took pity on an old marquis, and recommended him to the rich prima donna. The imperial system had spoiled not only France but most of the world, and Patti was drawn into its vortex and found herself the working wife of a cold, hard, common man, with nothing about him to dignify him above a gambler or sucker, except a title and some recognition from a court itself, dishonest and common. The head of that court, the Emperor, was a man of very doubtful legitimacy, and his mother in later years had thrown off all masks and showed the heartless, accomplished French coquette. The amount of holiness existing over the Emperor's own marriage can be inferred from the understanding that he for some time tempted his wife to be his mistress, and married her because she had too much pride to occupy any unworthy relation to him. The son of this marriage, receiving patronage in England, undertook to add himself to the French at the expense of the wild free negroes in Africa, and thus the last Napoleonic dynasty broke itself to pleces in an attempt to spread slavery in America, and lost its heir fighting the wild blacks in Africa. Patti in a short time found that she had a hideous master, a man incapable of disinterested love, who acted as if he had bought her, and insisted upon frequenting the word houses to notice whether any other artist was too tender with her. He soon discerned an interest on her part for Nicolma, a master in his profession, and he inflamed this scarce acknowledged passion by his tyranny, which made the woman look to Nicolini as a friend, and made him look to her as one suffering for him.

Hans Anderson, in one of his tales, has m

him a little song which a prince might have been glad to hear; then she dismisses him, and he feels w a great gap is between them. That the Scala, with braudics, braves and outquets and every appearance of grandeur. He sees her after the opera handed to the carriage by a prince and a cardinal. He realizes the fact that song has ever divided them, so he starts back with an empty heart for his native land, and dies in the snows of

the Alps.
Such is the case when the popular tenor with some delicate quality in his voice passes up Such is the case when the popular tenor with some delicate quality in his voice passes up into the great realms of song, and perhaps a prima donna floating there mistakes him for an angel. In the strict code of morals they err, but as time has advanced Pattl and Nicolini have behaved to each other with a respect indicative of more than artistic affection. She has a fine home in Wales, a castle, and this man goes with ner everywhere, conducts himself without ostentation, and since she has been divorced from the Marquis de Caux it becomes more and more apparent that she is to marry Nicolini. On the other hand very many of the

and especially the theatrical stage, are to be ascribed to the want of purity and upright principle in the chief performers. Thousands of people are tired of going to the shows to see virtuous and

noble parts performed by women and men whose every-day life is known to be outrageous. There every-day life is known to be outrageous. There was a time when the stage was considered outside the paie of respect or almost toleration, and actors were not allowed to come into refined and Christian society. As time has advanced, the men who formerly played women's parts have been replaced by women, who are men in all but sex, and who seem to think that the coarser ways of men are the proper things for them to initate. There are probably twenty good actresses in this country who with character would have lasted long in the public respect. But few of them have preserved their domestic fidelity, and consequently those who continue to draw good houses are almost solely those whose characters are good. Mary Anderson, Lotta, Maggle Mitchell stand clear above a hundred earnest laborers in the same field who don't believe that character ought to be considered, and probably more and more so as time goes on. Our theatres, while they have multiplied in number, have lost the most substantial pafronage they once possessed. There was a time when the theatres were managed by stock companies, and the lavorites became quuet clitzens of the place and kept their homes and brought up their families, instead of trotting all over the country on these starring expeditions, which deprive the artists of any home training. Then the programmes were frequently changed at the theatres, and to attend the performances was to get a point education. All that I remember, which adheres to my mind of the stage I heard in the old stock companies, where occasionally a star came along, but he did not bring a company with him, and the stock company had to commit to memory the parts accessory to his. Sometimes a member of the stock company would play right up to the star and divide applause with him, whereas now the star is careful not to precure anybody who can play has become was a time when the stage was considered outside

Gandy, Thin and Tedious. I see daily persons who have not been to the the-

atre for a year or two, and say that they can get so much out of life, or an evening, by staying at home or visiting somewhere, than by getting into minutes and burn everybody in it, and there they must sit for three hours to hear a tale contrived for no other purpose than to harrow their sensibilities and leave no respectable moral. The present theatre audiences are in their verynature ephemeral. They go to the theatre to see other things than the piece itself. Some go there to worship a particular woman, whose photograph they possess in a half-dozen aspects, or they go to study the diesess she is reputed to have brought back from Parls, or to observe how sin manages herself on the straight ingli-heeled shoes, or why she has managed to dye ner hair so perfectly, when numerous efforts on the part of the auditors hear that the last husband she has got who plays with her is an extraordinary handsome person. If this is proved true perhaps an anonymous letter is written between the auditor and the passing husband. Consequently, that which makes the stage, or ought to make it, is rapidly getting out of these speculative buildings. If the law was not maintained in some of its rigor the stage would become as bad as it was in the time of Charles II, and probably worse.

I attended, during the present week, the first performance of an advertised play with the title of "An Adamiess Eden." This title suggested, of course, scant raiment, and women disporting themselves in some kind of Paradise. A friend came for me with a ticket, and women disporting themselves in some kind of Paradise. A friend came for me with a ticket, and whom we got to the door we saw such a collection of men as are generally found at prize fights, or dog fights, or sugging matches. An unwholsome atmosphere seeined to exhale from diseased lungs. Deeply pock-marked faces were general, as if their owners had caught some infection from bad neighborhoods. Others had caught some infection from bad an elighborhoods. Others had been been been some three to the was confided to be wathy theumatism, was raised up in two days." minutes and burn everybody in it, and there they

look of people who have never smeit the breath of purity, but have thrown away their youth and survive to nearly middle life, wrecks of men, living only on simulations, and not merely of drink but of the sight. When we got up in what was formerly the San Francisco Minstreis Theatre, I looked around me, and felt almost ashamed, notwithstanding I had some rights as a critic of the times to be present. It was clear to me that many of the audience were thieves, low-browed fellows, with skins carrying the whiteness of past prisons, and heads deformed or inharmonious, as if the receptacies of irregular views of life and morads. Since the slugging matches and horse races and pool-rooms have been given free chance in this city—and in most of the country there has been noticed an increase in the census of dull, cowardly ruffians—those who exist between the gambling houses and the meaner kind of pits. I formerly saw, about the time of the rebellion, or when that war broke out, the same proportion of these faces that I now see. Many of them were killed off in the war. In those times gaudy concert saloons, attended by women, lined Broadway. Now they are mostly on the Bowery and the coarser streets. But the sweat-cloth is seen on the agricultural fair ground as formerly; the lover and pimp have become audacious again, and is an intruder on Broadway, and it would enly take one month of a general relaxation of the laws to

Turn Our Amusements Into Infamy Another evil sign of the times is the return of the British blonde to this country. The old school of Lydia Thompson blondes are now out of date. They have become old, and are dead or retired. They have become old, and are dead or retired. The same is the case with the French operabouffe favorites of fifteen years ago. Intemperance and looseness have put them out of the way. There is not on the stage at present one of those French singers who preserves either beauty, humor or voice. They are the mere wrecks of a prodigal past. But the piece I went to see on Broadway had reinspired a desire for the English bar-room blondes, and there they were in half dress, with dull, brutal faces full of beer or spirits, and the piece they appeared in, while not apparently desirous of getting near any decency, was so stupid that it soon wearled out the audience. No men were on the stage, and even the orchestra were made up of women in powdered wigs, one of whom played a long sole fair enough, but not as good as an obscure man should have played it. This orchestra leader was said by one near me to get \$75 a week, yet that is a small salary when it is considered that the piece would not probably run a week. In the next seat sat a man whom I discovered, by his conversation, to be a burlesque actor, and he remarked: "I think this piece will run pretty well in the country among the flats who want to see the legs, but it must not stay more than one night in a town or they will hoot it out." Women have dispossessed men of the stage in such pieces, probably because the women can be cheaply obtained, while the men are expensive. The same is the case with the French opera bouffe

The Exception here to burlesque pieces is "Adonis," which has made a reputation for a young fellow from Boston, named Dixey. He is said to be very young, is graceful and good looking, and has various little graceful and good looking, and has various little accomplishments which make him a sort of American Joe Emmett. The most interesting face in these burlesque pleces is that of Fauline Hall, who is, I believe, a Cincinnati girl, of possibly German and Irish descent. She has the rich dark eyes often seen in the Irish girl, and the buxom form of our Americanized Germans. She is really a pretty woman, and has been some years upon the stage, but has only recently attracted attention in New York. They say she is about 27 or 28 years of age. Since sie has made her impression here, and has been receiving better salaries, she has probably cutivated her bowers, and I observe that her singing, while lacking in spirit, has become almost respectable. She is a little heavy and stocky in figure, but there is an evident modesty and desire for better results in life, which seems to bring her passing respect.

It is an observation often made in New York that wealth left to idle sons, nephews, etc., in this country quickly gets into the hands of Gamblers, Brokers and These Actresses

of the variety show kind. You occasionally discover in New York some young man who has been left half a million of dollars or a quarter of a million by some uncle or grandfather. The young man has probably been living for years in expectation of this money, and has therefore put forth but little energy to advance himself in the world. He finally gets the money by the old man's death or stift and then be comes to this city. He finally gets the money by the old man's death or gift, and then he comes to this city, buys a house, and forthwith begins to cultivate what he considers pleasure. You while see him on Twenty-third street, or some of the cross streets thereabout, with the dead latch-key calling at some one of the houses, which let out their apartments and ask no questions of the inmates. Many of the fine old houses of that region are now rooms or apartments for the young man sowing his wild oats. He picks out some variety show girl or female gadabout or adventuress, of whose history, hideous as it often is, he is scarcely informed. Women of this class are engaging liars, and represent themselves to be deceived or oppressed, whereas in many cases they have served their terms on the neighboring island. Hideous is the association of a prodigal son with such beings as these, who have perhaps been curred in the hospitals or worn the uniform of the jail.

Club Life as a Means of Ruin. Not much higher is this kind of life than a good deal of the club life around New York, where young chaps who have derived some money from industrious parents, or who have married simple women of wealth, and who are unable to do anything in the United States to assail. It seeme to me there is not much to choose between this class of nen and the lower class aforesaid. The others have more original stamina and human nature about them. I think I see about as many wrecks of club life in New York as there are wrecks of bar-room life. Many of these clubs afford unexampled opportunities for adventurers, who cound not elsewhere hand around the subscription list, start the game, and presume upon the freshness of their fellow-members. We borrow many things from England far worse than anything indigenous here. I was recently talking to a brokendown man in this city who inherited some thousands of pounds, and with a portion of it bought a place in a British regiment. That was a few years ago, before the buying of commissions had been abolished. He was recommended to buy a lieutenancy in a very stylish regiment, in which one of the British princes was the nominal colonel. He had to pay high for the place, and then the acting colonel presumed to make suggestions to him, which were in the light of orders. He told him, for example, that there were three horses he could sell him which he ought to have. Of course he bought the horses at several times their value, and they proceeded to eat their heads off. And then, whenever a ball was given in honor of Lady Shoopey or Lady Shoofly, the colonel motified the officer that he was expected to take so many tickets, and contribute so much. He was then invited to gamble, and to refuse would have been to feel juvenile, and perhaps lose the colonel's regard. So he gambled. This did not exhaust his money fast enough, and he was next shown a great point on the stock exchange. Next he made a match with a woman of title, gave her elaborate presents, and about the time he was drawing near the end of his purse she ran off and married a fellow-officer, who was coming into something, as the pirase goes. So the young man soid his commission and started for one of the British colonnes, where he found the opportunities for sta me there is not much to choose between this class of men and the lower class aforesaid. The others

Notes of the Stage.

Mr. Irving has been playing here with very good success. The actors generally predicted that he would fall when he first came over, and especially when he returned. But he is such a conscientious manager, presents his pieces with such selfuals have gone time and time again merely to hear Shakespeare well read, well performed, and well

A. M. Palmer, formerly manager of the Union A. M. Faimer, formerly manager of the Union Square Theatre, has found in Europe a comedy called "The Private Secretary" which is drawing strongly all the while at the Madison Square Theatre. That theatre now has shaken off its piety custom, and they cuss and damn there as if there had never been a minister in the management.

The German opera has climbed into the seats of talian opera here, and seems to be going forward with a lustiness which might be expected from the musical culture and the population of the New York Germans and Hebrews, and people of their descent. Italian opera seems to be exotic here, while the German opera finds German ground to take root in.

RANDALL IN GEORGIA.

Dividing Lines Broken Between the North and South.

The Pennsylvania Statesman Received by the Legislature at Atlanta.

Crow for Thanksgiving Dinner-A Maine Farmer's Wager.

ATLANTA, Ga., November 29 .- The presence of Hon. Samuel J. Rangall in this city to attend the Democratic jubilation was taken advantage of by the Legislature to pay him marked attention. A committee of three was appointed to invite his presence in the House. On being presented to the Legislature yesterday, Mr. Randall said he would do violence to his head and heart if he did not acknowledge the compliment paid him. took pleasure in congratulating the people of the country that they have thrown aside the expressions "Solid South" and "Solid North," and that sions "Solid South" and "Solid North," and that the people of the whole country are now united in the cause of good government.

The morning opened inauspiciously, and it was showery all through the day. Notwithstanding

this, the incoming trains of the eight trunk lines which converge at Atlanta were laden with passengers from all the States named. Special trains were run, and still reports were telegraphed into the railroad offices that hundreds were standing on the platforms awaiting transportation. To attempt to enumerate the crowds which surged to and fro in the street as night closed in would be impossible. All the hotels and private houses were filled and still the streets were thronged. The firing of the Constitution's cannon started the noise and thousands on thousands assembled at the place of rendezvous.

sands assembled at the place of rendezvous.

Only delegations bearing torches were allowed in the procession. At 6.30 p. m., to the music of a dozen bands, to the booming of cannon, to the cheers of 50,000 persons, the procession, with torches and suggestive motions, started from the Capitol with Mr. Randall, Governor McDaniel, Senators Brown and Colquitt and other distinguished guests in places of honor. For two hours the men marched through the streets, which were resplendent with pyrotechnic displays, and finally halted at the Opera House. Here Mr. Ra dall was introduced to the immense assembly, and was received with prolonged cheers.

Mr. Randall spoke of the regret he felt in visit-Georgia that the two friends he had loved most in life, Stephens and Hill, were not in life to greet him. He then said: "We have

Won a Glorious Victory,

but with the honors comes a great responsibility. I believe the Democratic party will be fully equal to it. Our guide will be that emblazoned on the coat of arms of Georgia: "The Constitution, wisdom, justice, moderation." When Jefferson was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801, there was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1801, there was a revolution in politics. The principles he announced were immortal, and are as applicable now as when he first uttered them in his inaugural address, Ours is the party of the people, and there is not a right of white men or colored men that will not be sacredly protected. It has always been the party of personal freedom, of freedom of speech, of freenom of the press and of freedom of religion. God has blessed Georgia with mealculable possibilities. All that is needed is industry to make them certainties. She has means of agriculture, manufacture and commerce to make the mecrainties. She has means of agriculture, manufacture and commerce to make her foremost in the markets of the world. She was the last of the thirteen colonies that was settled, and she had to meet in the beginning the restrictive policy of Great Britain, which sought to make her a dependent of the mother country in all her material existence, but she broke from such restraints and asserted her purpose then in 1750, as she does now, to live within her own internal resources. Burke has said: "The stock of materials by which any nation is rendered fiourishing and prosperous are its industry, its knowledge or skill, its morals, its execution of justice, its courage. The national union is directing these materials to one point, and making them all centre in the public benefit, Other than these I do not know and scarcely can conceive any means by which a community may flourish." This is the aim, the

meaning of words, we say that the revenue to be raised should be limited to that required for an economical administration of the government, and that the amount to be raised by a tariff for this purpose shall be so levied on articles imported which come in competition with our products as to cover the difference in the cost of production abroad and the cost in the United States, thus incidentally protecting capital invested and the labor employed in the United States. Upon this declaration of purpose every intelligent and patriotic Democrat can stand and our country go forward to its yet greater destiny.

greater destiny.

Mr. Randall then referred to the help which the South had given the Democrats in carrying New York, Connecticut and New Jersey by its devotion to law and order, setting such an example as silenced all efforts of Republicans to represent the the executive mansion. One of the most notable mottoes of the night was one on the Constitution building, being a quotation from Abraham Lincoln's last inaugural: "With malice toward none and charity toward all."

CROW FOR THANKSGIVING.

How a Maine Farmer Bet with His Neighbor on 'Lection. PORTLAND, Me., November 29 .- "Speaking of

Thanksgiving dinner," said an old farmer, as he lay back in his chair at the Falmouth Hotel yesterday, "I'm in here on business, but I went my whole weight into our turkey yesterday at home. my strength,' and then I started in. I had to make up for that crow dinner in 1882, you see." "Did you make a meal off a crow?" asked a

gentleman.

"I did. You see my name is Plaisted; I'm no great relation to Harris M. Plaisted that I know of, but I liked him, and when Robie was nominated I said to my boys, 'Go in; make 'em givey our room according to your strength.' I got excuted at last, and finally I made a bet with my neighbor Collins; I agreed, if Plaisted didn't get elected, that Pd take a crow instead of a turkey on Thanksgiving day; and Collins, he agreed to take the crow if Robie shoulan't be elected. It was a fair bet, and I'm not the man to back out. Robie was elected and I knew I'd got to tackle that crow. Blast that crow, it makes me feel sick now to even to think of it. I lost many a meal, thinking of that crow. I went to our minister and told him the story, and I asked him if, in his opinion, I should be justified in breaking my word. All he would say—he voted for Robie—was 'make vows and keep them, brother Plaisted," and I saw that I was in for it.

We had a revival in our neighborhood that fall, and my neighbor Collins was gathered in. When

We had a revival in our neighborhood that fall, and my neighbor Collins was gathered in. When I heard of his being converted I felt good, because I felt that he never would offer a crow to a brother Christian. But I didn't know my brother Collins. He was a saved man, I admit, but that fact didn't make him let up on that crow.

The night before Thanksgiving I looked out and saw neighbor Collins coming up the road with something in his hand. I at once suspected what it was. I said to myself: "There comes the crow," but I tried to meet my neighbor Collins with a smile.

"Here's your crow,' said he, 'it's the best crow of the flock,'
"I thanked him and took the crow. My heart sank, but my insides rose up in equal proportions. It was a good crow, a first-class crow, but, blast the thing, it was, a crow, and that was all I wanted to know about it. I dressed it and had it cooked." to know about it. I dressed it and had it cooked.

the thing, it was,a crow, and that was all I wanted to know about it. I dressed it and had it cooked."

"Did you make a meal of it?"

"I did. It wasn't a pleasant meal, but I got through with it after a while, still it wa'n't pleasant. After I got through I went out to hate myself where I'd have plenty of room to do it in, and to throw up the crow."

"Did you bet this year?"

"No, and that's what makes me feel so blue. Neighbor Collins was a strong Blaine man and I was a strong Gleveland man. Collins wanted to bet. At first he offered me crow for crow. Then he got reckless and offered me odds. At one time he offered to bet me four crows to one, but it didn't move me. I remembered 1882 and that devilish crow, and so couldn't bring myself to venture the bet. But if I only had. Why I might have had the pleasure of knowing that my neighbor Collins was eating crow Thanksgiving day, Christmas day, New Year's day, and one odd day thrown in. Too bad!" Dying After 263 Days of Fasting.

FORT PLAIN, N. Y., November 28.—Kate Smulzey, who has fasted 263 cays, is in a weak and comatose condition, and the physicians think

revolution, in which her husband was a prominent officer, she campaigned with the soldiers and fought bravely as a private. Latterly she edited a revolutionary paper in this country. She has written several books and founded a female seminary.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

Mineral Poisoning the Probable Cause of the Epidemic-Dying from Thirst. LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 1 .- A staff corre spondent of the Courier-Journal, who is in the mountains of eastern Kentucky investigating the plague in that section, says the dis-ease has spread with great rapidity, and now extends over territory embrac-ing about one-half of the northern portion of Wise county, Va., the northeastern portion of Lee county, Va., the eastern part of Letcher county, Ky., the upper edge of Harian county, the southwestern part of Knott county, the northwestern part of Pike county and the southwestern portion of Leslie county. This embraces a strip about seventy miles wide by eighty miles long. The disease is most violent at the head waters of Straight creek, Clover Fork and other small streams which rise on the north side of the Pine mountains, and on Pow Fork in Harlan county, at the head of Powell's creek, and other streams rising in the Cumberland mountains in Wise county, Va., at the heads of those streams which rise in Knox county and empty into the Big Sandy, North Fork, and another branch of Powell creek, in Lee county, Va., at the heads of Shelby and Eikhorn creeks, in Pike county, Ky., and at scattered points on streams in Letcher and Leslie counties. In Letcher county it is worse along Poor Fork. It prevails at the head waters of almost every stream in the district named that empties into the Cumberland, Big Sandy, Kentucky, Powells and Licking rivers. It is most widespread closest to the highest mountains. It generally takes about two days for the disease to run its course, and it generally proves fatal. In many instances those attacked died in a few hours. The feeling of intense thirst indicates that mineral poisoning is the real cause of the epidemic. It is a well-known fact that the streams along which the disease prevails find their beginning in the mountains among rocks containing alkali and other poisonous minerals. Until recently no rain had fallen for several weeks, and the streams had nearly dried up. The water remaining, and which these people were forced to use, was powerfully charged with these poisonous substances, and continued use of it resulted in the epidemic. The number of victims of the plague will probably reach 1000. county, Va., the northeastern portion of Lee county, Va., the eastern part of Letcher county

FACING DEATH FOR TWELVE HOURS. Thrilling Experience of a Bown-East Sailor-Lashed to the Wheel, Captain Holmes Brings His Vessel Safely

Through the Murricane. PROVIDENCE, R. I., November 26.—The Akar, a brig which arrived in Providence, Monday, from Turk's Island, loaded with salt, had a most thrilling experience when off Hatteras, on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of November, the first mate, Augustus H. Ingalis, of Machias, Me., a worthy seaman and good officer, being swept

overboard by the fury of the gale.

The Akbar is a stout brig, and the captain is Ira O. Holmes, also of Machias, a fine specimen of the down-east sailor. The captain willingly related all he knew about the death of his mate, says the Providence Journal, but was modestly silent about his own brave conduct throughout the storm, until a gentleman present called attention to it, and, perhaps the most interesting thing to a landsman was the evident unconsciousness on the part of the captain of having done anything worthy of mention, or of deserving any credit for performing his duty.

The Akbar sailed from Operto for Turk's Island, and from Turk's Island as stated, for this city. On the morning of the 15th a moderate easterly gale began. The vessel was then running northward. The gale gradually shifted to the north

to make them certaintes. She has means of a griculture, manufacture and commerce to make her foremost in the markets of the thirteen colonies that was settled, and she had to meet in the beginning the restrictive policy of Great Britain, which sought to make her a dependent of the mother country in all her material asserted her purpose then in 1750, as she does now, to live within her own internal resources. Burke has said: "The stock of materials by which any nation is rendered flourishing and prosperous are its industry, its knowledge or skill, its norals, its execution of justice, its courage. The mother country in all centre in the public benefit, Other than these I do not know and scarcely can conceive any means by which a community may flourish." This is the aim, the

Purpose of the Democratic Party, a noble one, and fraught with countless blessings. Our political opponents in the recent struggle argued that revision of our tariff laws was a necessity. We of the Democratic party agreed thereto, but our platform went further, and pointed out the manner in which such revision should be made, and a more inteiligent and business-like utterance on this vexed question never emanated from a public gathering of representative men in the United States. If I understand correctly the meaning of words, we say that the revenue to be raised should be limited to that required for an economical administration of the government,

A Retired Pickle Merchant's Family in a Pickle-Return of the Prodigal Son Uninvited to a Thanksgiving Party.

New York, November 27.—Joseph Edwards was today spending Thanksgiving with his family at 233 West Forty-third street. He is a retired pickle merchant, and at one time was the possessor of a considerable fortune. Harry, his younger son, lived at 119 Ferry street, Newark, and cultivated a market garden near that city. Another son. Charles, is the black sheep of the family. He is 25 years old, and since boyhood has been a standing disgrace to his relatives. When but 15 years old, after his father had spent nearly half his fortune in keep ing him out of numberless scrapes, he broke into his parents' residence and stole a large sum of money. For this crime his father had him arrested, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a reformatory. When the son was released, his father made another effort to reclaim him, but Charles laughed at his father and continued his evil ways.

was released, his father made another effort to reclaim him, but Charles laughed at his father and continued his evil ways.

At last the elder Edwards forbade him the house, and the young man became little better than a tramp. Every now and then he visited his father and importuned him for money. When refused the worthless fellow, with brandished knife, would often force his father to give him money. Two weeks ago yesterday he visited his father's house at night and demanded money, but Mr. Edwards declined to give him further means of dissipation. Drawing a r zor, the youth said fiercely, "Give me the money or I'll cot your throat." The trembling old man was only too glad to purchase his life for a few dollars. Wednesday night Mr. Edwards received another visit from his undutiful son, and again he gave him money. Yesterday he placed a revolver in his pocket to protect himself in case the boy repeated the attempt upon his life.

This morning Harry came from Newark to spend the day with his parents. When he and his father were chatting Charles burst into the room in a half drunken condition.

"I can't give youany," his father answered. Thrusting his hand into a breast-pocket Charles drew out a carving-knife. His father rose as his murderous offspring rushed at him.

"Stop!" he cried, but seeing the knife directed at his breast, he drew his revolver and pulled the trigger.

Harry, who saw his father's peril, sprang between them, and as the pistol shot rang out, the bullet, intended for his brother, struck him in the head. With a cry he fell to the floor. His father, horror-stricken, dropped on his knees beside him and gave vent to his emotions, while the wretched cause of the deed remained standing, knife in hand. The cries of the poor old man brought another son, Moses, who ran out in search of an officer. Charles fled, and when Detective Reilly entered the room he found the distracted old man embracing his unconscious son.

Dr. Little was sent for and found that the bullet had entered the head above the right eye. The wound may prove fatal. Mr. Edwards was completely prostrated when the detective led him to the station-house, where Captain Killilea, on hearing the sad story, allotted his own room to him and placed a policeman to guard the door. The old man's sufferings were intense. Officers were sent in pursuit of Charles, and they expect to capture him before many hours. He has a wife living in Newark from whom he has been separated, and it is thought that he may go to that city for refuge. Harry was taken last night to St. Luke's Hospital. trigger.
Harry, who saw his father's peril, sprang be-

Two Thousand Dollars for a Telegraph

[San Francisco Report.]
Littlefield, Allison & Co. have brought an action against the Western Union Telegraph Company to recover \$2000, damages alleged to have been sustained through an operator's "bull" in sending a message to New Orleans. The firm, in December, 1882, telegraphed to New Orleans to have a quantity of lemons sent by way of the "Texas Pacific" railroad, but as their message was wired it was made to read by way of the "Texas Express." The lemons arriving by express instead of as regular railroad freight made a difference in the price when landed here of \$168162, which, with additional expenses accrued, is the amount such for.

A Significant Coincidence.

To the Editor of the Globe: If I mistake not there is a significant coincidence in the vote given the president-elect. In 1832 MILWAUKEE, November 26.—Mme. Mathilda Frazica Anneke, who took an active part in the German troubles of 1848 and who, when the revolutionists were overpowered, fied to this country, died in this city last night, aged 67 years. In the Boston, November 22. WANTED, A HUSBAND.

A Young Long Island Woman's Advertisement.

Julius Schaufuss Makes an Application for the Vacant Situation.

Many Seekers After a Wife and the Smoke-Brindle Steers.

NEW HAVEN, November 30.-The Register last

evening published the following: Bright and early this morning an applicant for the city papers vesterday for a husband put in an the paragraph in which was made known the young woman's matrimonial yearnings and at once concluded that he was the proper man to fill the bill. The advertiser in the case announces herself as a strong, healthy girl, 30 years of age and weight 165 ounds. These are her chief physical qualifications, and the only drawback in that line to which she confesses is a partial deafness. He home is in Gravesend, L. I., where the female population outnumber the males by a mournfully large majority, and where, as a natural consequence, the chances of even the most desirable young ladies for contracting matrimonial relations are none

With an undoubtedly just appreciation of the situation, the advertiser dweils lightly upon her personal charms, and advances as the strong point the amount of her worldly possessions. These are summarized as \$22,000 in Michigan Iron Mountain Company bonds, 200 head of cattle, 2 smoke-orindle steers, 117 yoke of oxen and 5000 acres of land in Indian territory. The market value of the stock is not stated, but the cattle and the 5000 acres of land are real, tangible articles, and the acute, not to say marked conscientionsness which particularizes in the official inventory so far as to expressly declare that two of the cattle owned by the candidate are smokebrindles goes far to give an aspect of genulineness to the whole affair.

The individual who put in an early claim to the hand of the anxious young woman of Gravesend, L. I., wore an expansive smile and was possessed of a pronounced German accent. Through some mysterious working of such mental processes as he may be possessed of the idea had become firmly fixed in his mind that the Register was a columittee with power to act in this particular case of matrimonial brokerage. No attempt to undeceive him on this point was made. On the contrary he underwent a rigorous cross-examination with the following result:

"I vas," said the candidate, "a Sherman. I been the best.
With an undoubtedly just appreciation of the

'I vas." said the candidate, "a Sherman. I been decision. Still, he would take an inventory of the caller's qualifications and submit them to the proper tribunal. The caller was evidently deliabled to unbosom homself to the fullest extent. His name was Julius Schaufuss, he was 35 years of age, had never been married, weighed 140 pounds, was five feet seven inches in height, and was encumbered with no bad habits, not being addicted to even an occasional glass of lager beer. He had no money to speak of at the present time but a few years ago was possessed of \$2000, which he lost through an unfortunate speculation. peculation. "I tell you," said the amiable Mr. Schaufuss,

"Itel you," said the amiable Mr. Schaufuss, his countenance taking on a broad and significant leer, "I don't care so much for money. You feex this thing all right and I give you \$200 sure.

Mr. Schaufuss was referred to W. G. Butler, who is understood to be the representative or the Gravesend, L. I., young woman.

The Gravesend, L. I., young woman is at present domiciled at one of the hotels in this city. She does not desire that her name should appear in the papers for the present. Since last night Wilham G. Butler has received upwards of forty proposals from sultors for the young lady's hand, her mining stocks and her cattle, including the two smoke-brindle steers. Mr. Butler says that the mission he has taken upon himself out of friendship for the Gravesend, L. I., young woman is siready making life a burden to him.

the mission he has taken upon himself out of friendship for the Gravesend, L. I., young woman is already making life a burden to him. The letters he receives he promptly transmits to the young woman. From each of those who personally call upon him in refution to the matrimonially-inclined young lady from Long Island he requests their photograph, a list of references as to their character and habits, and a written declaration addressed to the young woman setting forth the wish of the applicant to lead her to the matrimonial altar.

"I am tired," said Mr. Butler, this afternoon, "of assuring those that come to me that this is no sell, but a genuine, bona fide matter, from beginning to end. I happen to be mixed up? in the because I have known the young woman's family for many years back. She is a stranger in New Haven, is a perfectly respectable and nighly worthy young lady, and the advertisement she publishes describes her and her circumstances correctly. I had no idea, though, that the announcement in the paper would bring so many callers. No, I don't know the inarket value of the mining stock that the young lady owns, but I do know that William H. Barnum. value of the mining stock that the young lady owns, but I do know that William H. Barnum, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is president of the company, and that its business is done somewhere in the lake region."

CHEESE MAKING IN SO. BERKSHIRE Remarkable Growth of an Important In-

dustry. Among the prosperous institutions of Southern Berkshire which contribute to the prosperity of the agricultural community the corporation known as the South Berkshire Cheese Company has attained a high reputation not only in the immediate vicinity, but also in the general market of the great cities. This cheese factory is located some three miles southwest of Great Barrington village, and is surrounded by a prosperous agricultural people, who pay good attention to the dairy. This factory was established in 1872, and the past season has been the most prosperous one known in the history of the institution. The season opened May 14, and closed November 21. During that time, in round numbers, 711,000 pounds of milk have been received, and about 72,000 pounds of cheese manufactured. The most important months were July and August, when 156,000 and 154,000 pounds of milk were taken in. Over 1500 cheeses have been made, which are now half disposed of, all of which will in a few weeks be sent either to the local or more distant markets. The cheese is seiling wholesale at twelve and a half cents per pound. The factory for the past ten years has been superintended by Joseph F. Lawton, a cheese maker for over thirty years, and well known as the veteran in the art of manufacturing superior full-milk cheese, where all the cream is allowed to remain with the milk. superior full-milk cheese, where all the cream is allowed to remain with the milk.

ENTICED THE BUG OUT OF HIS EAR Mrs. James Knowles Comes to Her Husband's Rescue in the Nick of Time,

[New York Sun.] Knowles of Avoca awoke a few nights ago. He felt a violent thumping in his right ear, followed by sharp twinges of pain, as though the lining Almost crazed, he woke up his wife and told her something had crawled into his ear and was eating its way through his head. Mrs. Knowles lighted a lamp and fished for the forknowles ignied a lamp and issed for the for-eign occupant of her husband's ear with a hairpin and a knitting-needle. She was unable to draw it out. Mr. Knowles then dressed himself to go to the doctor's. Then his wife happened to think that certain insects were generally fascinated by a light, and she had her husband wait until she tried an experiment. She held the lamp close to his ear. his ear.
"If it's a snapping bug," she said, "or a miller it

"If it's a snapping bug," she said, "or a miller it will see the light and come out to it."

In less than a minute Mrs. Knowles saw the head of a formidable-looking bug thrust out of her husband's ear. The head was quickly followed by a body half an inch long. The bug crept out and Mrs. Knowles knocked it on the floor. A stream of blood followed the exit of the bug from Mr. Knowles' ear. Mrs. Knowles stepped on the bug and killed it. It was one of those big snapping bugs that have their heads hung on hinges at the middle of the back, and work them up and down like pile-drivers when on duty. Thanks to his wife's knowledge of insect habits, Mr. Knowles was rescued from the bug in time to prevent serious consequences.

A Chicago Broker's Large Purchase of Ribs. CHICAGO, November 26 .- Withen ten minutes after the opening of the board of trade this morning the provision crowd sold Broker Hutchinson over a million and a half pounds of ribs, January and February delivery. The coup caused great excitement, as the crowd when offering did not think that Hutchinson would buy. The latter says he will make it hot for the provision pit after Christmas.

Fatally Injured by a Buck in the Streets of Cincinnati.
Cincinnati, November 28.—Paul Schopper,

night watchman for the city workhouse yards, while making his rounds last night, was attacked by a full-grown buck deer. When rescued by two prison employes, Schopper's face and head were found to be terribly lacerated. His right leg was broken, and he was otherwise injured. He caunot recover.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There is nothing of particular note to say of the money markets, which remain unchanged in conditions, with but little activity shown and easy rates ruling. A more cheerful feeling is expressed in general business circles, but as yet is too slight to have any effect in increasing the demand for the use of money. At several interior points there have been of late a more active employment of money, but the tendency of surplus funds to accumulate in the moneyed centres continues, and this supply will be largely increased during the coming week by the payments of dividends and interest which includes the quarterly interest on \$250, 000,000 of the government $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents.

Local rates for loans and discounts rule un-changed from those of the preceding week, as follows: Good mercantile paper, 5@51/2 per cent.; fair grade miscellaneous paper, such as the banks are willing to deal in, 6@7, while ruling at 61/2; corporation notes and acceptances, 4@41/2. The banks are meeting the wants of their special customers at about 5 per cent., while discount rates on the street rule at about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and with the country banks at Boston figures. Call loans on collateral continue to range from 3 to 4 per cent, per annum, while short-time loans are granted by the savings banks and trust companies at very low rates of interest, provided the security s unquestionable and carrying ample margin.

The rate between banks for the use of balances remains at 2 per cent.
Yesterday's gross exchanges at the clearing house amounted to \$10,725,995, while for the past week they aggregated \$54,078.492, and for the nonth of November, \$262,846,069. Yesterday's

balances were \$1,521,031; for the week, \$8,075,-60, and for the month, \$40,987,608. New York funds are selling at 30@33 cents premium per \$1000.

Foreign exchange rates are quiet and barely steady, the demand from remittances being light, with commercial bills in better supply: Sight, 4.85; 60 days, 4.81; commercial bills, 4.79½; francs, sight, 5.20% © 5.21¼; 60 days, 5.23% @ 5.24%.

The banks are now \$42,267,175 in excess of The banks are now \$42,267,175 in excess of legal requirement, as against \$40,246,050 in excess last week; \$6,198,975 the corresponding week in 1883, and \$1,480,075 in excess of 1882. The business failures during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 222, and for Canada, 27, or a total of 240. This is a decrease of 28 as compared with last week.

The imports of dry goods at the port of New York for the week were \$1,362,891; the amount marketed, \$1,479,326.

Covernment Bonds.

Prices for these securities have been quite firm luring the week, and so close. Yesterday's closing bids, as compared with those of the previous Saturday, show a gain of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the 3s; in the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents, a gain of $\frac{1}{4}$ for the registered, and 1/8 for the coupon bonds; 5/8 for the 4s, while the 6s are from 1@2 per cent. higher.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.

[Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

GFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, ESATURDAY EVENING, November 29, 1884. The improvement developed last week in several lepartments has been maintained, and there is a pros-Flour is in liberal receipt and prices remain about the Other articles of country produce, inc Eggs, Beans, Potatoes, Vegetables and Hay have ruled trade in Poultry was fairly satisfactory.

APPLES.—The apple market shows a large supply and prices are nominal. No. 1 Baldwins are seiling at \$150@153 @ bbl. and Hubbardstons command \$175@200. Best varieties range higher. We quote: Snow, choice, \$300@... @ bbl; do common to good, \$200@250 @ bbl; Baldwins, choice apples, at \$150@162 @ bbl; Hubbardstons, \$175@200 B bbl; Gravensteins, \$200@250 @ bbl; do common, 75c@81 @ bbl; Greenings, choice, \$150@175 @ B. BEANS.—There is a large supply of beans and prices still tend in buyers favor. We quote: Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, \$170@175; do do large hand-picked, \$160@185; medium choice hand-picked, \$150@165; medium choice hand-picked, \$155@160; do choice screened, \$140@145; foreign pea, \$...@.; do medium, \$...@.; improved yellow eyes, \$220@255; do choice flats, \$200@250; red kidneys, \$256@250.
BUTTER.—The Butter trade has been very light, as usual during Thanksgiviug week, and we have no material changes to report. Fine fresh creameries are selling about as fast as they arrive at full prices, but other grades are slow and concessions would have to be made to effect sales of any amount. A few dairy selections are selling at 270.20 @ h, but most of the fresh receipts are off in quality and take a low range. Long dairies are hard to sell at any reasonable price. Nothing of consequence is doing in Western ladie. We quote:

Nothing of consequence is doing in Western ladie.

Northern Creamery, extra fall, 29@30c; choice fresh made, 26@28cc & fb; good to choice summer, 20@25c & fb.

Western—Creamery, extra, fresh made, 29@30c; do, choice fresh, 25@28c; do, good to choice, summer, 20@24.

Northern Dairy—Franklin county, Vt, extra fall, 27@28c; New York and Vermont, choice fall, 24@26c; do late fall and winter, 20@23c; gtraight dairies, choice, 19@20c; do fair to good, 16@18c; do common, 10@15c.

10@15c.
Western dairy—Choice, 18@20c; do do, fair to good, 15@16c; insitation creamery, choice 18@22c; Western tadle, choice, 14@16c; do do common to good, 10@419c.

15@16c; mattafion creamery, choice 18@22c; Western ladie, choice, 14@16c; do do common to good, 10@12c.
CHEESE.—There is very little change to note in Cheese. The demand continues light and sales are confined to small lots. Fine September and October are held at 13c \$\overline{\text{3}}\$ b, but very few sales to the trade can be made at over 12\(^{1}\)2c \$\overline{\text{3}}\$ b. Most of the good Western is selling at 11\(^{1}\)13\(^{1}\)4c, but some popular brands command 12c. Common grades continue duli. Liverpool quotation 58s. We quote:

New York and Vt. fine September, 12\(^{1}\)2\(^{1}

rent rates: Cannel, \$16 智 ton; American do, \$10@12 智 ton; Acadia, retall, \$10 智 ton; Sydney, retail, \$10 智 ton; Cumberland, \$3 65@3 75 贺 ton; anthracte, retail, \$5 00@5 50 贺 ton of 2000 bs; cargo lots, \$4 75@5 智 Acedia, refail, \$10 % ton; Sydney, refail, \$10 % ton; Cumberland, \$3 50025 50 % ton of 2000 fbs; cargo lots, \$4 7525 % ton.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio grades has been quiet during the past week and prices remain about the same, being quoted on the basis of 10c for fair. Mild grades have been in steady demand and prices are held firm at qrotations. We quote:

Mocha at \$13/4200 fbt, Java, 12@21c % fb; Maracaibo, 04/2@11c % fb; Lagaira, 94/2@10/2c % fb; Maracaibo, 04/2@11c % fb; Lagaira, 94/2@10/2c % fb; Rio, ordinary to prime, \$34/26 fb; bc.

CORN.—The receipts for the week have been \$282,552 bushels and the exports 20,197 bushels. The market for Corn has declined and receipts have been liberal. We quote:

Steamer mixed at 52/253c; steamer yellow at 54/2 55c, and no grade at 50/252c; high mixed is scarce and prices are nominal.

EGGS.—The market continues quiet for Eggs, and omy strictly fresh command full prices. Held stock is dull and irregular in price. Sales of Eastern at 28/29c % dozen, New York and Vermont at 26/27c % dozen, and Provincial at 26/27c % dozen. Limed are selling at 19/2/2c % dozen. We quote:

Eastern, fresh, 28/2/2c % doz; Eastern held stock, 20/2/2c % doz; New Brunswick, 26/27c % doz; Aroostook county, 27/2/2s % doz; Western fresh, 24/2/2c % doz; Canadian, 26/2/7c % doz; New Brunswick, 26/27c % doz; Aroostook county, 27/2/2s % doz; fiber for the week have been light and the tendency of the market is to firmer rates, but no change will probably be made until after the trade springs up after the holidays. But few mackerel are coming forward from the Provinces and the stocks of all kluds here are in strong hands. We quote:

Cottish—Georges, large, \$4 50/4 75 % dtl; pickle cured Bank, new, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock, \$1 75 (20 0 % dtl; policiek, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock, \$1 75 (20 0 % dtl; policiek, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock, \$1 75 (20 0 % dtl; policiek, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock, \$1 75 (20 0 % dtl; policiek, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock, \$1 75 (20 0 % dtl; policiek, \$2 00/2 2 5 % dtl; haddock

Western fresh, 24@25c & doz; Canadan, 26@27c & dodz New Brunswick, 26@27c & doz; Nos Scotia and Frince Edward Island, 26@27c & doz; Nostook county, 27@28c & doz; Western limed, 10@20c & doz; do Eastern, 20@21c & doz.

FEED.—Saies of shorts have been made at \$14 00\top 14 ton; orton seed meal at \$29 06\top 25\top 25\top 50 ton, on the special points of the special points o

Come is in the state of the control

Cientuegos, 18622e # gal: Rarbadoes, 26 m., c # gal; Porto Rico, 20240c # gal; bolling, 50 * test, 171/2e # gal. We quote domestic, New Orleans, at 37/250e # gal.

OATS.—The receipts of oats for the week have been 30,050 bushels. The market for oats is higher and the demand at better. We quote:

Extra white at 34/2/251/2c; No 1 white, 26/238c; No 2 white at 341/2/251/2c; No 3 white at 331/2/2341/2c; mixed at 32/3/3/46.

POULTRY AND GAME.—Choice Turkeys cleaned up well before Thanksgiving, but poor stuff moved off slowly at low prices, and some has been carried over. The market opened on Friday with a dult tone, and it is difficult to give reliable quotations for future consignments. We quote nominally.

Northern turkeys, choice, 18/200 * \$\mathbb{B}\$ is common to good, 10/216; \$\mathbb{B}\$ is pring chickens, choice, 15/2...c \$\mathbb{B}\$ is for future consignments. We quote nominally.

Northern turkeys, choice, 18/200 * \$\mathbb{B}\$ is spring chickens, choice, 15/2...c \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is partifices, \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is spring chickens, choice, 15/2...c \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is partifices, \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is partifices, \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is good, 10/213; \$\mathbb{B}\$ is quall, \$\mathbb{B}\$ doz, \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is quall, \$\mathbb{B}\$ doz, \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ or \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ in \$\mathbb{B}\$ is \$\mathbb{B}\$ in SALTPETRE.—The sales are in jobbing lots at un-SALTE L. S. Changed prices.
SUGAR.—Raw sugars have been very quiet and prices are easier. We quote:
Cut loaf and cubes, 65/3c; powdered, 61/3c; grannlated, 61/3c; Fanuell A. 53/3c; Pembroke A. 55/3c; Cherokse A. 54/3c; Huron A. 55/3; Mohawk, ex C. 54/3; ex Cl. 54/3c; ex Cl. 54/3c; CS. 43/4c; CS. 46-9c.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Gunpowder, 20@46c # b; Imperial, 20@46c; Hyson, 14@35c; Young Hyson, 18@35c; Twankay, 10@25c; Hyson 8kin, 10@25c; Congou 18@55; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Japans, 16@38.

WOOL.—The receipts of domestic wool for the week have been 5382 bales, against 6710 bales for the corresponding week in 1883, 5782 bales in 1882, and 6323 bales in 1881. The imports of foreign have been 547 bales, against 776 bales in 1883, 455 bales in 1882, and 384 bales in 1881.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market was steady, but, 70.000 bales. Spots quiet; middling uplands, 10 7-16c. Receipts at the ports, 48,020 bales; past week, 282,919 bales; corresponding week last year, 221,757 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures showed less speculative strength, and the best prices of yesterday were not sustained; sales, 3,184,000 busn No 2 red at 811468 82; for December, 835,68414c for January, 866,8414c for January, 866,8414c for January, 866,8414c for January, 866,8414c for March, 90% for April, 923,602% for March, 90% for April, 923,602% for March, 90% for April, 923,602% for March, 90% for January, 869,60% for January, 869,60% for January, 87,60% for Januar

we reduce quotations for fair carsoes to 5%c. Options were quieter, sales, 19,280 bags; closing with huyers at 8.05c for December, 8.10c for January, 8.25c for February, and 8.30c for March. Sugars dull at yesterday's decline; fair to good refning, 413-163 415-16. Refined quiet; crushed, 611-16; standard "A," 511-16.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown or the week ending Friday, November 28, 1884: Western cattle, 996; Eastern cattle, 244; Northern, 37. Total, 1671. Western sheep and lambs, 4620: Eastern sheep and mbs, 540; Northern sheep and lambs, 3601. Total, 761.

5761. Swine, 26,189. Veals, 296. Horses, 251. Prices of beef cattle per hundred bounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$4.00 to \$9.25. PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

A MIDWINTER BATTLE

How Thomas Stormed the Intrenchments at Nashville.

Why the Rebel Commander's Lines Were Broken and Flight Followed.

An Entrenched Line of Battle Nearly Two Miles in Length.

From a clear and very entertaining account of Hood's Nashville campaign, by Captain J. W. A. Wright, in the current number of the Philadelphia Weekly Times, the following battle-pictures are taken:

In preparing the best defensive works for the conflict of December 16, which was the most general action, and by far the bloodiest battle at Nashville, our men along the slope at Overton hill —who had been made experts in ditching by the Atlanta campaign—found it impossible, in the short interval from midnight till the morning's attack was to be expected, to construct earthworks of any value. A foot or two below the surface they struck the lime rock, and they found it impossible to displace enough soil for their purpose, so our brigade was compelled that night to make the safest breastworks we could of trees we cut near the lines. As it was, our men made very good woodworks with head logs; but these were a

Poor protection, except against minie-balls. On the day of that bloody and memorable battle our division - Clayton's - formed the right of Hood's line, Stevenson's division connected with our left, and next to the left was Johnson's division. The respective brigades of our division were posted as follows: Stovall's from Georgia on the right, extending east and southward-in a curve to protect our flank-toward the railroad cut already mentioned. Next to the left and westward came Hottzclaw's Alabama brigade, to which my regiment belonged, its left resting on the Franklin pike. Immediately to our left was Gibson's brigade from Louisiana, with its right on Franklin pike. Pettus' brigade of Alabamians supported Gibson's left. Gibson's men were behind a light stone wall, strengthened by such material as they could secure. Stovall's and Pettus' brigades, Fenner's battery and the rest of Hood's forces had such breastworks as they could hur riedly make with a limited supply of tools in eight

After day dawned we could see Our Entrenched Line of Battle

with an unobstructed view-unusual in our experience-stretching, in nearly a straight line, slightly south of west from our position for nearly two miles on the Granny White pike. This line was almost at right angles to the Franklin pike, which runs there slightly west of north. The brigades and batteries of our division defended Overton hill, which is just to the right of Franklin pike as you enter Nashville, and which was considered the key to Hood's position. Our hastily constructed line of works extended across the northern slope of Overton Hill, The left of Stovall's brigade was along the northeastern slope and the right of Holtzclaw's along the north and northwestern slopes of that

In a slight interval between these brigades was Fenner's battery, with four guns on the line of battle, Captain Fenner himself being in command that day of Eldridge's battalion of artillery, which was supported by Clayton's infantry. The Eutaula Light Artillery—four pieces—was just in rear of the apex of the hill. These two batteries, or eight guns in all, were the only artillery immediately employed in the bloody work of defending Overton hill. They rendered signal service—the Eufaula battery, as General Clayton informed me, being moved by hand to right and left as required in the hottest of the fight.

The regiment to which I belonged, the Thirty-sixth Alabama Infantry, formed the left of Holtzciaw's brigade, its left resting on Franklin pike. Captain Nathan B. Carpenter, of Company B, was in command of our regiment at that time and had charge of its right wing, while the writer, as second in command, had charge of its left, our three field officers being then wounded or in prison. Our post was very favorable for observation in line of battle on the commanding slope near Franklin pike. pike. Our regiment had not quite finished its abattıs

Thrown Together Hastily and Roughly from the limbs and tree tops cut from our logs at ing the Federal batteries began a terrific shelling of our works. This was continued until nearly noon. Then came several charges en masse, the chief object of which seemed to be to gain posttions near our line, preparatory to the final assault which followed. For when within two or three hundred yards of us they lay down, holding and waving aloft their regimental colors for some time in the midst of irregular musketry

and some artillery firing on both sides. to this work had taken their positions. They

to this work had taken their positions. They then made their bext advance, being met by some desultory firing, such as that mentioned above. Again they paused and lay down for a time. Then suddenly, with a shout along their line, came their heavy charge—the heaviest charge of infantry concentrated on any one point that I witnessed during the war—with the results told very candidly in the Federal official reports.

Our men were lining their works in closer ranks than I ever saw them in any previous or later battle. They had their usual forty rounds of ammunition, and their Enfield rifes were in fine condition. Most of them, in obedience to orders, had remained quiet, and were watching anxiously over and under the head-logs for the beginning of the heavy charge which they knew was imminent. At last, soon after 3 p. m.,

The Cry Arose Along the Line, Here they come!" Sure enough, they were coming in splendid style, in heavy and successive lines, with colored troops in front—one brigade—followed by several brigades of white troops.

assaulting lines were near enough for their aim to do good execution. They obeyed, and when the front line was within some sixty yards of our works the order was given on our part of the line: "Now, boys, give it to them! Aim low! Fire:"
And they did fire. They loaded and fired just as
fast as they could, and in about a half an hour
their cartridge-boxes were emptied, though soon
replenished from our ordnance stores in the rear.
The Federal lines were driven back with fearful
slaughter, nor did they charge our division front The Federal lines were driven back with fearful slaughter, nor did they charge our division front again, merely advancing to occupy the works we had left when we had fallen back under orders.

After their disastrous repulse we had no opportunity to fully investigate the effects of our tire, as strict orders were passed along the line not to cross our works in bursuit of the flying foe, and afterwards, between 4 and 5 p. m., we received orders to fall back on account of the breaking of Hood's line, more than a mile to our left. Most reluctantly did we withdraw from a position where Hood's right wing had with signal success repeiled every attack throughout the day, and for the next twenty-tour hours Holtzclaw's brigade, with other parts of Clavton's division, became the rear guard of Hood's shattered army.

Alusion has already been made to the unusual distinctness with which from our hillside we could see more than a mile of Hood's line to our right. Beyond that the view was cut off by a thick skirt of woods, through which his line of battle passed. No member of our victorious brigades who witnessed that terrible rout can ever forget the surprise and chagrin with which we saw men and riderless horses rushing in wild confusion from that woods toward the Franklin pike in our rear, closely pursued by the "boys in blue," amid the smoke and carnage of battle, and then

Regiment After Regiment Falling Back in succession from their works to avoid being flanked, until it became necessary to withdraw the whole of Hood's right wing in haste to prevent our retreat from being cut off by a movement from our left and rear. Soon, over the plains in full view, there was a scene of confusion that baffles

The horses of battery after battery-where the horses had not been killed or disabled-were rushed to the front at full speed and hitched to their guns to hurry them off and avoid capture. Toward our left many were too late to save their batteries. In a short time the rout and disorganization were complete. One of those strange fancies to which armies are sometimes subject had seized the most of Hood's men—veterans, as most of them were. General Holtzelaw had reason to be proud of his brigade and General Clayton of his division for their defence of Overton Hill and their conduct as Hood's rear guard in that most trying emergency. Clayton's command performed here a service for Hood's army such as Thomas had for Rosecrans at Chiekamaugasaved it from total destruction.

How so fatal a breach was made in any part of Hood's life, after every other assault that day had been so completely repulsed, was a mystery and a stunning surprise to the rest of his army who had held their portion of the works. All we could then learn was that part of the division of General Bate (now Governor Bate of Tennessee) had been driven from their intrenchments, and it was asserted that they had not made proper efforts to noid them. As these same troops were charged with failure of duty not long before at Many section.

rades in arms, deep and loud were the curses upon them for bringing this greatest of disasters upon our Southern arms, and that in sight of their bonnes.

upon our Southern arms, and that in sight of their homes.

It was conceded even then that General Bate was an able and gallaut commander, but a deep regret was expressed that part of his command had not acted with a valor worthy of him. It has since been explained that by some error in alignment one of his brigades had a difficult point to hold. In the darkness of the previous night they had occupied a mound, at the base of which it was easy for the Union forces to mass themselves near our works for attack under cover of a heavy artillery fire.

General Thomas took advantage of this, and between 3 and 4 p. m., under a concentrated fire of many field pieces, he pushed forward a division of infantry to the base of this mound, where they were well protected. By a sudden and gallant charge these men scaled the mound and carried the intrenchments that crowned it, Bate's men not venturing to show their heads above their works on account of the storm of shot and shell that swept them incessantly until the assault was consummated. This one breach was so promptly followed up by Thomas' overwhelming numbers that Hood's army was crushed and all chances of his success in Tennessee finally destroyed.

The Confederates lost comparatively few in killed and wounded, but many prisoners, including General Edward Johnson—Sherman says over 4000—and fifty cannon, in addition to those left in the unfinished redoubts on the previous day.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Entertaining Examples, Showing the Desirability of Keeping an Unlimited Stock on Hand for Great Emergencies.

[Bill Nye.]
Presence of mind is a very rare quality indeed. How few of those we meet, though apparently cool and perfectly self-possessed, know just what to do in an emergency. It is a good thing to have an active mind well stored with useful knowledge, but sometimes it is better to have a less expansive style of mind, and have it calm and unruffled at a moment when it is needed.

A friend of mine once put a large red poker chip in the church plate by mistake. Few people would have known what to do; but he just went to the pastor after the services were over and said he had the money with which to redeem that chip. He told the minister that the chip was worth \$5 up town, and he would cash it at that price. The preacher took the \$5, and said he always knew that these little souvenirs came high, but he didn't know they were so expensive as that.

Another friend of mine, who had no presence of mind whatever, went to a picnic and by mistake sat down on a baby that was asleep under a shaw sat down on a baby that was asleep under a shawl in the snade of an umbrageous tree, breaking its nose—the child's nose, I mean. He was a candidate for the Legislature and did not wish to offend the mother or lose the vote of the father, so he tried to turn the thing off as a joke by saying he didn't nose it was there.

He was terribly snowed under at the polls, and he deserved it, too.

I am rather cool in a great emergency. Some years ago there was a shooting affray in front of my office which terminated fatally, and no doubt it would have been still more so if it had not been for my cool self-possession and undaunted courage.

age.
The city editor, Mr. Barrow, was just reading

me a column puff in type of a new bank, and I was carefully revising his grammar, with a large mallet and chisel, when we heard a shot in front of the

office.

I said, "Barrow, that's a shot." He said he guessed not, and went on reading the puff.

Pretty soon some one said "Bang!!" again.

He said it in a loud tone of voice and about 44-calibre. Then everybody jumped for the stairs, printers and all. I saw that I could not get down the stairs in time to get shot, so I rushed out on the balcony and found myself directly over the shootists. Windy Smith was underneath and had no weapon, while a gambler was on top, armed with a beautiful pear-handled, self-cocking Smith & Wesson barytone soloist, worth about \$23, including freight.

There was a crowd of perhaps 100 men stand-There was a crowd of perhaps 100 men standing around near by. Not too near, but just near enough. No one seemed to know what it was best to do. Every one saw at once that it wasn't right for those men to be shooting each other, and perhaps give needless pain, but no one seemed to have any presence of mind. That was the state of things when I came proudly forth upon the balcony. I saw what must be done. "Gentlemen." said I, in tones that rang out like a bugle-call, "take that man's gun away. Cau't you see that if you don't disarm the gambler he is going to kill some one?"

going to kill some one?
There was a slight pause, during which every There was a slight pause, during which every-body seemed to be perfectly willing that the gambler should be disarmed. Finally, seeing that each man seemed to be waiting for the other, I called to a tall, slim man who stood right under me and told him to take away the gambler's revolver; but he said "No"; he was only a stranger

revolver; but he said "No"; he was only astranger in town, and the gambler was a total stranger to him. He wasn't acquainted with any one, and he didn't want to seem officious.

But I didn't lose my self-control. I kept calling on different ones to disarm the gambler until finally Baswell, the sheriff, came along, and he did finally Baswell, the sherin, came along as I suggested.

Of course Smith died of his wounds, but remember the thousands of other lives in the town that were saved by this cool, brave act. And still I would do it right over again it the circumstances

a little rash. One dear friend who knows me best, and who is very closely related to me, by marriage, says that I am so rash that I would "rush in where angels fear to tread." I means anything personal by that,

SEALSKIN SACQUES.

The Process by Which These Delights of Fair Ladies' Eyes Are Made. [San Francisco Chronicle.]

Few of those wearing a sealskin sacque have any knowledge of the process by which the skins are prepared for use. Seen when first taken from the animal they little resemble the warm, glossy skins worn upon our streets, for until dyed and cured they are of a light brown hue, coarse and full of sand. Before becoming valuable they are shaved down on the fiesh side until not are snaved down on the less side until not thicker than paper, the long hairs are pulled out and the fur dyed. The cost of the article is due to the labor expended upon it. The raw skins are sold in London, where the finishing is done, and then shipped back to America, where they are sold with a heavy duty added. The killing season in Alaska begins about the 12th of June, and the 100,000 skins are usually ready for shipment a month later. The work of slaughtering the animal is done by natives who live upon the St. Paul and St. George Islands, and the process is an interesting one. When skins are wanted the natives go to the rockeries, station themselves along the shore between the seals and the water, and, at a given signal, spring to their feet and make as much noise as possible. The frightened victims, timid as deer, then stampede up the beach, and are driven like sheep a few miles in land, until their captors attack them with hickory clubs. Being knocked senseless, they are stabbed with long, sharp knives, and the skins are quickly stripped from the bodies. The work is oivided among the men—some knocking the seals down, others stabbing them, and still others taking off the skins. The native Indians number about 300, and under the terms of the lease are provided gratis by the company with warm houses. syty thicker than paper, the long hairs are pulled gratis by the company with warm houses, sixty tons of coal, a doctor and a schoolmaster, salmon and other necessities and comforts. For their each season, a sum more than sufficient to meet the limited needs of life in a region of almost perpetual fogs and utter isolatic

Novels to be Read Out-Doors

[Tangle-leaf Papers in December Outing.]
Reading a book out-doors one can find out how
its pages will accord with certain phases of nature, so to speak. Ten to one what had seemed quite perfect, read in the atmosphere of the library, will fall off to a mere skeleton in the open air. I have found that, strange as it may seem, the poems of Burns lose something by out-door reading, whilst certain passages of Tennyson, Browning and Emerson reach out and gather an increment of freshess from pastoral surroundings. The humorists, as a rule, require to be read within the limitations of four walls. A novel that will bear the sunlight and the winds and the burd-sener survey. quite perfect, read in the atmosphere of the of four walls. A novel that will bear the similght and the winds and the bird-songs may be set down as a thoroughly good one. Short, crisp stories, not too tragle, having strong local color and bright conversations stand this test very well. Our magazines fall into the error of printing, during the out-door season, light society stories of city life; these fade into colorless and tasteless films when read on the beach, or in the open country.

Th' Approaching Transformation

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.] Soon winter will fasten his leicle fangs in the blood from the dying sunsets. Athwart the sky, gray bars of mist will stretch, imprisoning the earth and bidding defiance to the warmth that seeks to reach her frozen boson. The quait will lurk beneath the deaa and matted jimpson in the far-off corners of the stake-and-nder fence. Bare branches will pencil on the dead air a tail of forest woe and woodland misery. The ground will be covered, white and pure; pure and white-so pure, and white, and cold, and stiff, and heartless, and unfeeling, that we shall know we were born in sin; impure, imperfect! But, oh! give us back the green of our hearts, the warmth even of our faults, for we are but human! And in this white time that comes apace, the man who lost his overcoat on an election bet will call himself an idiot. blood from the dying sunsets. Athwart the sky,

DOLLS OF MANY KINDS.

Countless Models from Which They Are Made.

The Strange Secret of a Beautiful Child's Mysterious Disappearance.

Whole Families Engaged in Manufacturing Pretty Toys.

[Harper's Bazar.] Millions of china, wax and other dolls are sold in this country, yet none are manufactured here. From Germany, England and France, where labor is cheap, the supply emanates, and the men who control the market are so few in number that they can manipulate doll famines and corners in any quarter of the globe, and enrich their pockets accordingly.

The most surprising fact about dolls is that their facial features are made to vary equally with those of the human. While it is true that whole sets of dolls have features intended to be exactly alike, yet the number of differential sets is so vast onceivable that the variation is nearly equal to that of the human race. When it is renbered that one girl wears out an average of fifty dolls, and that 70,000,000 girls are using an average of five dolis annually, the matter seems

easier of comprehension. Facial features are produced and reproduced in dolls by means of models. Those who prepare the models are active in securing sketches of pretty faces. They acquire the ability to portray the features of any face attracting attention. Any one who has passed through a great toy establishment must have marvelled at the long rows of faces of exquisite beauty. To the close observer it is apparent that the modellers have faithfully reproduced in clay the features of the successive generations of children. If there were in existence a museum containing one of each type of features manufactured every year, it would comprise a faithful panorama of humanity as it appeared in infancy year after year. It is the duty of the modeller of dolls to examine consecutive generations of the human family in different countries in order that the styles in faces may keep pace with the changes of

we have here the fact and its explanation that There Are Fashions in Dolls

as well as in dress. An incident is related showing that the road of the modeller is not always of easy travel. One day a celebrated modeller discovered a child with a countenance more beautiful than any he had ever beheld. He spoke kindly to t, and loaded it with sweetmeats and caresses. Then, in a moment of temptation which he could not resist, he bore it away to his studio where he delineated every feature of its face, and saw so many suggestions for other exquisite models by means of slight modifications that he secretly kept it. The dolls modelled therefrom were sent all over the world, and increased his wealth and position far above manufacturers of his kind. When he was done with the child he took its life, fearing the consequences of abduction. Meanwhile the stricken parents had not been idle. Alarm was sounded through the country, and failing in this way to secure the child detectives were set at work. One day a German detective crossed over into Paris and went into a great toy shop where beautiful children were employed as pages. He did not find the child, but on the shelves he saw its image stamped with variations on a thousand dolls. The secret was found out at last.

Nine-tenths of all the dolls produced are manufactured in the province of Thuringia in Germany. This comprises but thirty-five square miles, and belongs to the Duke of Saxe-Coburz. The central market is Sonneberg, a city of some 12,000 inhabitants. The population of Thuringia is about 50,000, or 1500 people to the square mile. Every one here is a doll laborer, engaged quisite models by means of slight modifi-

In Making a Wig, an Eye, a Leg, an arm, a dress, some part of doll furniture, or at work in the ovens and clay, or elsewhere. The children work until they are sent to school, under ompulsion, where they remain to the age of 14. Then the girls return to their work for life, and the boys go to the army for a period of years, after which they return for life, unless called out by war. These wretched people have been trained to this drudgery so long that it has become a matter of instinct with them. They are fitted for no other work, and, if they were, have no money by which to gct away. If they went away, there are few doll manufactories elsewhere. So it happens that whole families, from the grandsire to grandchild, labor from generation to generation, and from morning to night. Each family has a little patch of land, where a few potatoes are cullivated. If a mishap befails the potatoes it brings more misery

and woe to them.

If these families have bacon and potatoes once If these families have bacon and potatoes once a week during the year they regard it as a season of prosperity. Yet in spite of this poverty they are seldom without their beer. They can go without food and clothes, but never without beer. Every day people may be seen entering Sonneberg with large baskets upon their heads bearing the product of several days' or berhaps a week's industry. For this they receive a dollar, or fifty cents more, which is greedly but scantily divided for absolute necessities.

The manufacturers of Paris produce the finest wax dolls.

o make these toys. Each workman has models at home, and buys materials for manufacture. The skeleton is constructed out of lime and plaster of Paris, and the eyes, nose, mouth and ears cut with a knife. The figure being ready is dipped in hot wax and dried. It then goes to the painter for features, then to the hair-dresser for a wig, and finally to the work girls to be dressed. The money value of the doll depends upon its coating of wax; the thinly-coated ones usually crack in cold weather. The wax formerly was produced through the agency of the bee, but a substitute is beginning to be found in ozoccrite, or wax made from the residue of petroleum. China doils are more exclusively the product of the factory. After being modelled by hand, they are baked in a great oven for a week. During this time the utmost care and watchfulness are required. The tenders are never permitted to sleep. A draught of air will produce disastrous results. A single oven contains 5000 doils, and thirty ovens are often full at once in one factory. At the end of the week the dolls come out in all conditions. About one in five is perfect. After baking the dolls are painted and glazed. The imperfect ones are separated by themselves and sold to "fairs" and "Cheap-John" concerns, which dispose of them to people who infest such places. One German factory has been running about 130 years, and has produced 1,000,000,000 doils. Some of the manufacturers are enormously rich. All attempts at manufacturing doils in this country have failed owing to the cheap labor abroad. Congress, however, levies 35 per cent duty on these toys produced through the agency of the bee, but a aned owing to the cheap labor abroad. Congress, owever, levies 35 per cent. duty on these toys which make women of our girls), in expectation I future manufacture here.

The dolls form a minature world of inanimate somen, since the young ladies who play with doils

Prefer Young Lady Dolls.

It is difficult to comprehend that they require every article in use by the human being except food and drink. The styles of doll outfits change with the fashions in dolls. The "chignon" and waterfall," the high back hair and the Langtry bang, with others of their kind, passed away suc cessively within a few years. All stylish dolls to day have hair a la Rembrandt. Their furniture. dresses and other articles of wear and tear are patterned after the fashions of the animate world. The dolls themselves have undergone a marvellous evolution. They can walk, kneel down, sit down, stand up or be placed in any attitude. Not satisfied with this, the inventor has provided them with interior apparatus to play musical airs. They automatically say "papa" and "mamma." In a word, the modern doll has been favored by in-

They automatically say "papa" and "mamma." In a word, the modern doil has been favored by invention, as plants and animals are by selection, and threatens to talk to us automatically, and become human without humanity, and living without life.

It cannot be said that the modern progress of the doil toward artificial being has an elevating tendency on the young. The primeval object of the doil among the Greeks and Romans—an object persistent through all later history—was early to impart to the mind of the young girl the duties of materialty. The girl with her doil was a mother in embryo, as it were, learning maternal duty and love toward offspring. The doil of today is either a source of amusement or hordinate vanity. Even if endowed with an interior phonograph, and thus enabled to reproduce the human voice in any amount of speech, it must become a mere toy, stripped of its moral teaching.

Children prefer bloude doils, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, and the manufacturers eater to the tastes of their little patrons. They have full, smiling faces, red lips, blue eyes with bushy lashes, and the finest of yellow silk hair, cut in a straight, full bang over the forehead, and failing in soft, curling waves over their fair stoulders. The heads are mostly separate from the bodies, and are of tinted wax, bisque, a sort of china, or indestructible. They cost from twenty-five cents complete to \$18.

The singling doll is a great curlosity. It is a large cloth body, with model wax head. The heads come separately, so that any style of head can be chosen. When pressed it sweetly sings, in a mechanical voice, "Empty is the cradie, baby's

ne." It is one of the novelties of the season the little ones, and only costs from \$2.50 to

for the little ones, and only costs from \$2.55 to.

The wardrobes for these wooden and waxen people are quite curious. They are made as elaborately as they would be for a Jefferson avenue belie. There is a dressing-case, with doll's soaphrush, comb, towel and rack, and mirror and hand-glass. There are Saratoga trunks, with travelling dresses, home costumes, silk stockings, shoes and slippers, doll gossamers, dressing sacques, etc. A new feature this season is a doll's corset. These are made in white, pink or blue, and sold separately. There are very handsome doll carriages, with Afghan and embroidered pillows. The expression of the face is studied more and a doil has quite an intelligent countenance. There are a few of the lady dolls left, but the children carriages, with Aighan and a The expression of the face is studied more and a doil has quite an intelligent countenance. There are a few of the lady dolls left, but the children prefer the joyous young faces. It is a rare thing to see a brunette doil, but in the old stock on the shelves a few dark haired dolls remain. The German dolls wear little tight skull caps over their profuse blende hair. It is the only article of dress they have when they come to this country.

SLAVE SELLING IN TANGIER.

Traffic in Human Beings Carried on Openly in the African City-A Pretty Slave Cirl's Fate.

[Leeds Mercury.] Sunday, I learned, was the day on which these human chattels were generally disposed of; so on the first Sunday after my arrival in Tangler I went for a walk, and presently found myself in the crowded little market. Just ahead of my conductor was a tall, turbaned Arab, with fine face and a long gray beard, whom I recognized as one of the auctioneers who patrol the High street of Tangier carrying pieces of calico, horse trappings, knives, or other articles on their arms, and crying the price at which they are offered to the public. He was moving stolldly along through the crowd of market people, who were all too busy to spare so much as a giance at nim. My guide pointed to him. "Volla!" he cried. "But where is the slave?" I demanded. "Voila, monsieur, volta!" he repeated, pointing again to the auctioneer, and then I saw walking wearily behind him, pausing when he paused, mov behind him, pausing when he paused, moving on when he advanced, looking with eyes of pathetic anathy upon the busy throng around her, a girl, a child of 14 years or thereabouts, with uncovered face, clad in a single scanty garment of white cotton. She was black, but not uncomely, and she had evidently been carefully prepared in the bath for the ordeal of the morning. There she stood, alone in the crowd, friendless, dejected, travel-worn, hardly to be distinguished in outward appearance from the other girls around her, and yet deprived of the first of all the rights which our human nature claims for itself—a slave without even the commonest of the privileges of humanity. The first of all the rights which our human nature claims for itself—a slave without even the commonest of the privileges of humanity. The little girllooked up with a dull curiosity visible on her features when she observed my European dress. Then she looked away with the same sad face of hopeless defection. I asked her price. "\$35." (£7.) was the answer. Seven pounds as the price for this little bit of humanity! She had been brought from Soudan. The auctioneer told me she had been captured there by a slave dealer, who carried her to Mogador and passed her on to another dealer, by whom she had been taken to Tangler. She was a pagan, absolutely ignorant, but she was heatiny, she was active, she was good-looking, she was—but no, my pen refuses to chronicle the list of various qualities as they were gilbly enumerated by the salesman. He might have been talking of a horse or a sheep; nay, he would hardly have talked so coarsely of either of those animals as he did of this fellow-creature of mine. Presently he turned away disappointed, finding that no bid was forthcoming from me. I followed him at a little distance along the narrow, winding street. The girl was ever treading closely in his tootsteps. Suddenly a women beckoned him to a door. He entered it, still followed vy the girl, and when, a few minutes afterward, he emerged, he was alone. Through my conductor I learned that he had sold the girl to the woman of the house for £8. LIFE IN RIO.

Queer Pictures in Muddy Streets-Beauty Borne On the Black Man's Back.

(Letter in Pittsburg Chronicle.)
It never rains in Rio but it pours; and when it ours it makes the street crossings at the foot of the hills impassable to polished shoes and boots. But the bane of one is the benefit of another. The big negro who has been out of work for a fortnight now finds a fortnight's work compressed into a few hours, in carrying gentlemen and ladies from one island to another of the municipal

The plaster of Paris! image-maker of Rio will not sell his simulacra of Christ and the saintsnot he; for that would be a gross sacrilege; but he will swap them for as much sinful lucre as may

not he; for that would be a gross sacrilege; but he will swap them for as much sinful lore as may be agreed upon between the party of the first part and the party of the second part.

The Italian pedlers of Rio, like the jacks of a euchre deck, go in pairs. In this way, in traversing a street, each gets the benefit of the other's din, by hanmering on a pan if he be a tinker, or by clapping two sticks together if he be a dealer in dry goods and notions, or by shouting if he be a vender of glass, or the like. And when the right bower cannot be played and a wash-bolier disposed of advantageously, haply the left will be able to sell a spool of cotton and take the trick.

The most extraordinary of the street performers of Rio is a hideously ugly old nearo, with his head and feet bare, his legs mensed in a pair of white ootton drawers and his hody in a tightly fitting and closely buttoned Prince Albert broadcloth coat, which, with a little cleaning and tunigating, a gentleman might wear without remark in the street. In his ugliness, the most noteworthy factors are a sinistral wall eye, horizontally pleated or corrugated gums, snaggle teeth, and a thickening of the integument about the anxles very like elephantiasis. His musical instruments are an oblong wooden box, over which are strung four brass wires, and a flute without finger-holes. When he sings—or rather when he grunts in rhythm, he accompanies hinself by strumming on the former, and follows every succession of a score or so of grunts with a shuffle of his elephantastic—I mean his elephantiasic feet; and when he plays on the flute he puts the lateral mouth-hole to his left nostril and blows his nose through it, and modifies the nasal snort that escapes with his right hand at the distal end of the instrument, the while he snaps with its corrugated hips like a toothless dog afflicted with rables and rolls his left eye around like an egg-shell in a little eddy of ink.

Wonders of the Alaska Claciers.

[Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.]
It was nearly sunset when we began to near the Muir glacier, and the day was nearly ended when the cliff was reached and we had anchored near had gathered about the islands passed during the day and half hid from sight the lower ranges and the trackless forests, but the Cairweather peaks were visible still and dowed with a ghostly light in the isolated height glowed with a ghostly light in the isolated height like banks of phosphorus nung above the trees. Around us floated ley fragments, grinding against each other, or floating, solitary and majestle, down the watery way. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and beautiful, and sileucing all with admiration. No other wonder of nature equals this glacier of untold age, as it moves silently yet irresistibly down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it comes, the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined and together they would not equal this of Glacier bay. Set it crawling over the valleys guarded by Mont Blanc, and it would crush the country beneath its weight and leave a wilderness benind. And yet in Alaska, long and broad and wild, it is a mere fissure—a single stream among the many.

One Romance That Turns Out Well.

[Galveston News.]
The papers make a romance of a marriage at Abilene a short time ago. Mr. C. W. Holt emisted n a Confederate regiment during the war and was The girl he was engaged to wrote to him constantly, sending the letters to his old home in Eliz stantly, sending the letters to his old home in Elizabethtown, Ky., and the family forwarding them to the front. As Holt had not been heard from for a long time, several letters accumulated, and Mrs. Holt opened one to get the name of the writer. She then sent the entire batch back without explaining the reason. The young lady thought, by this that Holt bad gone back on her, and she accepted other company. She subsequently moved to Texas from Econeville, Ky., and was married. While travelling in Texas a short time ago Holt learned that his old flame was a widow. He opened a correspondence with her, and the renewal of the correspondence resulted in a marriage on the 1st instant.

Freedom Cained by an Ear of Corn.

Pittsburg Dispatch.7
It has always been thought that ears of corn an odd number of rows would be an impossibility. In stavery times this question was discussed, and a negro in Kentucky claimed that he had seen ears of that kind. His master told him ears of that kind. His master told him he would give him his—the negro's —freedom for an ear with an odd number of rows. This was in the early spring, but in the fall, during the corn gathering time, the negro came with a sound ear of corn with thirteen rows. He got his free papers. A long time afterward the old negro said that in roasting ear time he took a sharp knife, cut out the one row of grains, bound the ear together, and knew just where to find it when gathering time came.

From Durance Vile Set Free.

(Asheville Exlavigator.)
A man of our acquaintance—in fact he was a cousin of Colonel McKinney-drank so much chalybeate water for his health that once, when in jail for stealing a cow, he opened a vein in his make a crowbar, with which he broke his way out

A PARISIAN SPECTACLE.

The Way Theatrical Shows are Given in the Gay Capital.

Marvellous Eggs Which are Made the Cause of Wonderful Transformations.

Beautiful and Mystic Changes, That Almost Surpass Credibility.

[Paris Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.] The Theatre du Chatelet is the home of French spectacular drama. It is altogether the largest theatre in Paris, seating between 3000 and 3500 persons. Although the piece (the "Poule aux Oeufs d'Or") had been running for several weeks, the great theatre was packed from top to bottom The first scene or two were tame, introducing four or five jolly peasant boys to the audience Then came a scene representing a monster black hen setting in a basket, with other baskets of eggs around her. The peasant youths found the eggs and began experimenting. One threw an egg to the floor, and suddenly his entire suit of clothes was gone and he was gloriously arrayed as a prince. At the same instant a band of singing fairles appeared to escort him from the stage Another tried his luck. The transformation was equally complete, and a train of Indian coolies appeared with a gorgeous sedan chair, in which he was borne away. A third was no less successful and rode from the stage on an elephant's back amidst an oriental pageant.

Each egg was loaded with a mild torpedo, so that its destruction was attended by a slight explosion. By careful watching I was able to discover that the peasant clothes were removed and pulled down through the floor, even long stockings being thus removed; but it was all accomplished in about the time consumed by an ordinary wink, and the old hen got off from her nest. stretching herself and then marched off from the stage, followed by a long procession of chicks (very small boys), just emerg-ing from gilded eggs. The barn-yard scenery now folded itself out of sight, displaying the full stage magnificently set as a court scene, with peacock throne and all the gor-geous paraphernalia of Indian royalty.

All the lights in the auditorium were turned off, and the whole stage was made intolerably brilliant by means of electric lights. The Prince and Princess took their seats, magnificently robed and escorted by an immense retinue of royal ladies and noblemen in full dress. But the clumax of the scene was the entrance of a long procession of animals, which were successively duced in song by the leaders. There were cho-

In Which Att These Animals Joined, at the same time dancing in their various places. There were white polar bears, crocodiles, kanga roos, long-tailed blackbirds, tigers, lions, dears, whales, sharks, swans, doves, large fish, frogs, lizards, etc., ad infinitum. The movement of the various jaws beaks, snouts and probosces in the choral parts was excruciatingly funny.

At length the curtain fell, to rise a moment later showing a palatial apartment. One of the transformed peasants entered and seated himself on No. 2 entered, called for a seat as he threw down an egg, and the sofa slipped out from No. 1 to glide over behind him. No. 1 then threw down an egg, and the sofa divided, half remaining where it was and half coming to him. No. 3 entered, threw down an egg, and then seated himself on the two halves of the sofa, which had at once gravitated to the middle and united behind him. Then arose an absurd emulation and controversy among the three, simply an excuse to introduce some marvellons scenic changes. One threw down an egg and a dozen sections of the room walls revolved instantaneously, completely changing the appearance of things. Another was dissatisfied, lossed down his egg, and an equally radical change took place. The third wanted something still different, and accomplished a similarly remarkable change. In quick succession boudors, illuminated palaces, woodland scenes, and elegant salons followed, althus gratuary the perfection to which stands are marked by the stands of the control of the co No. 2 entered, called for a seat as he threw down

In quick succession boudofrs, illuminated palaces, woodland scenes, and elegant salons followed, illustrating the perfection to which stage machinery may be carried.

Finally each appeared to be satisfied, and then in came the princess, having cluded her old fogy companion. More egg-breaking followed by way of competition for the fair one's hand, and more strange things occurred, of which I cannot remember the half now. Once a mass of goiden balls entered by one door, wandered across the stage and passed out at another door, escaping from the sates, who had at once pursued it. Then eriment, and instantly all her finery van-shed. She was now merely a chambermaid, with duster at her waist, and the aforesaid old lady's a duster at her waist, and the aforesaid oid lady's life partner scarcely recognized her when he appeared on the scene.

The act closed with a grand transformation, again showing an illimitable stage, set with trople glories of architecture and vegetation. In the extreme background was a grand double staircase, down which there presently came

A Rush of Green and Red Tights and costumes of every imaginable variety. Faster and faster came the double procession, until the stage were fairly flying. There were 200 of these, who were followed by 100 of the tiniest children

in uniforms of the same colors, half boys and half girls, and then fifty danseuses. The curtain fell to the burning of red lights, the booming of cannon and the discharge of pyro-

The second act introduced a peasant girl, who came in where a basket of these wonderful eggs had been left. She tried one of them, and a lovely white shoe floated down to her. Another and the white shoe floated down to her. Another and the shoe had replaced the old one on her foot, while a white silk stocking was where a soiled brown one had been. A third egg, after a song or two, and the remaining limb was similarly equipped. Of course these changes must have been effected through the floor some how, but her feet were visible all the time, and it was done in a twinkling. Another folding of scenes out of sight and the full stage appeared.

Myriads of tiny children came out equipped with miniature saws, wheelbarrows, planes, hods,

Myriads of tiny children came out equipped with miniature saws, wheelbarrows, planes, hods, hatchets and boards upon their shoulders. A palace began to come up out of the filor at the rear of the stage, with scaffolding in front of it. As it slowly ascended the workmen mounted various parts of the scaffolding and ascended with it. The echoes of the hammer and saw were heard, while horses with drays of material were led up to the building that was in process of construction. It was an animated scene.

At length the pile had reacted the top of the stage loft, and the scaffolding dropped away from it through the floor. The basement under that stage must have been forty or lifty feet deep.

Then all the children rose, their dayls/work done, gathered up the implements/ofotheir industry, and were gone. Each one/ had the special things which he was to carry off, so that in a moment, as it were, the crowded stage was cleared off—everything except a single enormous (stuffed) beam. The smallest child of all returned presently and carried off that beam amid great appliause and good-natured laughter.

Night came on, Presently sparks from the balace, accompanied by smoke, and then by flames. Two little boys came walking along, saw the fire, threw up their hands, and rushed away for help. In a moment

A Minature Fire Brigade Appeared with hand engines, hose carts, ladders, trumpets etc. The youngsters wore helmets and uniforms, and went to work in earnest. A little later the militia arrived to guard the property and make arrests, as they did in one or two cases where Then come two real fire engines, drawn by horses, vastness of the stage was apparent from the diminutive appearance of the engines by contrast The twinkling of the lanterns, the leaping of the flames, and the throbbing of the engines, which were really "fired up," all tended to make the

meanwhile chair glides up to second story. Princess resumes her love-making with No. 2, without noticing the difference for a moment, and No. 3 tries to find some one upon whom to bestow the handkerchief. Surprises all around.

Chair Jumps Up to Third Story when the interested parties are looking away from each other, and more surprises follow. No. 1 is about to bestow his first kiss, when Princess dis appears, etc., etc.

Then there was another full stage flooded with electrical illumination. The scenery represented the porticos of a palace constructed entirely of musical instruments. The great staircase consisted of piano key-boards. In came the instruments-huge drums, from which the wearers head protruded, bass viols, immense silver horns

ments—huge drums, from which the wearers' head protruded, bass viols, immense silver horns, with the face looking out of a window, slender flutes, guitars, cymbals, bag-pipes, accordions, hand-organs, etc. Flity boys with tiny drums came running in and seated themselves on the key-board steps. The fifty girls with bright metal saucers around their waists, representative of table bells. Then fifty more girls with dresses like church bells and clappers on their shoulders. Then fifty more with tambourine hats and dress ornaments. Then an immense animated harp, the supports of which were two fair maidens, whose dresses were formed by the gitt scroll-work of the work—and so ou.

There were melodious little snatches of orchestral and vocal music attending the advent of each class of instruments, and finally a grand pandemonium of singing, dancing, bell ringing, tambourine rapping, etc., as the curtain went down.

The final apotheosis was preceded by an exercise extended at once to give an idea of the uses to which a stage floor may be put and to give time for the preparation of the last tableau. Elves and satyrs in green tights appeared and disappeared in every possible way. There seemed to be not one inch of floor that was not made to swallow a performer or pop one high in the air. The performers dived out of sight, rolled out of sight, doubled up and went hips foremost through circular openings scarcety a foot in diameter, and even somersaulted out of sight. Then they practised on the walls. They fastened themselves in some mysterious way, and revolved clear around the room close to the ceiling, without visible attachment to the wall. They gilded up the walls feet foremost (sure death in case of accident), and then the panel would revolve, taking them out of sight. There were adjustable panels everywhere, some revolving from right to left, some from left to right some up, some down, and some diagnally. The performers would disappear sometimes in a sea of flame. Then, by means of invisible wires, the clves would lea

opening rosebuds, parting clouds, gliding cars and whistling windmills, all animated by smiling face or posing children, with lountains innumerable.

FROLICS OF A FATHER.

Solid Comfort Taken by a Young Married Man While Inducing to Slumber His First Born Son and Heir. [Chicago Tribune.]
Baving settled themselves at a table in Tom's

eack room the young man proceeded:

"I just had a rich time until that boy of mine was three weeks old. Then the nurse left and my wife said I could just as well help her as not, and I was only too tickled to be able to do something to make myself useful. We had no crib for th youngster then and he slept with us, between his mother and me. I was cautioned not to roll on him in the night, and I tried hard to keep still, but I hann't been asleep more'n a minute when my wife dug me in the ribs and yelled, 'Get up! you're lying on Adolphus.' I got up, moved over into my place, and tried to sleep, but 1 got on the baby again, and finally wrapped myself in a blanket and spent the rest of the night on the floor. The next day 1 got a crib. Then my real trouble began. The boy would be fed and put into the crib, and I'd turn in. My pleasant dreams would flee as the plaintive yell of that youth cut the air and struck me with the energy of a steam hammer. Alded by a gentie push from my better haif, I'd climb out, pick up the boy, and, clad in the clinging folds of a night-shirt and pair of slippers, I'd sit me down to woo the gentle god of slimber on my son's account. This attempt at wooling the gentle god is the direct cause of the ruin you see before you. Just the minute I picked the baby from his bunk he'd stop yelling and look at me in wide-eyed surprise and seem to say: 'Where in thunder did you drop from?' Then, as I sat down and tried to get him comfortably balanced on one of my knees, he'd begin clawing the air and grunting contentedly. About this time a set my foot in motion, trot! trot! and accompanied it with a seductive 'sh-h-h-h, th-ere-e-e' that I haved would soon bull bin to sheep. But pary tive yell of that youth cut the air and struck motion, trot! trot! and accompanied it with a seductive 'sh-h-h-h. th-ere-e-e' that I hoped would soon lull him to sleep. But nary lull. He'd look at me, smile-his grandmother says it's colic that makes him smile-and then take in the furniture piece by piece, and stare stupidly at the dinily burning gas jet. He was perfectly cool about all this. Nothing was done in haste. Each pieture, chair, ornament, would receive a minute inspection from those wide-opened blue eyes, and your lumble servant kept digging away at the trot! 'trot!' and 'sh-h-h' scheme all the while. Suddenly there would be a slow closing of the luttle white lids and opened blue eyes, and your humble servant kept digging away at the trot! 'int!' and 'sh-h' scheme all the white. Suddenly there would be a slow closing of the little white lids and the blue eyes were hidden. Aha! Now he was going to sieep. At last! And I'd work the trot! trot! with renewed vigor. Then he'd sigh a tired little sigh, and when I was sure he was fast asleep I'd start to lay him back in his crib. But just as I would lean over to lay him down he'd open his eyes, coo happily, and seem to say: 'Oh, I'm not asleep; I was just having some fun with you,' and there was nothing to do but to take him back to the chair and begin the whole business over again. Another three-quarters of an hour would drag wearily by, and a second time the baby's eyes would close and sleep appear to have come at last. How carefully I'd sneak over to the crib and gently lay him on his little quilt. How tenderly I'd tuck him in and wish that he'd sleep for a week or more to give me a chance to catch up on what I'd lost. He doesn't move, and I tip-toe to the bed that had known so little of me for some time. I sneak in under the covers, stretch myself, think there never was anything quite so comfortable as that bed, and close my eyes for a refreshing nap, when there comes from the crib a suspicious grunt, followed by a string of spasmodic coughs and an unmistakable yell. Painfully I climb out of the restful bed, snatch that Infant from his downy couch and quiet him with the same old trot! trot! while the chill night breezes float through the open window, and play peek-a-boo with my modest knees under the flapping flap of my uight-shirt. This has been my nightly programme for about two weeks, and you see the result before you. I haven't slept twenty consecutive minutes in twenty consecutive days. You said something about having confort with hoping." And the gloomy look again stole over the lace of the happy father. His eyes gazed vacantly into space as he mechanically made his way to the door, and with shuffling, uncertain step, he t

FEMALE COMELINESS.

The Attributes Which a Writer 200 Years Ago Ascribed to a Beautiful Woman. [London Truth.]
I was reading the other day a description of female beauty in a book published in the seven-

teenth century. Here it is:

To the absolute forme of a woman's face, there

goes a faire white forehead, marked with no wrin kles or lines, longer than that of man's is, and

drawing to a roundnesse about the temples, that it seems to represent a Turkish bowe inverted. wherein there appears not any tumour or gibbosity, or any cloud, no severity or sadness, but a pleasant and modest cheerfulness, a face round, pleasant, and elegant to behold. A little mouth, somewhat or scarce opening, small white teeth, somewhat short, even, and in num-ber just twenty-eight, not thin, nor too ber just twenty-eight, not thin, nor too hard closed together; somewhat full lips, Corall, imitating Vermilion, a little disjoyned, yet so as the teeth are just discovered whilst shee holds her peace or laugheth not, unnoved; that is such a woman that doth not rest, nor bite, nor suck her lips; these lips thus described add a wonderfull grace and dignity to a woman's visage. Neither is the nose to be omitted, the honor and ornament of the visage, which represents the outward part of a rose, of a meane "size, strait, cleane, with certaine obtusenesse acute, but the holes of the nostrils small. A round, smooth pill'd or smooth chin, the candor whereof seems to introduce into the behoider's mind a certaine suspition of a rose colour, but no traiet at all, nor any perception of halre is to be seen feither on the lips or chin. A small, short, purple tongue most certains the seem of the content of the lips of the content of the The twinkling of the lanterns, the leaping of the flames, and the throbbing of the engines, which were really "fired up," all tended to make the scene startlingly realistic.

The act was closed by a grand ballet and apotheosis that eclipsed anything in either the prologue or the previous act. The regular body of dancers was fifty, led by the best falent of the French capital, while the 300 other participants were ranged in phalanxes on the sides and at the back of the stage. The costumes displayed in the whole piece could not have been under 1500 in number, and I do not believe that such lavishness would be justified in any city in the world except theatre-going Paris.

The apotheosis at the ciose was a litting finale to the act. The cloud scene in the extreme background rolled away, disclosing a magnificent example of aerial suspension. The floating fair ones were in the midst of a gigantle star of Edson incandescent jets, made up of stars of the same, that were also made of stars.

'Upon the rising of the curtain in the third act more comedy followed. Glorified peasant No. 1 came in, sang awhile and then seated himself in a canopied alcove. No. 2 entered and exploded an egg. The pavilion rose eight or ten feet, disclosing a dial in the star of the control of haire is to be seen melther on the lips or chim. A small, short, purple tongue most certainly doth become a woman, which is yet scarce or never seen, the tip scarce appearing while she speaks; the eyebrows ought to be black, subtite, disjoyned, soft, and sweetly arched.

Solinewall closek eye, the tip scarce appearing while she speaks; the eyebrows ought to be black, subtite, disjoyned, soft, and sweetly arched.

Solinewall classes, centeve, rolling, laughing, pleasant, and shiming. The bals of the cheeks round, altogether verifies, elements, flexible of the cheeks round, altogether verifies, classes, centeve, rolling, laughing, pleasant, and shiming. The bals of the cheeks round, altogether verifies, elements, the elements of the cheeks round, altogether ception of haire is to be seen fielther on the lips or chin. A small, short, purple tongue most certainly doth become a woman, which is yet scarce or never seen, the tip scarce appearing while shee speaks; the eyebrows ought to be black, subtile, disjoyned, soft, and sweetly arched. Somewhat black eyes, declining to smallnesse, comeave, rolling, laughing, pleasant, and shining. The bals of the cheeks round, altogether void of haires, fleshie, rosle, and resembling the red sunshine apples of autumme. Above these remains the temples, which ought to be no lesse white than the forehead, and without suspicion of any bones, yet not swoln or depressed, but in a manner a little scarce; ears graven, somewhat short, soft, and delicate, aspersed with the delucid colour of roses. The whole head rather little than great, more round than a man's, comely, erect, and elevated.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Unselfishness. Lucy Laroom.]
I said it in the hillside path,
I say it on the mountain stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread, For rest it yields unnumbered feet; Sweeter to me the wild rose red, Because it makes the whole world sweet.

Typical. [London Punch.] Ethel—Oh, mamma, I've got such a pain. Mother-Where dear? Ethel (a refined child)—In my

sash, mamma. Personal. [Buffalo Express.] She had such pretty, bright blue eyes,
And waving hair of golden sheen;
A saucy nose and cherry lips,

And stately manners of a queen. But oh, there was one little fault, One blemish all these charms among; This lovely rosebud had one thorn, She had—alas! she had a tongue.

A Thing We've Often Noticed.

[Punch.]
Dowager: "It's been the worst season I can remember, Sir James! All the men seem to have got married, and none of the girls!"

A Reward offered.

[Harvard Lampoon.]
Lost, strayed, or mayhap stolen, A lass with golden nair, Blue-eyed, of tair complexion And spirit free as air. Between suspense and certainty
The loss occurred; just where,
Subscriber fails to recollect,
Tho' sure he used full care. Such losses are so common Twere useless, now, to moan; Who finds will be rewarded

By leaving her-alone Pretty Much the Same Thing. [Merchant Traveller.]

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.

The Venus of the Louvre. [Emily Lazarus, in December Century.]
Down the long hall she glistens like a star. The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone. Yet none the less immortal, breathing on; Time's brutal hand hath maimed, but could not man When first the enthralled enchantress from afar Dazzled mine eyes I saw not her alone, Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne, As when she guided once her dove-drawn car. But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew, Her life-adorer, sobbed farewell to love. Here Heine wept! Here still he weeps anew, Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain, For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

You Know You Will Have to Feed Hime [Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

A fair article of polar bear can be bought for

\$1000. But even at this low figure it seems foolish to buy a bear unless you really have use for him. It doesn't pay to buy a bear simply because he is cheap. I Wonder How?

[Life.]
I wonder how they can have met,
These two, who, where the blue waves wet The shining sands, are passing by-She looking sweetly coy and shy, He pleased, though rather cool as yet? An hour or more I see they let

Slip quickly by. How can they get
Such pleasure from the sea and sky!
I wonder how? They come, when now the sun is set, Humming some sweet old love duet. She boars his cane perched upon high, He swings her hat as they pass nigh.

Some day 'twill break, this witching net.

I wonder how? A Little Misunderstanding

His master—"Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry?" Irish valet—"I did, sor; and ee the thrifle the blag'yard give me for 'm!-said they was purty nigh wore through!" Somebody's Sunbeam.

[Every Other Saturday.] Somebody crawls into mamma's bed Just at the break of day, Snuggles up close and whispers loud, 'Somebody's come to stay.

Somebody rushes through the house-Never once shuts a door; Scatters her playthings all around Over the nursery floor: Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes-

Never a bit cares she; Swings on the gate and makes mud-pies: Who can somebody be? Somebody looks with roguish eyes

"Somebody's me," she says; "but then Somebody doesn't care.

Not a Wise Selection. [Lawrence American.]

A small boy returning from church dropped remark, and a yawn also, with a deal of philosophy worth the consideration of parents. "I don't wonder that the world is wicked," said Tommy when God picked out such a tedious day for Sunday."

A Puzzling Mystery. [Vanity Fair.] We two had a row,

Somehow. Perhaps she was fretful, and I didn't care, Or perhaps I did something that she couldn't bear, Or perhaps a depression advanced in the air; But however that be, the disturbance was there,

At first it muttered, And hard words were uttered; Then harder and harder, until things grew Supremely unpleasant for each of the two, And I came to think

We had reached the brink of the grave of a friendship whose loss we should rue
So I begged her pardon—what less could I do?
She declared she was sorry—I hope it was true.

And the tempest's frown
Smoothed slowly down,
And it rumbled, and sighed,

And whispered, and died Away. Yet all I can say Somehow. But I couldn't make out

What brought it about, And I don't know now. A Washerwoman's Scorn.

[Koelnische Volkszeitung.]
Actress (to washerwoman, who has brought her me in this way?" Washerwoman-"Impertinent! What do you mean? Who are you, I should like to know? If I choose to pay sixpence for a gab-lery ticket you have got to faint on the stage for my a musement."

Jeanne. [Temple Bar for November.]

Jeanne oft is coy—so when one day
I asked if still she loved the same,
She shrugged her shoulders, turned away,
And answered dryly, "Je vous aime." "Ah, dear, if I have sinned," I cried,

"I pray you my transgression name."
"Why, what's the matter?" she replied, "Je vous repete, que je vous aime. "Ah, why by coldness do you try banish from my heart love's flame?

Why should you lay your kindness by, And say so crossly 'Je vous aime?' "I merit not so fair a dove. I have not wealth or rank or fame; But you have said 'tis me you love, Then why this haughty 'Je vous aime?'*

But with consummate art she played Some moments more her cunning game, And on my heart sad burdens laid By her half-sneering "Je vous alme." Then quick she laid aside the mask,

And love into her features came; Then kissed me, crying, "Need you ask? O mon amour! je t'aime, je t'aime." A Dangerous Innovation.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]
These crazy spelling reformers are trying to persuade people to spell kiss with one s. The attemp will be a failure. The man who lifts a finger, so to speak, to shorten a kiss, will bring upon himself the hatred of the rising generation. The tendeucy is rather to add more s's. That is, to make the kiss, a vard, a yard and a half or two yards long or as long as a strong young man can hold his breath.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM;

Jetective Lubin's Last and Greatest Work.

By HARRY MORDAUNT.

[Copyrighted by H. W. Fuller.] CHAPTER XV.

THE SEARCH FOR MIETTA.

At the news of Mietra's disappearance and the Explosion of anger which followed this discovery, the children gathered in a group in a corner of the room. Motionless and silent, they fixed their frightened looks upon their master, fearing that they should see a renewal of the scene so happily interrupted by the airlyal of the inspectors.

But there was none.

The padrone and his wife, after consulting together, determined to proceed more gently.

Rinaidi turned to the little band and called: "Gluseppe!"

useppe!" urchin detached himself from the group and An urcini detacated infiniser from the Cross and Advanced trembling.

"Come here, Guiseppe," said Vincenza. "It was you, my little Guiseppe, who generally accompanied Mietta?" continued Rinaidi.

"Yes, padrone," replied the boy, gazing at his measure.

master uneasily.
"Where did you go today?"
"To the quarter of the Madeleine, in the Rue Caumartin and in the rue Neuve des Mathurins,

Caumatth and in the rue Active despatemen."

"Did any one speak to vou?"

"A good lady in the rue Neuve des Mathurins, who gave Mietta some soup."

"Is it the first time she has done so?"

"Oh, no; this lady gives us something to eat whenever we go to her house."

"Ah, very good; she is an excellent creature. And what did this lady say to you?"

The child hesitated.

And what did this lady say to you?"
The child hesitated.
"Come, teil me, my little Gulseppe."
"Well," replied the child, "she said that it was soo had that we had to play the violin and tambourine, and she wanted to keep Mietta with her, saying that such a life would kill her, and it made her heart ache to think of it."
"Did she say anything more?"
"Only that she wanted to keep Mietta."
"And what did Mietta reply?"
"She said that she did not dare to leave you, padrone."

Do you know the number of the house where

"Do you know the number of the house where this good 'ady lives?"
The child fixed his beautiful eyes upon those of Rinaidi, and with a supplicating look asked:
"Do you wish to harm her?"
"On the contrary, my little Guiseppe, I want to go and thank her for the interest she has mani-

fested in you two."
"Oh! then I will take you there, if you wish, padrone." said the child, joyously. "But I do not "Very well; you shall take me there, Gulseppe.
Now, go and rejoin your companions."
Once alone with Vincenza, the Italian said to

rius."
"I think so, too," replied Vincenza.
"We must get her back for two reasons; first because she brings us in a great deal of money; secondly, because if she should relate the scene of this evening we shall be denounced and arrested."

"What can we do?"

"Take her and bring her back."

"Yes, but she must have already told a pretty story about us, and her protectress will be on her quard." guard."
"I am afraid so, so we must arrange some

"I am arrad so, so scheme."
"It will require more than one to carry it out."
"I count upon Anatole and Muscadin. Let us go and see if we can find them."
Rinaldi and Vioceuza went out, locking the children into the room, and descended to the first floor, where, as we already know, the wine shop are situated. was situated.

They found Anatole Lochard in the back part of the shop drinking a glass of brandy with the proprietor. Rinaldi approached him and said:

"I want to speak to you; do you know what has

"I have lost two of my children."

"Who?"
"Geronmo."
"And Mietta?" interrupted Anatole, coolly.
"How did you know it?"
"I was standing at the door when the police enjered your house, talking with my friend Muscadin; suddenly he saw something red and it can and white rush into the street. What is trait? cried Muscadin. I looked, and just on it turned the corner I recognized the object. 'Why,' I said to Muscadin, 'It is Mietta running away from her benefactor.' 'She is an ingrate,' cried Muscadin; 'I will follow her and bring her back.' He rushed after her and will doubtless soon return with her, so don't worry." den't worry." He had hardly finished those words when the

or opened.
"That must be Museadia," sold Anatole.
"Ah!" cried the Italian, bounding to the door to

But he recoiled instantly.

Aluscadin was alone.

He was pale and disfigured, and dragged himself along painfully, holding his handkerchief to his mount with both hands. In fact he appeared to be in a most pitiable condition.

"Good heavens!" cried Anatole, "my friend has met with some accident," and he hastened to offer him a chair, into which Muscadin sank groaning.

At the end of a few moments, Muscadin raised his head and nurmured in a dolorous voice:

"Oh! what a terrible blow!"

"Tell us what has happened," said the Italian, who could hardly restrain his impatience. "You understand how uneasy I am about, Mietta."

"Well, I followed Mietta a long distance and was about to selze her, when up came a young man and gave me such a blow in the mouth that I fell headlong into the street. The fellow lifed Mietta in his arms and walked off with her, and I was in no mood to follow him, I assure you. I thought my jaw was broken."

This recital only added to Rinaldo's fury by increasing the uncertainty as to the child's whereabouts.

Would, she consent to follow her rescuer to his

Would she consent to follow her rescuer to his

Or would she go to the rue Neuve des Mathurins to the house of the lady who had been so good to

to the house of the lady who had been so good to her?

Rinaldi decided to consult Anatole and his mend, and to confide to them his perplexity. That the replied without a moment's hesitation:

"Why, hang it! it is very simple. We do not know where the man who took away the child ives, so we must first go to the lady's house and lee if she is there."

"Anatole is right," said Vincenza.

"And if she is there," continued the Italian, will you help me to get her away?"

"Oh, that is another thing," said Lochard.

"What do you mean?"

"Itsten, padrone. I am young, but I have my eyes and ears open."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, you have several times let escape before me mysterious words about Mietta, which have led me to believe that Mietta is a sort of gold mine for you. Very well, show your hand and tell us Mietta's history. Promise us, in case we succeed, a part of the fortune you will realize and we are yours, body and soul."

"Well, you have guessed rightly," repited Rinaldi. "I believe that Mietta can bring us a fortune if we can penetrate the mystery surrounding her birth." natur. "I believe that Mietta can bring us a for-tune if we can penetrate the mystery surrounding her birth."

"Tell us ail you know, and perhaps we can put you on the right track."
"I doubt it; but this is the story: One night, between 11 o'clock and midnight, I was on the wharf at Havre, with Vincenza and a dozen children, on the roint of embarking for New York, where business was very flourishing, they said, when a man approached me with a mysterious air. He carried a bundle in his arms, which I did not observe at first.
"'I come to ask for information concerning you,'he said;'I know where you are going, the business you carry on; but tell me, do you intend to remain permanently in New York?"
"That is my intention,' I replied; 'but who can answer for the future?"

answer for the future?'
"'Will you consent to take charge of another child?'
''That depends upon its age and looks.'
"'Here it is.'

"'Here it is.'
"Then he uncovered the burden which he bore, and showed me a little girl about a year old.
"'She is too young, I replied.
"'Here is her dowry,' and he handed me 2000

tranes.
"But,' I replied, 'if she is taken so soon from ter nurse I fear that she will die on the voyage.'
"That is her affair; you need not worry about

rer nurse I fear that she will die on the voyage,"
"That is her affair; you need not worry about that,"
"Then I called Vincenza, who took the child. I pocketed the money and the men disappeared."
Anato'e reflected. Then, raising his head, he ooked at Rhaldi fixedly.
"You say the child was a year old?"
"Just about."
"And when was that?"
"Four years ago. Mietta is now five."
"Can you tell me the precise day'on which this nfant was given to you at Havre?"
"Certainly; it was the 23d of May."
Anatole's eyes flashed with joy. He continued:
"And you have never been curious to know who the man was who confided it to you?"
"You must think I am a fooi; I had then a little Neapelltan, 10 years old, with me, and,I ordered him to follow the man,"
"Did he discover where he lived?"
"He saw him enter the railway station and heard him ask for a ticket to Rouen."
"Well, padrone," said Anatole, "I know the men who brought Mietta to you; I know the father and mother of the little one."
"Then we hold the thread of the affair."
"No, for one important thing is wanting, and that is the name of the man who had her carried away. He, who brought her to you lives near here, in the boulevard de l'Hopital, where he is established as a liquor dealer; when he knows that the child lives and that we have it, he will ask nothing better than to associate himself with us."
"Come, let us go and seek him at once," cried the first in the content of the little once,"
"Come, let us go and seek him at once," cried the taliam."

'Come, let us go and seek him at once," cried

The four went out, and ten minutes later they stopped before a house in the boulevard de l'Hopital.

But the shop was closed, and the neighbors, on being questioned, declared that Louis Chabot had disappeared a few days before, leaving no trace behind him.

A FAMILIAR FACE. A FAMILIAR FACE.

It was 8 o'clock in the evening when a train entered the station of the Orleans railway. Among the travellers who descended from the third class carriages was a young girl of modest appearance, who held in her hand a little package tied up in a handkerchief. Her pale, sad features indicated that she had suffered much.

Reaching the large door through which the passengers left the station she stopped for a moment and hesitated.

"Where shall I go? Where can I find a lodging? How can I find my way in this great city of Paris.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Where shall I go? Where can I find a lodging? How can I find my way in this great city of Paris, where I do not know a living soul?"
She stood there, looking to the right and left, when she heard a voice murmur in her ear:
"Genevieve."
She turned in terror. He who had spoken these words was a little old man, who had nothing frightful in his appearance.
"You know me, monsieur?"
"Yes, I know you," replied the man in a low voice; "you are Genevieve Dorival."
Genevieve trembled.
"That is indeed my name," she replied in amazement.

ment.

"And you come from the prison of —"

"Ah! I understand," she murmured, sadly;
"You are one of the police; you have been uotified of my arrival, and you come to—my God! I do not know what you come for, but I am afraid."

"Reassure yourself, my poor child," said the old man, "I am not what you suppose."

"Then," replied Genevieve, "how do you know me, and why are you waiting for me here?"

"I know you because I saw you one day, only one, June 25, 1852."

"The day of my condemnation," said Genevieve, concealing her face in her hands. Then she added:
"So you believe me capable of having..."

added:
"So you believe me capable of having —."
"I believe you innocent, Genevieve, and that is
the reason I am here."
"But," asked the girl timidly, "for what purnose?" "To save you from misery and want; from death, perhaps; by placing you in an honorable family, if you are willing to take the place of a servant."

servant."

"Ah! monsteur," cried Genevieve, in a voice choked by emotion, "I will gladly accept the most numble position. How can I thank you for your kindness?"

"We will speak of that later; but I am very thoughtless—you are thinly dressed, and I am keeping you standing in the cold, when I have a carriage waiting for us."

The old man opened the door of a carriage standing near by, and made Genevieve enter. He took his place beside her, saying to the driver:

"Rue de la Certsaie, No. 5."

As the carriage rolled along, Genevieve, after a long hesitation, said:

long hesitation, said:
"Pardon me, monsieur, but I would like to

know-"
"My name? Nothing more reasonable, since I
know yours; I am called M. Lubin."
"Oh! no, monsieur, that is not it."
"What is it then?"
"What is it then?"

"Oh! no, monsieur, that is not it."
"What is it then?"
"Well, monsieur, I wish to know if the person to whose house I am going knows—the truth?"
"Yes, Genevieve, she knows all, your condemnation and your innocence."
"Oh, monsieur, how can I thank you for all your kindness to a poor girl!"
"Now, will you permit me to ask you a question," said the old man.
"I am listening, monsieur."
"At your trial I learned that you had a family at Oissel. Why, on leaving your prison, instead of coming to Paris, did you not hasten to your mother and sister?"
"My answer will be simple, monsieur; since you were present the day I was convicted, you knew of my father's death in open court, before my mother's eyes; It was my fault. I felt that she could never forget or pardon me for a crime which my conscience has never ceased to reproach me for, and that is why I renounced seeing her forever."
"Poor child!" murmered M. Lubin.

"Poor child!" murmered M. Lubin, "Poor child!" murmered M. Lubin.
"Ah! monsieur." cried Genevieve, wiping away
the tears that streamed down her face, "to condemn myself never to see my mother! Oh, that
is more cruel than the prison even."
The carriage stopped and the old man and his
companion alighted. When the carriage had departed M. Lubin, pointing to the windows on the
third floor which were brightly lighted, said to
Genevieve:

Genevieve:

"There is where the family lives. They are people who enjoy a modest income, but you will find everything comfortable."

"If they will only love me, that is all I ask," replied Genevieve, "for that is what I have missed so during these long years in prison. Oh! I will be so devoted and painstaking that they must love me." "I do not doubt it," said M. Lubin. Then walk-

"I do not doubt it," said M. Lubin. Then walking toward the door he added:
"Come, let us enter."
He rang the bell; the door opened. He entered, followed by Genevieve.
Ascending the stairs and passing through an antechamber, they found themselves in a diningroom, in which stood a table ready set for tea before a bright open fire.

ore a bright open fire.
"Wait for me here," said M. Lubin.
He entered a little parlor where a woman of niddle age and a little girl of 11 or 12 were "Mme. Dorival," said M. Lubin, "I have brought you the servant of whom I spoke, she is in the

dining room."
dining room."
Mmc. Dorival arose.
Mmc. Martha," she said to the child.

vanced towards the young girl who was standing in the middle of the room. But as she approached her, she suddenly stopped and became deathly

pale.
"Mon Dieu!" she stammered in a feeble voice,
"Oh! Monsieur Lubin! one would say that—"
She was interrupted by a loud cry:
"Mother!" And Genevieve threw herself into her arms. "Mother!"

"Mother!"
"My child!"
Then followed convulsive embraces and words ut short by sobs. When at length the two grew almer, Madame Dorival turned to the little old man. "Explain all this to me," she said. "Speak, I ber you."
"Speak, speak," rebiled M. Lubin, in a voice deeply moved; "it is very easy to say speak, but I can't."

.can't."
"But what prevents you..."
"Eh! don't you see that I am crying like an old ool," said M. Lubin, wiping his eyes reddened with tears.
Genevieve went and embraced her little sister,

and as she did so Mme. Dorival examined her from head to foot. She burst into tears again on seeing the poor, thin garments in which she was 'Poor child!" she cried, "how you are dressed!

"Poor child!" she cried, "how you are dressed! A linen robe in winter, and shoes which let in the water. Oh! how wet your feet must be."
"I thought she would need a wardrobe," said M. Lubin, "and fortunately everything has been provided for her."
"Thanks to you. Oh! M. Lubin, you are good as God himself. Come to my chamber, dear child, our friend has thought of everything, and you will find there good warm garments."

At the end of fifteen minutes the two women returned.

At the end of fifteen minutes the two women returned.

Genevieve was transformed; dressed in a flannel wrapper, her feet encased in warm slippers, she seemed delighted and astonished at the good fortune which had befallen her.

They all sat down at the table before the blazing fire, and a happier party was never gathered than that which was assembled in the little room.

"But how does it happen, dear mother," said Genevieve, "that you are in Paris?"

"It was our friend, M. Lubin, who arranged all that."

Genevieve turned to the latter an inquiring

That."

Genevieve turned to the latter an inquiring look.

"You are asking yourself," he said to her, "how this man, who did not know you four years ago, has beeome the friend, the best friend, I may say, of your family. I am going to explain all that. I did not know you on the 25th of June, 1852, and yet from the commencement of your trial I was your devoted friend, and the implacable enemy of the proud and powerful family which had brought about both your ruin and your condemnation. Resolved to defend you with all the power that I possessed, I made my plans against them, the details of which I will tell you later, and I found them all pittless. I made then two oaths—one to devote myself to you and yours; the other to pursue all the members of this family until I had reduced them to a condition worse than yours."

"It is impossible," cried Genevieve. "They are so rich and so nowerful."

"I have struggled against stronger enemies, and as for them, I have pushed them to the brink of the abyss, and have only to touch them with my finger and in they roll."

"I have a friend, a firm devoted friend, the Prince Tezka. I have told him your story, and he is with me heart and soul in this contest against your cennies. We are working for a double end, to restore to you your good name and to wreak a terrible vengeance upon your foes. It is owing to his powerful influence that you are at this moment seated at this table beside your mother and sister."

Genevieve had listened with a deep emotion. Genevieve turned to the latter an inquiring

seated at this table beside your mother and sister."

Genevieve had listened with a deep emotion.

"What!" she said, fixing upon M. Lubin a grateful look, "you have done all this for me?"

"And we shall not stop here, I swear."

"What more can you do?"

"That is my secret."

"And that is not all," said Madame Dorival to her daughter; "It was also M. Lubin who had the thought to install me in Paris with my little Martha."

"The reason is very simple," replied M. Lubin:

thought to lustall me in Paris with my little Martha."

"The reason is very simple," replied M. Lubin: "it was the natural consequence of our designs for Genevieve. Indeed, to obtain her release and leave her sad and alone in Paris, or to have sent her to dissel, where she would have had so many sorrowful memories, and at the same time have been exposed to so many heartless affronts, would have been to do the thing imperfectly, and we wished that, after so much suffering, she should be perfectly happy; that is why, when we were certain of obtaining Genevieve's release, we had Mme. Dorival come to Paris without letting her know our motives."

"Oh! yes, monsieur," said Genevieve, clasping his hands; "yes, you have made me very happy; my happiness would be complete were it not darkened by two shadows—my father and my child."

"Do not weep for your child," said M. Lubin. I have a vague suspicion that she was not killed as was supposed, and if she still lives we will find her. Rely upon me."

THE PRICE OF A CHICKEN.

On the day after the happy reunion of viewe with her family, M. Lubin was at his hin his cabinet, when some one knocked a

in his cabinet, when some one knocked at the door.

"Enter," he cried.

The door opened and a young man entered. He advanced towards M. Lubin, who arose as he approached and grasped his hand.

"Ah! ah! my dear prince," said the little old man, inviting him by a gesture to take a seat; "you are impatient to learn the information regarding Louis Chabot which I promised you."

"I confess it, and the secret which this man possesses is of such importance to the success of our undertaking that I am anxious to know if you have at last got upon his track."

"Your curiosity shall be satisfied presently. Be good enough to rise and examine that picture."

The prince arose and looked at a panel, upon which were painted different personages in Italian comedy.

"Touch the eyes of the harlequin's mask."

The prince did as M. Lubin directed.

But in place of two eyes he found two holes.

"Now, enter there."

The old man touched the ankle of one of the figures. The panel turned, disclosing a small dark chamber.

"You wish me to enter there?" asked the prince,

"You wish me to enter there?" asked the prince,

"You wish me to enter there?" asked the prince, in surprise.
"And place your eyes behind the two holes in the harlequin's mask."
"But why?"
"You shall know presently."
"Very well."
He entered the little apartment. M. Lubin pressed upon the Colombine's nose. The panel again turned and resumed its place.
M. Lubin took an arm-chair and placed it before the opposite panel, which represented a garden; lie then touched one of the flowers in the picture.
The panel opened, leaving in sight a small niche. At the same moment a singular noise was heard, and suddenly an individual, bound and seated in a chair, rose slowly into view.
This individual was no other than Louis Chabot. He was very pale, and his features were contracted by pain and anger.
"Monsteur," he cried, as he saw M. Lubin seated in the arm-chair, "what you are doing is infamous."

nfamous," M. Lubin drew out his snuff-box and coolly took a pinch of souff.
"What is the matter with you, my dear M. Chabot?" he said to him; "you seem in bad humor today."

Chabot?" he said to him; "you seem in bac humor today."

"What is the matter with me!" replied Chabot, in a voice quivering with rage; "I am dying of hunger; I am weak, and have a nervous trembling in all my limbs."

"Indeed, my dear M. Chabot?"

"You know it well, monsieur."

"They say that hunger is a terrible torture, my dear Chabot."

"If you had endured it thirty hours, as I have, you would think so."

u would think so."
"I don't care to try it, I am satisfied to look at "Do you know that it is a crime that you are

committing, monsieur?"

"Are you sure, Chabot?"

"I am certain, monsieur."

"Then you would like something to eat?"

"Yes, yes."

"Why did you not say so before, my dear habot?"

ment."
"Well, monsieur, let us talk, then; but, for heaven's sake, let the conversation be a short

"I ask nothing better; the length of the interview depends on you alone."
"Then it will be soon over."
"I hope so."
"Proceed, monsieur, I am listening."
"My dear monsieur Chabot, will you be good enough to tell me the name of the man who paid you to carry off the child of Genevieve Dorival?"
"What! what!" cried Chabot; "why the child was killed by its mother; that was proved at the trial." "That is true, but who were the witnesses,

"That is true, but who were the witnesses, whose testimony convicted Genevieve? You, Jacqueline Boquet and Lochard."
"It is false."
"The testimony, yes."
I swear —"
"It is useless to deny it; Lochard and his aunt confessed the truth. It was you who gave the cap to Anatole and the shawl to Boquet—a shawl found by you in the forest of Essarts, where Brunet saw you pick it up."
"Ah! mon Dieu!" cried Chapot, gazing at the little old man, "I will bet that you are M. Lubin."

"Exactly, and I only regret one thing, and that "Exactly, and I only regret one thing, and that is that I did not arrive in time to arrest you at the Chateau Rougemare. But let us leave these secondary matters and come to the point in which I am interested. Your conduct in this affair shows clearly that you were either the murderer of the child or the instrument of the man who caused its disappearance; we will not discuss that, it is a settled fact, and we should only be wasting time which you can employ much better."

As he pronounced these last words, M. Lubin looked, struttlearly, we the little table, before the child of the ch

As he polynomial at the looked significantly at the clabot.

"But when I swear to you—" cried the un-

"But when I swear to you—" cried the unhappy man.

"Very well," said M. Lubin calmly; "If you wish to prevaricate, all right. I told you the length of our interview depended upon you; if you wish to prolong it, I am willing."

"Look here, M. Lubin," said Chabot, "my brain is weakened by long fasting, and I swear that my ideas will be clearer if you let me eat at once."

"I regret that my opinion differs from yours," replied M. Lubin; "nothing confuses the ideas so much as food; abstinence, on the contrary, leaves the mind lucid; yon will never be in a better condition to answer my question clearly than at the present moment."

Chabot looked at the chicken smoking upon the table and his features betrayed the terrible torture he was undergoing.

But he remained silent.

"Why, monsieur!" he cried at last, angrily. "You have no right to imprison, to bind and torture a man as you are doing."

"I know the law, my dear Chabot, and I know that I am not justified in acting thus toward you; but it is my conscience that I consult, and that approves what I have done."

After a pause, M. Lubin continued:

"Well, have you decided to tell me the name of the man who caused the disappearance of the child?"

"No," replied Chabot, resolutely.

"Reflect. If you persist, it means twelve hours

"No," replied Chabot, resolutely.
"Reflect. If you persist, it means twelve hours more without food."
"Twelve hours!" murmured Chabot, shudder-

more without food."

"Twelve hours!" murmured Chabot, shuddering.

"And I shall know the truth sooner or later, that is all. Come, you can conceal nothing from me; you will learn perhaps that it is for your interest to make a tull confession to me."

Taking out his watch M. Lubin added:

"My dear M. Chabot, you have five minutes in which to answer these three questions: Who is the man who had Genevieve's child taken away? What was the motive for this act? What has he done with the child? If in five minutes you have not spoken, I shall send you back to the cellar, and shall not make you ascend for twelve hours. Now, I have nothing more to say to you; I await your decision."

A long silence followed.
Louis Chabot, with an anxious look, studied M. Lubin's face, and this examination did not reassure him. The features of the little old man remained cold and impassible.

Five minutes passed thus.

Then, without saying a word, without even looking at Chabot, M. Lubin arose and approached the papel. He was about to touch a secret spring, when Louis Chabot cried in a despairing voice:

"Stop! I will speak."

"Remember, I do not force you; you are perfectly free to remain silent."

"No, no; I wish to speak."

"No. no; I wish to speak."
"I consent to hear you."
"One word only."
"What?"

"Toolsen to hear you.
"One word only."
"What?"
"You promise not to denounce me?"
"I give you my word; it is only he whose instrument you have been that I shall attack."
"And I can eat as soon as I have spoken?"
"Yes."
"I can hold out no longer," signed Chabot, placing his hand upon his stomach.
"The name of the guilty man?" asked M. Lubin.
"M. Bouvard," replied Chabot, unhesitatingly.
M. Lubin made a gesture of surprise.
"I suspected the Count de Mahiac or his mother," he said. Then he continued:
"What motive pushed him to this crime?"
"My high he heard dictated to the notary, by slipping into a little cabinet adjoining his uncle's room, where I introduced him."
"And the contents of the will?"
"I do not know them, not being there."
"Now, what has become of the child?"
"And Grandin, rue Bouvreuil, at Rouen."
"Now, what has become of the child?"
"Atter taking it from the cradle I carried it to Havre, where I gave it to an Italian who was departing for America with a dozen other children."
"She is not dead," cried M. Lubin.
And addressing Louis Chabot, he said:
"Now, you can eat."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XVIII. A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Instead of putting Chabot into such a condition that be could eat, by giving him the use of his bands, M. Lubin fell into a profound meditation and walked up and down his cabinet without saying a word. ing a word.
"M. Lubin," cried Chabot, "you forget that I "M. Lubin," erried chaote, jod to:
am dying of hunger."
"Eh! mon Dieu!" replied M. Lubin; "you think
only of eathing."
"After fasting thirty hours one may well think
of this."
"So the child is in America?" said the old man,

"So the child is in America?" said the old man, untying Chabot's arms.
"Yes, monsieur, in New York."
Before releasing him M. Lubin addressed one more question to his prisoner.
"Do you know the name of the Italian to whom you gave the child?"

"Yes."
"Emilio Rinaldi."
"Emilio Rinaldi."
"His profession?"
"He takes children and sends them out as street players, and lives upon the money they obtain."
"And that is the life to which you consigned the daughter of Genevieve?" cried M. Lubin, with a movement of horror.

ovement of horror.
"It was better than to kill her."
"What orders did M. Bouvard give you?"
"To get rid of her, no matter how, provided she disappeared forever.
"Ah! M. Bouvard," murmured the little old man, "we have a terrible account to settle with each other."

The last cord which bound Chabot was loosened and he profited by his liberty to seize a knife and

fork.

M. Lubin drew back a few steps, took a revolver M. Lubin drew back a few steps, took a revolver from his pocket and placed it upon a table, then, addressing Chabot he said:
"Master Chabot, I wish to give you a warning. I am going to set you at liberly, but I advise you not to abuse it; in case of your undertaking to harm me, I shail consider myself freed from the promise I have made you, and shall denounce you to the authorities."
"Ah! you may rest easy on that point," replied Chabot. "I know you too well to wish to have anything to do with you."
"Very well; now gan you, tell me where Lochard is?"
"At Rouen: at least he was the last I knew of

"At Rouen; at least he was the last I knew of him."
Lochard lett Rouen two years ago, and you

must have known it."
"I was not aware of it."
"That is too bad."
"Why?" "That is too bad."

"Why?"

"Because I was going to beg you to accept 500 franes in exchange for his address, after assuring myself that you had given me the right one."

Chabot made no reply. He pretended to be absorbed in his eating. In reality he was reflecting. He knew perfectly Lochard's address. Anatole had found him in the Boulevard de l'Hopital, and he himself had often visited the wine shop in the Rue du Fer-a-Moulto.

"Weil," said M. Lubin, "shall I get the 500 franes ready for you?"

"Alas! no, monsieur."

"Why have you reflected so long a time?"

"I have not reflected; I am grieved to lose so large a sum."

"You can have it at once."

"By telling me the contents of the Count de ougemare's will." "By telling me the contents of the Count de Rougemare's will."

"I am as ignorant of that as I am of Lochard's address; I told you so before."

"But you recollect perfectly, do you not, that it was immediately after hearing the count dictate his will that M. Bouvard gave you the order to take away the child of Genevieve, and later directed you to testify against her, you and the two other false witnesses, it order to make the jury beheve in the death of the child?"

"I can swear to that."

"What could there have been in the will?" cried M. Lubin; "that is what I must find out; there is the key of the mystery; everything is there——"

He paced the room for a few moments with an anxious kir.

"I do not know how I can get at it," he murmured, "but I must know what there is in that will, and I will know, for there is the solution of

Chabot?"

He touched a violet in the picture.
The same strange sound was heard as before, and a little table covered with food arose in the hiche.

"There is a very simple dinner," said M. Lubin to Chabot, "but I hope it will satisfy you."
"Chabot's face became radiant. He devoured the repass with his eyes.

"Ah! monsleur," he murmured in a trembling voice, "the very sight of it revives me."
"I am delighted, my dear Chabot."
"I beg you to unite my arms at once so that I can eat."
"Willingly, after we have talked a little."
"Willingly, after we have talked a little."
"I am incapable of saying a word; let me eat first, and then we will talk."
"No, we will talk first, and then you shall eat. I have my reasons for preferring this arrangement."
"Well, monsleur, let us talk, then; but for."

Well, monsleur, let us talk, then; but for.

The touched a violet in the picture.
Then, perceiving that he had spoken aloud, he turned abruptly to Chabot.
But he was more than ever absorbed in the dell-calces before him, and presently there remained only the bones of the chieken.
"And now you would like to take a little fresh air, I suppose," said M. Lubin.
"You have guessed my thought."
"Well, as soon as night comes I will have you blindfolded and placed in a carriage which will carry you far from my bouse. So au revoir, M. Chabot's thanks for the information you have given concerning M. Bouvard, and recollect my warning: If you attempt the slightest thing against me, you are lost."
Without awaiting Chabot's reply, he touched a flower in the panel, and the man and the table disappeared.
Then open that he had spoken aloud, he turned abruptly to Chabot.

But he was more than ever absorbed in the dell-calces before him, and presently there remained only the bones of the chieken.
"And now you would like to take a little fresh air, I suppose," said M. Lubin.
"You have guessed my thought."
"Well, as soon as night comes I will have you blindfolded and placed in a carriage which will carry you far from my bouse. So au revoir, M. Chabot'

disappeared.

Then going to the other panel he pressed a spring, and it flew back and the Prince Tezka came out from his place of concealment.

"What a house this is of yours!" he cried, "it is as full of mechanical contrivances as a theatre."

"For the great struggles to which I devote my life," replied M. Lubin, "I have to surround mycolf with teaps, mysteries, and precaulions, of all "For the great struggles to which I devote my life," replied M. Lubin, "I have to surround myself with traps, mysteries and precautions of all kinds. One day, on seeing a fairy spectacle, I resolved to fill my house with mechanism from the ceilar to the roof, a useful idea when one is engaged in a continual contest with the most unscrupulous and daring men."

"Now, my dear friend, do you know what I have resolved upon?"

"Now, my dear friend, do you know what I have resolved upon?"
"What?"
"Just now when Chabot told you that Genevieve's child had been taken to New York, I heard you murnur: 'Is it not as if she were dead!' Oh! no, M, Lubin, the child exists; we have taken it under our protection. We will not abandon it on the pretext that it is so far off. Come, then! Were she in Japan or China, she is living; we must attempt to save her, and that is what I am going to do."
"You think of going to New York?"
"Yes, after assuring myself that the Italian is still there with his band of little martyrs, and I shail know that within a week."

"How?"
"I have a friend whose brother, the possessor
"I have a feetune, has lived ten years in New

On the same evening at the appointed hour the carriage stood before M. Lubin's door. He entered it and found the prince.

"Where is your friend's club?" he asked.

"In the boulevard Malesherbes."

The carriage rolled slowly along, and both M. Lubin and the prince appeared to be absorbed in meditation, for neither of them uttered a word. Suddenly piercing cries were herd.

"What is that?" said the prince.

The cries continued without interruption, so sharp and despairing that both the old and young man shundered.

"It is some terrible tragedy," said M. Lubin.

The prince lowered the window and called out to the driver to stop.

The coachman stopped, and the prince, opening the door, leaped upon the sidewalk. M. Lubin followed him.

They had no need to seek for the place whence

lowed him.

They had no need to seek for the place whence the shrieks came. At the window of the second story of a house they perceived two women who cried: "Assassin!" and wrung their hands in Twenty heads appeared at the neighboring windows, but there was no one in the street. M. Lubin and the prince were alone,
"Assassin! Help! they will murder us," cried the two women, and again piercing shrieks rent

The prince rushed to the door, followed by M. "Are you armed?" asked the former of his com-

"Are you armed?" asked the former of his companion.

"I have a revolver."

"And I my catalan knife."

The prince rang the bell violently, devoured with anxiety and fearing that he had arrived too late, for the women continued to cry that the assassins were still there.

At length the door opened.
At the same instant two individuals, one of them holding his hand before his face, sprang from the doorway into the street and disappeared so quickly that M. Lubin, stupefied by this unexpected apparition, had no time to use his weapon. Recovering from his surprise he rushed after them, revolver in hand, but it was too late.

By the light of the moon he saw the two bandits turn the corner of the street.

"The assassins have escaped us!" he cried to the prince.

"We must hasten to the victims; perhaps some of the murderers still remain," said the prince.
"In any event we will cut off their retreat in this direction."

M. Lubin and the Prince Tezka found the con-cierge, half dressed and holding a light in his hand, standing upon the threshold. "What is the meaning of this disturbance?" he "What is the meaning of this disturbance?" he asked, angrily.
"Eh! Wretened man! A murder has been committed in your house," cried the prince.
And snatching the lamp from his hand he rusted up the stairs. M. Lubin followed closely, holding his revolver ready for use upon the instant.

stant.

In a few seconds they reached the second story. Two doors opened from the landing, and one of them was open.

"It is there," said the prince.
Holding the lamp in his left hand and an open knife in the right, he sprang into the apartment, saying to M. Lubin:
"Snut the door; if one of them remains he cannot escape us."

They had hardly entered when the two women they had seen at the window, mad with terror,

They had hardly entered when the two women they had seen at the window, mad with terror, rushed to them crying:
"Save us! save us! They are there?"
"Ladies," said the brince, looking around the roon, 'what has happened? Has any one been assassinated?"
"Monsieur," replied one of the two, "this room is not ours; we live on the other side of the hail. We were sound asie-p when we were awakened by a noise in Mine. Vuipin's room. Thinking that she might be ill, we arose and ran here. The door was half open; which confirmed us in our supposition. 'She must have knocked at our door,' I said to my sister, and we hastened towards her sleeping chamber. But suddenly we saw a man come out all covered with blood, then two others, one of whom had his face spattered with blood. We rushed to the window and uttered the cries that you heard."
"You are sure that there were three?"
"Yes, mousieur."

"Yes, mousieur."
"Were two dressed in blouses?"

"Were two dressed in blodges,
"Yes."
"They were the men who passed under our very
noses," said M. Lubin.
"And the third?" asked the prince.
"He wore only a vest, I think."
"He has not gone out; we shall find him here,"
said the prince. "But," he continued, "we must
first see if we can be of any assistance to the victims." "What chamber did you see the three men come out of?" asked M. Lubin. "That one, there."

he woman drew back a step, saying:

The wolnan drew back a step, so that "The door is open."
"Let us enter," said M. Lubin.
He took the lead and passed into the room, rithout the slightest hesitation, looking prudently A frightful spectacle met his eyes. The cham-

A frightful spectacle met his eyes. The chamber, which was a large one, was in the greatest disorder. The floor was covered with furniture, boxes, vases, flowers, lamps and papers. In the midst of this confusion a large pool of oil from one of the upset lamps stained the carpet. At the end of the room a bed, the clothing and pillows of which were covered with blood, attested that it had been the theatre of a terrible struggle.

Unon the bed lay the body of a woman. A gaping wound extended across her throat, from which the blood flowed freely. Her features were contracted by suffering or by the efforts she had made in the struggle, and her mouth was opened as if to utter a cry. Her eyes were wide open, but fixed and glassy. fixed and glassy. "Does she still live?" asked the prince, shudder-

ing at this fearful sight.

M. Lubin placed his ear upon her breast and listened for a moment.

tened for a moment.
"Dead," he said.
"We must send for a physician," said the prince one of the two women.
"I do not dare to leave the chamber." she reled; "I am afraid one of the murderers must lil be in the house somewhere."
The conclerge entered at this moment, "Run at once and get a physician."
"But what has happened?" he asked in amazeent.

"Mme. Vulpin has been assassinated," replied one of the women.
"What a misfortune!" murmured the concierge, as he went out; "the reputation of the house will

be ruined."
Suddenly a low groan, which had nothing human in it, came from a corner of the room.
"What is that?" cried M. Lubin, holding the lamp above his head in order to get a better light, and gazing around the chamber.
"I can see nothing," said the prince.
"And yet," replied the old man, "I cannot be misiaken. I heard something like a moan,"
"It came from there," said one of the women, pointing to the foot of the bed; "there, in the alcove."

Then they found themselves confronted with a singular spectacle.

Two beings lay crouched behind the bed, but so strangely twisted up in the curtains that one could distinguish only their two heads; and these heads were so close to each other that they touched, and

s rendered more striking the contrast between One of these two beings was a little girl, whose One of these two beings was a little girl, whose golden hair surrounded an exquisite face. The other was a monkey, whose glittering eyes expressed terror, but at the same time a determination to defend himself. One of his arms was around the neck of the child, whom he seemed to have taken under his protection.

At the appearance of M. Lubin with the lamp and of the prince holding in his hand the knife, the blade of which glistened in a sinister fashion, both the monkey and the child began to tremble violently.

The animal, pressing closer to its little compan showed its two rows of shar, teeth and ed menacingly, while the eyes of the child All at once she pushed away the monkey, and prang towards the prince and kneeled before

Oh, monsieur," she cried, supplicatingly, "do

Raising her gertly from the floor, he took her h his arms and wiped away the tears which rolled own her little sweet face.
"Poor child!" he murmured; "she is very Take her, ladies," he said to the the two nen, "and put her in some warm place."
t this moment his attention was drawn from child by a plaintive cry which arose at his

feet.

It was the monkey.

The animal had followed with a suspicious eye the scene which had passed between the prince and the child, and was evidently uneasy at seeing her trust herself so readily to the arms of a stranger. When it saw the turn affairs had taken, it shortly left its place of concealment and advanced towards the man who manifested so much gentleness toward its protege, and began to moan softly, casting a supplicating look upon the prince.

prince.
The prince bent down to caress it.
"On! do not kill it," cried the child in alarm.
"Poor Coco! it was he who saved me."
"What country does this child come from?"
asked M. Lubin of one of the women.
"She is an Italian, monsieur."
The door opened at this moment and two men appeared.

They were the physician and the commissary of They were the physician and the commissary of police.

On seeing them enter, M. Lubin approached them, and, after stating his name and that of the prince, made known to them the circumstances which had brought them to these rooms.

He informed them at the same time of the flight of the two bandits as they reached the house. Then, taking the commissary aside, he told him that he was an old agent of police, and offered him his services as well as those of the prince.

The physician approached the body lying upon the bed and examined it.

"Weil?" said the commissary.

"There is nothing to do; all is over," replied the physician, coidly.

"Then," said the commissary, with the same coolness, "be good enough to draw up your report, while i, on my part, search the room for some evidence which may put us on the track of the guilty one."
"Perhaps it would be well to visit the other rooms first," surgested M. Lubin, "for these ladies say that they saw three men, and two alone escaped."
"Let us seek for the other, then," said the commissary.
They passed into the dining-room, which was situated between the chamber and the ante-chamber. Then they visited the kitchen and the parlor. All their searches were fruitless.
"He certainly is not here," said the prince.
"But he is surely in the nouse," said M. Lubin.

"But he is surely in the nouse," said M. Lubin. "He has fled to the cellar or the roof, and we had

"But he is surely in the house," said M. Lubin.
"He has fled to the cellar or the roof, and we had better look there.
"It is useless," said the commissary; "I have already taken the necessary precautions; I have there, on the stairs, in the court, and in the street, a half dozen agents on the watch, and, skilful as the fellow may be, before an hour he will have fallen into their hands."

The three returned to the chamber.
"Well, doctor, what have you discovered?" asked the commissary.
"I have discovered that this wound was made by a short, thick blade; that the victim opposed an energetic resistance to the murderer,"
"And is that all? Nothing to throw any light as to the guilty one? Nothing which will become a proof against him when we take him?"
"Nothing at all," said the physician.
"Well, this proof," said M. Lubin, who for a moment had regarded with a strange attention the dead woman's hand, "this proof I have found."
"You!" cried the physician.
"A crushing, overwhelming proof,"
"Really!" said the physician mockingly. "Where

"A crushing, overwheiming proof."
"Really!" said the physician mockingly. "Where
do you see it:"
"It is there, in the right hand of the victim."

CHAPTER XX.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES. The doctor looked attentively at the hand designated by M. Lubin.
"Your eyes are sharper than mine," he said. "I see nothing."

"Look at the nails; they are filled with blood." "Weil?"

"They are long and strong; such nails are a earful weapon, and these have rendered terrible lows in the struggle between the woman and her season." assassin."
"I do not yet comprehend yeu,"
"You will presently. Have you brought your case of instruments?"

"You will presently. Have you brought your case of instruments?"

"It never leaves me."

"Give it to me."

The physician opened the case. It contained about twenty surgical instruments of all shapes and dimensions. After examining them for a moment M. Lubin took one.

"Now," said he, "I want a piece of paper or a bit of cotton cloth."

The commissary and Prince Tezka, greatly interested in these preparations, began to hunt for these objects. The prince finally found a sheet of writing paper.

"I have only one thing to ask of you," said M. Lubin to the doctor, "and that is to measure and note upon this paper exactly the space between the fingers of this hand."

"As you wish," replied the physician, indifferently.

the fingers of this hand."

"As you wish," replied the physician, indifferently.

"Now, prince," said the little old man, "take the lamp and hold it in such a manner that the light will fail upon the victim's hand."

The prince oueyed.

Then M. Lubin took the first finger of the hand and introduced a little pair of pincers between the nail and the flesh, and raised, with an extreme deficacy, a little fragment of skin. He placed it upon the paper and spread it out carefully, in such a manner as not to after its shape.

"Now, doctor." asked M. Lubin, "do you begin to understand?"

"Perfectly!" cried the physician in amazement.

"I am going to do the same with the other fingers," he continued, addressing the commissary; "so we shall have upon the paper five pieces of skin, torn by the five fingers from the neck or face of the marderer, and with the exact measure of the space between the fingers when we put our hands on the man, we shall need nothing to convict him, but to compare the marks remaining on him with these measures and little fragments of skin."

"It is perfect," said the commissary; "I must confess that your idea is most ingenious."

M. Lubin performed the same operation on the other fingers, and in a few moments five little pieces of human skin were extended upon the paper.

He had hardly finished when a frightful noise,

ingled with cries and oaths, was heard from the mingled with cries and counts,
stairway.

"What is going on below," asked the doctor.

"They are doubtless chasing the murderer,"
said M. Lubin.

"Yes, yes," cried the commissary; "my men have discovered him; come, let us go to them."

He left the chamber to seek the prisoner, con-

vinced that his men had taken the man. The prince and M. Lubin followed, impatient to see the murderer. But they had hardly passed the threshold of the chamber when they saw the door of the adjoining room open suddenly and close violently. A man leaped from the ante-chamber into the dining-room with the agility of a panther. His garments were in rags, his eyes inflamed and his bair in disorder; his face was covered with blood and he seemed rather like a wild beast than a human being.

this unexpected apparition. Seizing a heavy table the man hurled it against

ne parlor door, thus preventing his enemies fol-owing him. Then he sprung upon the balcony. It was some minutes before the commissary and The murderer had disappeared.
"He has vanished!" cried the commissary in

The has vanished; cried the balcony, but he ewilderment.
The three men rusned to the balcony, but he as not there. M. Lubin and Prince Tezka were empted to believe, as the commissary had delared, that the murderer had vanished into thin r. Impossible as was this miracle, it was the most asonable explanation of the phenomenon which

ad occurred.

They remained for some moments without exchanging a word, looking at each other with such an expression of amazement that, had the circumstances been less grave they would have ended by bursting into laughter.

"Where can he have gone?" cried the commissions.

"Where can he have gone?" cried the commissary.

"Look," said M. Lubin, pointing to the stone floor of the balcony, "there is the proof that we have not been the victims of an hallucination.

The white stone was stained with marks of blood in which could be distinguished the imprints of boots.

"And yet," observed the prince, "there is only this one window opening upon the balcony,"

"No place for concealment, no means for escape," said M. Lubin, completely disconcert_d by this supernatural disappearance.

"Is there a balcony below us?" continued the prince.

All three looked.

All three looked.

There was no balcony.

"In short," added the commissary, "this balcony was an impassable barrier for him, and yet he is not here; it is inexplicable."

The three men returned to the chamber, and the commissary gave some necessary orders to his men. On entering the room where the body lay, M.

On entering the room where the body lay, M., abin suddenly exclaimed:
"I recall two facts which I must examine into."
"What?" asked the prince.
"When we found the monkey and the child behind the bed I noticed that the animal's mouth was full of blood. I also observed that upon the loor at its feet was a small object, the nature of which I could not distinguish, besides. I rough but with the could not distinguish, besides. I rough but well and distinguish, besides. I rough but well and distinguish, besides.

floor at its feet was a small object, the nature of vitch I could not distinguish; besides, I paid but ittle attention to it at the time. Now, what we have discovered in the nails of the victim proved that we should neglect nothing, and that the truth it y spring up from the most insignificant incient, and this is why I think it important to ixamine more closely into these facts."

Taking the lamp, M. Lubin proceeded to the upot where they had found the monkey. The object of which they had spoken was still there on he floor in the midst of a little pool of blood.

M. Lubin took it in his fingers and dipped it in a class of water, then, after shaking it for a moment, he examined it attentively.

"Ah! mon Dieu!" he cried, with an expression of surprise, "is it possible?"

He turned the object over and over, studying it tarefully.

But what is it?" asked the commissary, impa-"The discovery is so preclous and so strange that I fear I may be deceived; but the doctor can settle it at once."
And passing the object to the physician, he

aid:
"Look, doctor, what is this?"
The doctor examined it for a moment and then landed it to the commissary.
"Parbieul" he cried; "M. Lubin is not deceived; tis a nose." it is a nose."
"What! it is a man's nose!" exclaimed the com-"What! It is a man's nose! "Actained the missary.

"Mon Dieu! Yes."

"And if I am not wrong," continued M. Lubin, "it must have been bitten off by the monkey, and that explains the blood in his mouth. Perhaps the child can give us some information upon this could."

without appearing to pay any attention to it.
"Tell us, my child," said M. Lubin, "why did he bite him?"

"Because they tried to take me away; there were three of them, and it was for that they came to the lady's house; but she began to cry out; then the padrone beather, and said to the others: "Take away Mietta, for my name is Mietta!" I was afraid, and ran behind the bed; one of them seized me and tried to lift me up, but Coco leaped at his face; then the man uttered a loud cry and ran away, holding his hand to his face; look, like this."

"That is it," said M. Lubin; "the nose remained Oco's mouth."

Questioning the child further, M. Lubin obtained from her the whole story of her escape from the padrone and her rescue by the young man who had brought her to Mme. Vulpin's. Do you know the men who were here just now,

'Mascadin!" cried M. Lubin. "Tell me, little

"Mascadin!" cried M. Lubin. "Tell me, little Mietta, do you recollect his friend's name?"
"Lochard."
"Perfect!" cried M. Lubin; "we are getting into familiar ground." He continued:
"Which of the two was bitten by Coco?"
"I do not know,"replied the child;"I was afraid, and shut my eyes so as not to see."
"Tell me, little one, where does the padrone live?"
"I do not know."
"That is impossible, since you slept at his house every night."
"I know the way there, but I do not know the name of the street."
"And Lochard and Mascadin, where do they live?"

"And Locherd and Mascadin, where do they live?"

"In the same house as the padrone,"

"But if you do not know the name of the street, you can take us to it, since you know the way."

"No! alt! no!" cried the child shuddering: "the padrone will kill me."

"But we shall be there to defend you, my child."

"He will kill you, too; vou do not know the padrone; he is very strong and very wicked; no, no; I will not go, I will not go."

"This is too much," cried the commissary; "everything combines to protect this wretch. This child saw the murder committed, she knows the assassin, and we can get neither his name nor address! Where shall we seek? How discover bim?"

"One thing is evident," said M. Lubin, 'and that is that the motive, or rather the occasion of this crime, was this child, to the possession of whom the murderer must have attached the greatest importance, since to retake her he did not recoil before a crime. Now this poor child has lost her protectress, she is alone in the world. What will become of her?"

To this question the prince replied:

"I will find a mother for her; in fact, two mothers who will be full of tenderness for her. You know them well."

"Who are the?"

"Mme. Dorival and Genevieve!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Wall Street News.] He placed his cane and hat on a chair and took seat, with the remark:
"Your wife has been a member of my congre-

"Your wife has been a member of my congregation for the last two years."

"Yes, I believe so."

"And I have felt it to be my duty to have a short conversation with you in regard to your own soul. I desire to speak with you more particularly in regard to cambling in grain. Do you realize the enormity of the offence?"

"I think I do. Just read that." It was a telegram from Chicago reading: "Our loss in the late deal will be about \$14,000 each."

The preacher didn't stay for any farther "wrass-

The preacher didn't stay for any farther "wrass-ling," being convinced that his "hearer" must realize the enormity, and something to boot.

(Wall Street News.)
They were talking about the times and the gen-

eral disinclination to buy large stocks or make heavy investments, when a bald-headed man

heavy investments, when a bald-headed man edged into the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been living beyond our means, and we must get down to hard-pan and begin over again."

"That may be all very true," replied one of the others, "but who will begin?"

"I have already begun," said the bald-head. "I was worth \$30,000; I bought \$20,000 worth of city lots and started to build a \$75,000 mansion. The result is that I am right down to bed-rock and ready to begin anew. Do any of you happen to know a good opening for a dancing master?"

Foot-racing has become almost a mania at Bur-

lington, Vt.

Martin Smith of Montville, Conn., was 100 years old on the 19th.

Hartford anneunces the first Connecticut baby named after Grover Cleveland.

Henry Lord of Mount Holly, Vt., has made 120,000 pounds of cheese this season. The New Hampshire State industrial school has 111 inmates, ninety-one boys and twenty girls. A Plymouth county concern will supply \$25,000 worth of fireworks for the New Orleans exposi-

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., it is aid, will be given \$50,000 by a New York gentle-CATABRHAL THROAT affections, backing, irritating coughs, colds, cured by "Rough on Coughs." 25c. HOW HE ESCAPED.

The Strange Story of a Doctor's Parsonal Experience.

[Syracuse, N. Y., Herald.] The Herald lays the following statement before its readers with the assurance that it is undoubtedly true in every particular. The writer is a well and widely known citizen, and his case is familiar to a large

To the Editor of the Herald: SIR-I dislike the notoriety of a newspaper letter over my own signature, but in this matter duty com pels me. As many are aware, I was for years in a feeble condition, many people expecting my death at any time. In 1879, while at Deuver, Col., I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage. I lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. I came home utterly broken down. My physicians said some pecu-liarity of the Western climate produced the disorder. I made the journey again a few months later, how ever, without ill effects, but on my return home I was ever, without in elects, but of my return home I was prostrated with pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled, and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks, in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head. I was in constant tear of sufficient. Many a night I had deadly sinking realls. When the neurograms spells. When the pneumonia abated the hemorrages returned. My legs were twisted with cramps, my skin was very hot and dry, my blood circulated unevenly, my mouth was parched, I was tormented with the pains of gravel and mucus in my fluids, and my

pack ached excruciatingly.

I did not know what was my special disorder, but in April, 1881, a council of five of the best physicians of Syracuse said I could not possibly recover. They advised me to try the virtues of a certain mineral spring. With pittful helplessness I dragged myself to the cars, but was obliged to stop over at Worcester, Mass. There I was again thoroughly examined by fifteen physicians who concurred that I was incurafteen physicians, who concurred that I was incur-able. Nevertheless, I continued my journey to the aprings, remained there several weeks, but returned

springs, remained there several weeks, but returned home without benefit or hope.

My disorder was for years sapping and mining my constitution before the final attack was made. First I had chills and fever, then severe and protracted cold, then restlessness at night, nervous irritability by, day, constantly distressing backache, unusual disposition to catarrh, pain in the chest, torpid liver, headache and dull sensation in the base of the brain. headache and dull sensation in the base of the brain. For five years painful rheumatic pains affected my knee. Stomach and bowel derangements came in their turn, with an occasional fluttering of my heart, and an inability to draw a long breath; quick fatigue followed much conversation: irregularity of appetite succeeded. Fitful pains of a neuralgic order flitted about my body, and after a day of hard work my arms would feel numb, so I often had fears of paralysis. So terrible at times did my back and arms ache that at the close of work I would lie on my couch for a bour with arms unraised in vain attempt for rean hour with arms upraised in vain attempt for re-lief. After a night of restiessness and hallucinations I would awake in the morning with such a distressing headache that I could not arise until I had drunk

these years my physicians said was Bright's disease of the kidneys, pronounced by every medical authority to be incurable. Having exhausted all authorized remedies, I dismissed my medical attendants and began the use of Warner's safe cure in December, 1881. I faithfully persevered for two and one-half years, and it has saved my life and restored my health, when twenty of the most competent physicians and I could not recover. I have taken over 200 bottles, following all diet rules and directions.

I have hitherto refrained from publishing details of

my case, because I wished to secure permanent effects before stating results, but as I have been com-paratively a well man for the last two years and able to attend to my business daily, wholly through the preparation named, I feet that I ought to spread its merits before the world. If you see fit to publish what I have written I shall be gratified.
Yours, etc., DR. S. G. MARTIN

§ Syracuse, N. Y., October 16, 1884.

ENTERTAINING BLUNDERS. ome Ridiculous Mistakes and Bulls Which Have Made Our Ancestors Laugh.

[Ladies' Treasury.]

Horace Walpole records that when the Duchess of Boiton wished to divert George I. she affected to make some ridiculous mistake, which never failed to put the king in good humor. Blunders frequently take place of the medieval jesters, the The little girl had followed all this conversation chief of whose wit appears to have rested upon the absurd mistakes they failed to make. Lord Falmouth's dispute with Pitt in the House would have dropped into oblivion with countless other unimportant Parliamentary debates, save for the ridiculous mistake of one of the speakers. Pitt concluded his argument with a Latin quotation, which Lord Falmouth did not understand, but conceived to be something of an unflattering nature applied to himself. Demanding what was meant, Pitt dryly replied that the expression was not his own, but Horace's. "I did not believe that Horace Waipole would have insulted me after all the obligations I have iaid him under," cried the affronted peer, who was better acquainted with the owner of Strawberry Hill than with the Latin poet. His error was somewhat akin to that of the lady who remarked that she was surprised that Lord Nelson, who never made a great profession of religion, should have written a book on "The Fasts and Festivals of the English Church." It is often assumed that it is only ignorant or stupid persons who make ludicrous mistakes; but this is quite a fallacy. Actual "buils," to match any in Miss Edgworth's famous collections, have been perpetrated by clever men from the days when Sir Isaac Newton cut a hole for the cat and a hole for the kitten, in his study door. D'Israeli has written at length on the "Follies of the Learned," and many celebrated names figure in every bit of what may be termed "historical blunders." Dr. Stuckeley discovered a coin of Carausius, on which he deciphered the letters "Orivna Avg," and conceiving this to relate to a wife, wrote an article on the hitherto unknown "august Orivna." Unluckily, a brother antiquarian possessed the same coin in a better condition, and showed the inscription to be "Fortuna Avg." It is said that the legend of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins arose out of the misreading of the abbreviations in an ancient MS, which spoke of "St. Ursula et Undecimilia V. M." (St. Ursula and Undecimilia; virgin martyrs.") This a wise transcriber read and copled as "Ursula et Undecemilia to the later remarked, "This city possesses an entire Petronius, were much talked of in the literary world, a professor at Lubeck saw a letter written by a brother scholar at Boulogne, in which the latter remarked, "This city possesses an entire Petronius," never doubti quotation, which Lord Falmouth did not understand, but conceived to be something of an unflat-

READY IRISH WIT. The Reckless Driver of a Jaunting Car

Who Respected His Horse. As an illustration of the ready and peculiar wit of Irlshmen, I should like to place on record the following anecdote: I had occasion a few months since, to travel in the south of Ireland, and I hired the usual "jaunting car," the driver of which was about "as knowing as they make 'em," and gave me good reasons to suppose he had been

liquoring pretty freely.

After terrifying the life out of me by speciment of the most reckiess driving he landed me about two miles from my destination and refused to go further, on the plea that "his horse's mother-in-law lived in that parish; and shure," he added, "there'd be such fitin' and scratchin' as your honor would never drhame ov if I tuk the "there'd be such film and scratchin' as your honor would never drhame ov if I tuk the creature there." I said: "Is there any fammy feud between you?" "Family feud is it?" he asked, evidently misunderstanding me, "The devil a happroth of food did we ever get from the family; the most we ever got from them was measles." "But," I said, "what am I to do?" "It's not for the like of me to advise a jintleman like your honor, but I know what I'd do, I'd jump on the car and go back, if it was only to warm the horse and give poor Pat a dhrain." "But," I added, "I've business over there," "Sture, I'd send for it then, for the divil a start do I make," I found he had a 'pal' who kept a 'shebeen' just handy, and he had made up his mind to desert me.

Under these circumstances, as I had pald him well for the hire, I felt justified in upping him a three-penny plece. Before taking it he went carefully to the horse's head, and taking out a ragged bandanna, he bound the animal's eyes. I naturally asked him what he was about. "Shure, your honor, I woulan't like the horse to see how mane you were, and I'd hever be able to drive him agin if he knew I'd take a duirty three-penny," saying this, the Jehn jumped on his car and joined his "pal," leaving me ten miles from a town and two miles from the place I wanted to go to.

Pat was a fresh arrival, and had obtained a sitution in a hotel as a sort of man of all work.

"Now, Pat," said the landlord, "you see that sign, "Gentiemen must use the spittoons." If you notice any guests violating that rule, I want you to report the matter to me."

"Oi wull, sor."

Pat kept a sharp eye out, and, after watching a gentleman for half an hour, he went to him and said:

gentleman for half an bour, he went to him and said:
"Dy're moind the sign forninst the wall, sor?"
"Yes,"
"Phy don't ye obsarve it, thin?"
"I am not spitting on the carpet," said the gentleman, rather astonished.
"I knaw yer not, an' yer not usin' the spitting nather. Spet, ye thate, or o'll report yez."

POISED ON A WAVE-CREST

Just Long Enough to be Seen and Saved.

Adrift 'Mid the Howling of the Tempest and Ravings of Insane Companions.

Cannibalism the Last Resort to Prolong a Life of Horror.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., November 28 .- A despatch to the Philadelphia Press from Lewes, Del.. dated November 27, says: The three-masted schooner Helen L. Angel, from Georgeto W.

for Baltimore, brought into port today Pilot Mar-shal Bertrand and Alfred Swanson, a Norwegian, two of the three men who Monday morning left the pilot boat Thurley in a skiff for the purpose of putting Thomas Marshall, another pilot, on board the steamship Pennsylvania. They succeeded in performing the duty, and started back to regain the Turley, which was beating to and fro off the Five Fathom lightship. The weather was very thick, and a heavy sea was running, and they never reached their vessel. It was consequently supposed they had been lost. Several pilot boats were sent in search of them, and one cruised 200 miles off the coast without discovering a trace.

Bertrand told the story of their rescue this afternoon. Soon after leaving the Pennsylvania, they tound that in the darkness they had lost their bearings. They had no compass on board, and not one of the Delaware lights was visible. Their frail boat became unmanageable, and the wind and sea rose higher every moment.

When daylight broke they were

Drifting Rapidly Out to Sea before the strong northwest gale. They then abandoned all hope, except that they might be carried within sight of some vessel. This was but a forlorn chance, as Bertrand knew that only by some lucky accident would their little craft, which for most of the time was in the hollow of the seas, be sighted from the deck of any vessel. All they could do was to keep her as much as possible be-

The weather was bitterly cold, and they had left the Thurley in such haste that they had failed to take their thickest clothing or to throw in any water or provisions. Soon the spray driven by the cutting blasts froze upon their oliskins, and their stiffened muscles refused to do their duty. One man attended to the helm, while the others attempted to keep the boat from swamping by constantly bailing.

constantly bailing.

All Monday and Monday night and Tuesday they drove aimlessly about, suffering the extremes of hunger, thirst and cold. Toward dusk on Tuesday evening both the Norwegians, who were pilot apprentices, became delirious, and before Bertrand could control them they lost the part and everything else that was loose in the boat. Thus left without any means of handling the skiff, Bertrand can hardly explain how it escaped from filling or capsizing. He says that

He Occasionally Sunk Into a Stupor, in which the ravings of his shipmates, the roar of the wind and the clashing of the waves were curiously mingled with whatever remained to him

He supposes that it was about midnight of Tuesday when one of the Norwegians, whose name neither himself nor Swanknew, drew his knife from its sheath and made several plunges at him, declaring that he would kill him and drink his blood, but the deranged man was himself too feeble to carry out his intention. Exhausted by his long fast and clad in his jey garments, as in a coat of mail, he fell

Shricking and Gasping across the thwarts at Bertrand's feet. In a few minutes he was dead. The clouds had beams fell upon the contorted features of the dead sailor, upon whose face the freezing spume drift quickly formed a film of ice. To add to the peril of the remaining men, the boat shipped a great deal of water. The bailer was among the things that the crazy man had thrown overboard, things that the crazy man had thrown overboard, and Bertrand was forced to take off one of his rubber boots to use it in its place. Thus he freed the boat from water, but his unprotected foot was frozen. Swanson was so near death as to be incapable of rendering any assistance, and, except when he was raving, laid like a log.

When the sun rose Wednesday morning, Bertrand eagerly scanned the horizon in search of a sail, but saw nothing. As his glance fell upon the

sail, but saw nothing. As his glance fell upon the corpse of the dead sailor it occurred to him that here might be

The Means of Prolonging Life,

until rescue came. Horrible as the idea of cannibalism was, he realized that nothing else remained between then and death. He aroused Swanson paratively cleared, and that he understood what was said to him.

The cold had not abated, but the sea had gone down. The day was bright and Bertrand knew

hat if they could keep alive until nightfall they would in all likelihood be picked up, as they could not be out of the path of coasting vessels.

Then came the supreme moment. Bertrand indicated to Swanson what he proposed to do, and the latter agreed with him. With the small remnant of strength left them, they tore the stiffened oilskins and the underclothing from the dead, and left part of the body exposed. Into his breast and shoulders they plunged their knives and eagerly sucked the blood from the wounds. They immediately felt refreshed, and the tortures which they had experienced were allayed. Pausing for a moment in their work, they returned to it and cut strips of flesh from the corpse. Each devoured a little, though Bertrand says it was with a sense of loathing which only the conviction of self-preservation could enable him to conquer.

Then they laid back under the gunwales of their craft, occasionally raising their heads

their craft, occasionally raising their heads

To Scan the Water for a Sail. They were scarcely conscious of the passage of time, but when the sun went down Bertrand saw passing its disc the incline of a vessel not more than a mile distant, and headed almost directly toward them. The welcome vision reanimated him, and, springing to his feet with some vigor, he stretched himself to his full height in the stern sheets, and drawing off his oilskin coat swung it high above his head. Just at this moment fortune aided him, the boat mounting high upon the crest of a long roller, so that it was thrown into full view of the lookout on the forecastle of the vessel. For a moment she held her course, and he feared that in the fading light they were not seen. A moment more and he knew better, for she came around before the wind, which was still blowing from the westward. Her foresail, mainsail and spanker were swung out wing and wing, and she was headed straight toward them.

The rescuing vessel proved to be the Helen L. Angel, which in the storm had missed making the capes of the Chesapeake. As she neared the helpless castaways, she launched a boat, and by 6 o'clock of Wednesday evening they were comfortably resting in her cabin, comforted with food and drink. For sixty hours they had nothing but the salt water and the flesh and blood of their shipmate. The scene of the rescue was eighty-five miles southeast of the Five Fathonn light-ship, so that in the three days and two nights which had elapsed since they put off from the Thurley they had drifted around in that compass of space. Just before the Angel bore down on them they threw overboard the body of the dead man. The Angel arrived at the breakwater at 5 o'clock this afternoon, and Bertrand was put ashore. He is in good condition, with the exception of his frozen feet. Swanson was sent to the Thurley, and is reported as doing well. It is said that a bark bassed the lost men's boat on Tuesday, and, not withstanding their hallings, paid no attention to them. stern sheets, and drawing off his oilskin coat ing their hailings, paid no attention to them.

Books **3** Cents Each.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON,

BARONET, M. D., D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S., Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, President Royal British Association, Professor of the University of Edinburgh,

etc., says:

The properties of this wonderful plant (the Coca) are the most remarkable of any known to the medical word. From repeated personal trials, I am convinced that its use is highly beneficial and tonic."

PROFESSOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says: "Libeig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic has more than realized my expectations." PROFESSOR JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, M. D., Surgeon-in-chief N. Y. State Hospitals, Professor Surgery N. Y. Medical College, ex-Health Officer, Port of New York, etc., says: "My patients derived marked and decided benefit from the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef

PROFESSOR F. W. HUNT, M. D., LL. D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg. Russia, Professor of Practice of Medicine, etc., says: "Velig Co.'s Coca Beef Toale is far superior to the nable and illusive preparations of beef, wine

PROFESSOR H. GOULLON, M. D., LL. D., Physianything I have ever prescribed.' It is invaluable in Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Liver

PROFESSOR C. A. BRYCE, M. D., LL. D., editor Southern Clinic, says: "Really a wonderful reconstructive agent, building up the system and supplying lost nervous energy. For broken-down constitutions it

dent Massachusetts Surgical Society, says: "The best tonic to build up a broken-down constitution from long-standing womb disease is Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic." It is invaluable in all forms of debility

For indorsements and opinions of hundreds of the nost distinguished physicians, irrespective of school, Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is also valuable in

Malaria, Fever and Ague, Chronic Coughs, Kidney Affections, Asthma, Female Irregularity and Suffer-ings, Palpitation and Weakness of the Heart, Scrofulous Eruptions, Infirmities of Old Age, etc. The American Homosopathic Observer says:

"Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic certainly merits all the praise it is receiving.

The St. Louis Clinical Review says: "We desire to call the attention of the profession to

the reliability of the preparations manufactured by the Liebig Company, and to the high character of the indorsements accorded to this celebrated firm by leadng physicians and medical journals of all schools." The American Homospathic Observer says: "The Liebig Co.'s preparations should not be con

founded with any patent nostrums. They are legiti-mate pharmaceutical products, and worthy of the recommendations bestowed upon them by both nomoeopathic and allopathic journals." PROFESSOR J. C. LEHARDY, M. D., President

tained by me from its use in my practice are indeed It embodies the nutritive elements of the muscular fibre, blood, bone and brain of carefully selected healthy bullocks, dissolved in a guaranteed quality of

sherry, and combined with the Coca (which is recog construct the most shattered and enfeebled, reinvigorate the aged and infirm, and infuse new vitality into sickly children and infants. The Journal of the Royal Society of Vienna says: "It is remarkable that the South American Indians

never suffer from consumption, and that the cause of it is the use of Coca. They also never suffer with scrofulosis, skin diseases, or caries of the teeth. They reach a very old age, and frequently pass their full

PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON, M. D., Dean of St. Louis, Mo., Clinic of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, says: "To children with marasmus I have given it with decided benefit. It is a remedy of great utility in dyspepsia. It is also a most powerful and agreeable stimulant to the brain and nervous system, and it is especially useful to counteract fatigue of mind and body."

DR. TUTHILL MASSEY, M. D., L. R. C. P., M. B. H. S., of Manchester, England, says: "The effect is something wonderful. From being depressed and very low spirted, easily tired, I can now walk any length of time without feeling fatigue. Before tak-ing the Coca Beef Tonic my nerves seemed so unstrung that when I read a pathetic tale I could not refrain from becoming very much affected, although I tried hard to overcome the absurd feeling. Now I

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY: Gentlemen—Your agent left me a bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic. I took it myseif, as I had been sick for a number of mouths with a lung affection, and was not able to practice. It helped me very much. So much so that I am now about as well as usual. I have since given it to a number of patients, and it has ber fited every case. I am indeed most thankful that it came to my hands. I had tried different preparations of Coca before, but had no effects from the

H. S. PHENIX, M. D. PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, editor Medical PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, entor Medical and Surgical Record says: "The Coca Beef Tonic of the Liebig Company, combined as it is with coca, quinine and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have had with it, we are forced to speak in its favor and to recommend its use. Beef, iron and quinine cannot be surpassed by any other three ingredients cannot be surpassed by any other three ingredients in or out of the dispensatory for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be obtained combined from so reliable a house as Leiebig's it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest extent."

the fullest extent."

From an article on the Coca by W. S. Searle, A. M., M. D., of Brooklyn, Fellow of Medico-Cnirurgical Society of New York, etc.:

It is a useful tonic in nervous prostration, hysteria and meancholy. In sustaining nervous force it is superior to all known agents. I have advised its use to a large number and variety of persons for various conditions, and the great majority have found benefit from its employment. To a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, a lady seventy-three years of age, who had become reduced to a diet of lightly cooked meal and bread, and who for three years had not had a movement of the bowels without the aid of enemas, I prescribed it. Within three days she was able to return to ordinary food, and though two years have passed she has not failed to have a regular and normal evacuto ordinary food, and though two years have passed she has not failed to have a regular and normal evacuation daily. A lady who had for years suffered from nervous asthma, and who had been compelled to go up stairs slowly and with frequent rests, found great relief from the very first dose. A broker who had been subjected to excessive nervous strain, and was in consequence unable to sleep or eat well, was becoming very weak and emaciated. He greatly feared he would be obliged to relinquish business for a period of entire rest. All his syraptoms were immediately cared and he went on with his affairs as many and cured, and he went on with his affairs as usual. A lady, aged fifty-five, has diabetes. Since taking Coca with her meals she has improved wonderfully, being almost entirely relieved of her former "sinking spells," thirst and constipation. A lady suffered for thirteen years with severe nervous headaches. They at first recurred every two weeks, and finally every two days. She describes them as so violent that she would rather die than live. Three weeks after beginning the Coca she reports: "I have had but one slight attack, and I am so much stronger and better that I feel sure I shall be cured." Many instances of nervous headache, neurasthenia and neuralgia have been reported to me as cured by the Coca when all the usual ported to me as cured by the Coca when all the usual

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY:
Your preparation of Coca is the best I have ever seen.
W. S. SEARLE, M. D. WHAT IS COCA?

The first reply is that IT IS NOT COCOA.

COMMODORE GIBBON (United States Exploring Expedition of the Amazon says: "The Coca has properties so marvellous that it enables the Indians, without any other nourishment the while, to perform forced marches of five or six days. It is so bracing, stimulant and tonic, that by the use of it alone they will perform journeys of 300 miles without appearing in the least fatigued."

PROFESSOR GRAZELLA of the Royal University of Seville says: "Coca seems to prolong life; longevity among its users is the rule, and not, as with us, the among its users is the rule, and not, as with us, the exception. They are also freer from disease."

PROFESSOR J. J. VAN TSHUDI ("Travels in Peru") says: "Setting aside all extravagant and visionary notices, I am clearly of the opinion that the use of Coca is very conducive to health and longevity. In support of this conclusion, I may refer to the numerous examples of longevity among Indians, who, from boyhood, have been in the habit of masticating Coca three times a day. Cases are not infrequent of Indians attaining the great age of 130 years, and these men, at the ordinary rate of consumption, must, in the course of their lives, have chewed not less than 2700 pounds of the leaf, and retained the most perfect health and vigor."

fect health and vigor."

I tried Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic in a number of weight. The results obtained in two weeks were, indeed, flattering. One patient gained five pounds, another three pounds, and so on.

J. C. LEHARDY, M. D., Savannah, President Med. Society of Georgia, etc., etc.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE LIEBIG LABORATORY & CHEMICAL WORKS CO. MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS. NEW YORK. PARIS AND LONDON. NEW YORK DEPOT, 38 MURRAY ST

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

Harper's Magazine

Harper's Young People.

"THE GIANT OF THE MONTHLIES." Subscription per year, \$4.00.

The SEVENTIETH VOLUME will begin with the Number for December, 1884.

The Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE beginning in December will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet, in each new volume, a new Maga-zine; not simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also and chiefly because it steadily advances in the method itself of maga-

It is the best Magazine for the home. Touching home taste and cuiture at every point, and bringing to every hearthstone argosles of wealth from all lands, and the richest treasures of imagination and art, it never intrudes an element of disturbance or controversy.

England contribute to the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Its illustrated descriptive articles cover every portion of the world, and every subject of social interest in the departments of industry, science, art, literature and polity. The illustrations alone in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the past year cost over eighty thousand dollars. They are the wonder of our time. Its serial novels are the best published, and its short stories are unsurpassed. While, in many ways, it takes the very color and superficial impress of its time, there is no periodical in which to so great an extent the newer, larger and deeper currents of the world's life are represented.

In circulation, in America and abroad, it leads all other periodicals of its class.

Entering upon a new year, the publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE repeat the promise they have made at the beginning of every year-a promise which will surely be performed-of continued improvement in the future.

PRESS NOTICES.

A model of what a family periodical should be.—
Daily Evening Traveller, Boston.

Of all the magazines, this maintains the highest standard of uniform excellence.—Examiner, N. Y.

As remarkable for its pictorial beauty as for the attractiveness of its literary contents.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HARPPR'S MAGAZINE ranks first in the world in circulation. Its history is a large part of the literary history of the nineteenth century in America.—N. F. Journal of Commerce. Its illustrations are as superb as its articles are varied, racy and instructive.—Christian at Work, N. Y. Its typography, its engravings, its reading, its general make-up, leave few things to be desired. The publishers are determined not to permit any to surpass them.—Southern Churchman, Richmond.

Brimful of seasonable and delightful reading.—N. Y. Observer. HARPER'S MAGAZINE keeps up its reputation as a periodical fully abreast of the times, not only in the matter of seasonable topics, but in the newest inventions in art letterpress.—Cleveland Leader.

The Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for or, in half-calf binding, on receipt of \$5 25 each. of print.

Subscription per Year, \$2.00.

The SIXTH VOLUME commenced with the Number issued November 4, 1884.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is about to be published in London. Its subscribers are found wherever the English language is spoken, and the extraordinary rapidity with which this wide circulation has been gained is due to the obvious fact that its publishers have spared neither pains nor expense to secure for it the very best literary and

Its serial and short stories have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, are of superior literary quality, and wholly free from all that is perpicious or vulgarly sensational. Pastors and teachers have united in commending it warmly to parents and guardians as an invaluable means of informing the minds and elevating the tastes of the young people under their care. The The leading writers and artists in America and humorous stories, articles and pictures are full of innocent fun, without a trace of coarseness.

The papers on natural history and other scientific subjects, travel, and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best possible assurance of accuracy and value. The historical stories, biographical tales and anecdotes are most attractively presented.

Papers on athletic sports, games and pastimes give full instructions with respect to those subjects, and fine pictures, representing the work of the foremost artists and engravers on wood, lavishly illustrate its pages.

In all mechanical respects HARPER'S YOUNG

PEOPLE is as attractive as fine paper, legible type and skilful printing can make it. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of fivecent stamp.

PRESS NOTICES.

In purity of tone, beauty of illustration, and in variety of attractive, entertaining and instructive contents of the highest literary merit, it is unexcelled, and deserves a place in every bone blessed with children, whose lives it will make better and brighter with its weekly visits.—Zion's Herald, Boston.

cate.

One of the most popular children's periodicals in the country.—San Francisco Argonaut.

It overflows with stories, poems, anecdotes, instructive articles, pictures, and everything else in its line that can be thought of to make children happy, merry and wise; and it will bear rending over again many tines without losing its freshness, vivacity or power to charm.—Providence Journal.

Happyr's Young Propular continues to lead the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE continues to lead the weekly publications for youth throughout the country, and probably throughout the world.—The Living Church, Chicago.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Volumes II., III., IV. and V., with Index to three years back, in cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of \$3 00 each; each volume. Price \$3.50 each. Volume I. out

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

	THE STATE OF THE S			
HARPER'S	MAGAZINEPer	Year	\$4	00
HARPER'S	WEEKLY	"	4	00
HARPER'S	BAZAR	"	4	00
HARPER'S	YOUNG PEOPLE	"	2	00
HARPER'S	FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (52 Numbers)	"	10	00

Postage Free to all Subscribers in the United States and Canada.

When no time is specified, subscriptions will be begun with the current Number.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.



We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it ensier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Waranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

PROOF that Agents are making from 275 to 3150 per month. Farmers make \$200 to \$500 during the winter. La-dies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

MANHOOD

RESTORED A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY! BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and, the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies falled. Perfectly pure ingradients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

seription.

-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca] 1 drachm.

-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca] 1 drachm.

Jerubeoin, ½ drachm.

Hypophosphite quinia, ½ drachm.

Gelsemin, 8 grains.

Ext. ignatic armara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. ieptandra, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s.

Mix

Jake 60 oilis. Take 1 nill at 3 n. m. and an-

Make 60 nills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adupted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, merveless condition to one of renewed life and gor.

gor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting 83 in post office money order or registered letter, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private labors to the sent by return mail from our private labors. New England Medical Institute, 24 TREMONT ROW.

BOSTON, MASS. Young Men

Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECT O. VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) affilied with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheupstism. vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trait is allowed. Write them at once for illus-trated pamphlet free. [1-4] SSu&eowyly dS COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Won; derful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing the health, wealth and happiness to all.

This handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co. Newark, N. J. wycowist of

Christmas Package Free: Our New Christman Package contains all the following useful researts for the Holishys: I Nice Imported Scrap Book, size 83% x 63% indees; I Chromo Picture, with Sasci, a pretty mantel ornament; 50 Decalcomanic or Transfer Fictures, in near abun; 4 very handsome Christmas Carda; Buckner's Musical Chart, a complete self-dustrateor for the Pinno or Organ; Pine Portraits of George Washington, Thomas J. Jerson, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield; So Inev and Popular Songs; 10 new Parior Games; 9 Parior Tableaux; 12 Good Cooking and other Receipts Brondla Office; Hone reserve of Twenty-five Cents in notinge stamps too tolk send our large librage, Scotlaum illustrated Literary and Funding paper, The Threadien of The Carda Cooking and the Receipt Brondlaum Chart and Funding package Free, by mail post-parid. Sill liberal offer is made to introduce our paper late new home. Scilfyaction guaranteed or moves refunded. For \$1.00 we will send five subscriptions and two Christmas Packages. Pleace mention this page.

Self Cure Weakness Debility Lost Weakness and Decay Afsvorite prescription of a noted specialist (new refered.) Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, FF



3 French Dolls with an Elegant Wardrobe of 32 pieces, Clonks, Loate, Sauchele, Over coats, Sailor, Milliary and Dress Sails, &c., for only 14 cents. Send as 50 cents for five live, pieces of 50 Lovely Now Style C. come Carles, with name, and we will shead the ECL 18 FET EL FRANKLIN PRINTG, CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

VITAL Victims of ignorance and error, doctors and untrums, I will send you an intallible prescription that will be prescription that will be used in every case, for \$1. Druggists can fill it. E. Brown, \$10½ st. Charles, St. Lanis, wy52t d4

TO GENERAL AGENTS. Work, essentially different from the general character and make-up of hound subscription books and of great beauty and interest to the public is nearly ready for placing in the hands of agents. Address Geo. Barrie, Pubr. Philada

AGINING Either Sex Wanted for D23.
SCOTT'S Beautiful Electric forsets. Sample free; no risk, fulck
sales. Territory given. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, A. K
wyld. 028

Nervous Debility Siviale Agency, 180 Falton St. N. K.

\$5000 for the Use of Your Name.

CINCINNATI FARMERS' LEDGER, Which for years of continuous publication has and which must not be confounded with any irresponsible mushroom publication gotten up to back some questionable lottery or other scheme. Three-fourths of this profit will be nade out of the sale of advertising

> Capital Premium
> 2000
> 25 Pre's of \$50 each
> 1250
>
>
> Capital Premium
> 1000
> 25 Pre's of \$25 each
> 625
>
>
> Capital Fremium
> 500
> 10,000 Pre's of \$10 each
> 100,000
>
>
> Capital Premium
> 250
> 89,944 Pre's of \$2 each
> 179,888
> 100,000 Cash Premiums, Aggregating \$290,613. In the above list all are CASH Premiums, of which there as 30.044 of \$2 each, and ranging from that amount to \$5-a Case Premium for EVERY subscriber, none less than \$2, and

> It Costs Nobody Anything to Subscribe, As the subscription price will be deducted when the Cash Premium is paid and subscription begins—there are no blanks. "WHAT PREMIUM WILL IGET?" SEND U name and find out. Immediately on receipt of your letter will send with the Premium Engravings a sealed envelope cottaining an order for the amount of the Cash Premium that wished due you, and there will be no waiting or uncertainty.

Remember, No Subscription Price Need be Sent and No Charge for Tickets. CONDITIONS. Every subscriber must accept as a condition that he will display the Premium Engaving in a conspicuous place in his house or office, and make known to those who call how and where he secured it. Positively this must be done. Every Engraving sent out secures additional subscribers, and the advertising profits out of which to pay the cash Premium depend on the list of subscribers. The charges, 46c, on the Engraving, have nothing to do with the subscription price, and harely cover cost, delivery and packing so large an Engraving, and no name will be entered or Cash Fremium Orders sent unless the charges for the engraving are enclosed. Those who receive Fremium Orders for any of the Capital Cash Fremiums will please telegraph, at our expire, acknowledging amount. Stamps will not be accepted for engraving charges except from places where postal notes are not issued. where postal notes are not issued.

OESERVE! This is business from the word "Go!" If you send us your address and 46c. for less than two dollars—for there are no blanks. We expect to secure the necessary 100,000 in 30 days and to be among the favorites you should join our list at once. The Cash Premeum paid through any bank, post or express office. You run no risk, except of good fortune—then don't wait, but take advantage of this opportunity now, TGDAY.

Address all letters to FARMERS' LEDGER, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Everybody who sends as directed gets a present worth from 20 cents to \$500. The proprietor of the ELLINGIS AGEICULTURIST being desirous of having the ill known and popular paper more widely circulated and introduced into houses where it is dy known, has determined to throw of all profit this year.

For 50 Cents work agricultural and control of the holder to one of the following plan has been adopted by us:

For 50 Cents work agricultural and control of the following plan has been adopted by the following plan has been adopted by the following plan has been adopted by the following presented by the following pre List of Presents to Be Given Away.

our Subscription Free. Get five of end us \$2.50 and we will send you unhered receipt for each of you Your Subscription Free. Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to Send us 22.50 and we will send you the ILLINOIS ACCREULTE East for three months, a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers, and one extra for your trouble. No postpone send ten subscribers with \$55 and we will send you 12 subscriptions and thirteen reFOR 60 DAYSONLY. When the beginning of the content of t POR 60 DA 250 per subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions at an early date, as in no case will they be received later than January 1, 1885. THE LILINOIS AGRICULTULE LILILINOIS IN AGRICULTULE LISTS is the best and ablest edited paper in the country and already has a circulation of 20,000 copies, and only requires 80,000 more to get the desired number. It contains eight pages.



Only 50 Confe Secures the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST three months and one rescription price. As to reliability were fer those who do not know us to any Eark or Mercantile Agency,
FREMEND ER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutety Free. (S-Cent Postage Stamps taken. Money in sums of \$1 or less may be sent in an ordimary 'etter at our risk; larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter or Postal Note, and addressed
ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST, 162 LaSaile Street, CHICACO, ILL.



Who is WEAL, NEET OUR TENERS. Who is STRENGTH.
WIND IN THE STRENGTH.
FITALIZE OF PROCREATIVE POWER, Weakened
his Mind. Unstrung his Nerves or supped his SEXUAL
STRENGTH and who now finds himself suffering from
TERRIBLE DRAINS and LOSSES MERVELESS,
IMPOUTEMT and UNSEXED by Nameless Vice.

EVELV MIDDLE-ASSI AND OUR MAIL

LOSSES MERVELESS, who finds POWER and VITALITY, NERVE and EEXUAL STRENGTH, CAPACITY and VIKILITY sensibly weakened, WHETHER GY EXCESS OR NOT. Or who finds himself abashed and ashamed of his CHILDISH IMPOTENCE and WEAKNESS, can have a lasting and

By a few weeks or months use of the

PROP. JEAN CIVIALE,

Discovered and Originator of this Method.
Plasting Surgeon. to Mileta Deal Surge

William of the French Acade my

I Mileta Deal Surge

Mileta De

PLAYS: PLAYS: PLAYS: PLAYS: PLAYS: PLAYS: PFOR Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-room Plays, FairyPlays. Etheoplan Plays, Guide Books, Sprakers, Pantomines, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Co-ored Fire, Burut Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades and Faper Scenery. New Catalogues sent tree, containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENUM & NUA, 39 E. 14th St., N.Y.

from the Mow, Stack, or Bundle.

To Cur CORN STALKS

Of BALED HAY, or Uniterestined OATS in Duthrestined OATS in The Cut ENSILAGE from Siltenament of the Cut Ensiltenament of Lightning Hay Knife to cut a load of Clingy Clover Hay into sections, so as to pitch off easily. This is THE KNIFE which Cuts Frozen Hay readily. Manufact'd only by HIRAM HOLT & CO. Fast Wilton.



Cheap Farms

NEAR MARKETS.

The State of Michigan has more than 4000 miles of

map, also descriptions of its soil, crops and general esources, which may be had free of charge by writing to the COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION, Detrotts wycowet of

BREECH MUZZLE LOADER.

Powell 316

Doble. Breech Gun has Ba MUZZLE LOADER.

OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVEL-OPED, STRENGTHENED, 'Kie, is an interesting

THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

HUCKLEBERRY FINNS (TOM SAWYER'S COMRADE) MARK"TWAIN WITH FINE HELIOTYPE OF THE AUTHOR BE HUNDRED & SEVENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS ACCEPTED TERMS FROM COMMANDED TERMS TO SEVENTY FOR THE SECOND SECONDAY NATIONAL PROPERTY OF THE SECOND

10 CENTS WILL BUY !! 216 Scrap Pictures, 1 copy Tennyson's Poems, 36 Fancy Work Designs, 1 Beautiful Plaque, 100 Album Quotations, 15 Magic Tricks. All for 16 cents silver. F. S. AVERY, Box 52, Williamsburg, N. Y. wy4t n25

ALL FOR 10 CENTS! 3 Elegant French Dell Heads, 1 Elegant Glold Plated Badge, 15 Pleasant Games, 1 Pocket Book, 216 Scrap Pictures, 100 Album Quotations. Send 10 cents

A Return to us with TEM STS, & you'll get by mail of the will being you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. AbsoluteCertainty, Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greez wich St. N. York



wycowot na 40 (1884) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c.; 13 pks. \$1. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau N. Y. eowy26t n27 12 Hidden Name Cards, 10 cts. Card Co., Nas-sau, N. Y. sau, N. Y.

19 Hidden Name Cards, 10c. Card Co., Hartford, Conscious Cowyst 10